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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616.* Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation and copious notes, by John O'Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-law. 7 vols. quarto, pp. 4096. Dublin. 1851.

IT cannot be said of Ireland that she is much inferior to other countries in such materials for history—such dates and facts—as the annalist supplies. The founder of Irish history was Tighearnach O'Brain, Abbot of Clonmacnois, who, out of scattered materials, compiled and composed the Annals of his native island in a mixture of Latin and Erse, from a certain king Kimbaoth three hundred and five years before Christ, down to A.D. 1088, the year of his own death. He fills a place analogous to that of our Saxon Chronicle; and, if the revival of decorative arts should ever place a temple of history among our public buildings, his honoured niche must not be wanting. Besides his production, the Annals of Ulster, which Johnstone had given in an imperfect form, were edited by Dr. C. O'Connor—(the Librarian of Stowe, then flourishing, and rich in Irish manuscripts)—together with the Annals of the Isle of Inisfallen, and some others, in the rare and splendid volumes entitled *Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum*. It begins to be acknowledged that this work, honourable to the editor and to the family of his patrons, was thrown into his hands more by circumstances than by his peculiar competency to perform it—though he certainly excelled in his own particular line and department, the knowledge of books and manuscripts. His last volume contained the early part of the Annals of the Four Masters, down to the year 1171—the epoch of the English invasion. For this complete edition in Erse and English—extending as it does from the Deluge to the year of our Lord 1616—we are indebted to the man who of all others was best, if not alone, equal to the undertaking.

Mr. O'Donovan was before known as the Grammarian of the language of his forefathers, and conversant with that difficult branch of philology in all its forms—the common,

the local, the technical, and the archæic. As the editor and rich commentator of the *Tribes and Customs of the Hy-Many*, of those of the *Hy-Fiachrach*, and of the *Battle of Moira*, and as the useful coadjutor of nearly all who have laboured in the same vineyard, he is scarcely less known. If you desire to track your way through old and middle Ireland, changed as is its topography from the personal and clan-divided to the territorial and feudal, and from Gaelic forms of speech to English—and if you want a nomenclator to make known to you those whom you encounter on that rough journey, and teach you the pedigrees of individuals and of septs—in short, if you would understand anything of Hibernian history—(ἢν ἐθέλησθε, καὶ αἱ κεν τοὶ τὰ μεμῆλη)—in him you have the guide that will seldom fail you. It is a higher gratification to be enabled to add that none of the topics on which a national and antiquarian vanity, or the resentments of an old conquest followed by many oppressions, or the jealousies of religious opinion, might be expected to fasten, appear to warp the candour and upright fidelity of this laborious writer. Whether his judgment is yet thoroughly weaned from all the erroneous prepossessions of his country's antiquaries, we may have occasions to inquire.

This work—originally a large, and in its present aspect a huge one—was compiled at the Franciscan Convent of Donegal, from which circumstance it was known and cited as the *Annales Dun-gallenses*. The chief author, Teige O'Clery, surnamed *of the Mountain*, and (in religion) Brother Michael, had claims of high origin, namely, of being descended from the kings of Connaught, and was Guardian of the Franciscans of Donegal. He was aided by his brother and cousin, Cucogry (otherwise Peregrine) and Conaire O'Clery, laymen, and by a fourth person named O'Mulconry. For this reason, and in compliment to their antiquarian diligence, the celebrated biographer of Saints, Father Colgan, invented for it the title *Annales Quatuor Magistrorum*, which has finally prevailed.

Their book does not seem to merit praise for the superior accuracy of its dates, in times or circumstances obscure enough to render the chronology doubtful. Nor does its editor consider the spirit of it thoroughly impartial, as between the northern and southern parts of Ireland; at any rate, it bestows more attention upon the former, with which the *Masters* had a more ample acquaintance. The O'Donnells of Tirconnell are their chosen heroes. Throughout, however, in narrating the struggle of ages between the English and the native people there is a laudable abstinence from bitter words, and it is, upon the whole, a favourable specimen of the lion's painting. But the peculiar value of the

Annals

Annals of Donegal, either to read or to illustrate, consists in their embracing in one series all the ages of Hibernian story, from its remotest fables to the achievement of the Elizabethan conquest.

Erin has, in truth, too much ancient history. When Solomon was reigning in Jerusalem, the first ancestors of Brian Borumha were landing in Kerry. The preceding dynasty had been established thirty years before the taking of Troy. And the race of Belgæ from Gaul, although they visited this nearer island at a period not yet remote when Cæsar was writing, had planted their dynasty in Ireland 1291 years before the Nativity. To those who are able to travel thus far, the anterior races up to the flood will give no great uneasiness. To all these dates, which challenge the kings of Assyria and Sicyon, there is not merely appended, as there is to theirs, a catalogue of names; but the skeleton of history is clothed with many curious particulars.

Down to a pretty recent period all these lays of her harp (or nearly all) were most implicitly believed by the children of our green-robed sister. With a childlike faith, unquestionable probity, and no mean scholarship and learning, Roderick O'Flaherty digested and vindicated them in a Latin work, which he appropriately named *Ogygia*. It is difficult to peruse that curious specimen of man's mind without a smile of affection for simplicity, piety, and virtue. Whoever knows that book well is nearly master of the subject. His contemporary and friend, Dr. John Lynch, a learned man of a somewhat sterner and more contentious patriotism, had not a clearer judgment in these respects, and adopted the whole for truth in the celebrated eighth chapter of his *Cambrensis Eversus*. The History of Ireland was written by the Abbé Jacques McGeoghegan and by O'Halloran in the same temper; which, indeed, was prevalent until the present century.* The chief learning of the matter was to know what accounts the most celebrated antiquaries and poets had received and transmitted. It was like that of an Apollodorus in mythology. A race of critical archæologists has since sprung up—and with every prospect of advantage. To that school belong the works of our editor, those of Dr. T. Wood, Dr. Petrie's fascinating essays on the Round Towers and on the Antiquities of Tara Hill, the labours of Dr. J. H. Todd, Mr. Eugene Curry, and various others. Mr. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth, who is engaged in the republication of Lynch, must be

* Another sect, still lingering in existence, is not content with old inventions. It teaches that the Carthaginians talked Irish, and that the Irish talked Etrurian; and it found urim and thummim in a bog, and the mariner's compass, which guided the Celtic Etrurians to Wexford, in a museum at Florence. See the comic scene in Mr. G. Dennis's *Etruria*, ii. p. 105.

named as one of the most independent and inquiring minds that have yet taken in hand the mysterious lore of ancient Erin. But Mr. John D'Alton, the meritorious author of the *Histories of Dublin*, of Boyle, and of the Archbishops of Dublin, still intrepidly maintains (whether alone, we know not) and keeps whole and undefiled the Milesian creed. An author who is influenced by the venerable Wyntown's adopting the traditions of the Irish chronicles, evidently belongs to days of more faith than we are fallen upon.

Admitting the comparative recency and obvious untruth of such tales, an important class of questions will remain, which as yet it would be premature to solve—namely, whether they be (in the main) mere figments to fill up the blank space of unknown ages—or whether, and to what extent, and in what modes, they were steganographical expressions of things very different and really occurring in very different times. Ingenious minds cannot be too strongly cautioned to move circumspectly in that direction. Meanwhile it may be, and it is, justly deplored, that the Government of a great empire should furnish no means for publishing the many treasures which now lie buried in manuscript and in daily hazard of destruction. Honest Geoffrey Keating's rich and valuable compilation remains to this day unpublished, and (unless incompletely, or in a way discreditable to literature) untranslated into English; while the manuscript Latin version of the learned Lynch is sharing the fate of the text. The old English version of the *Annals of Clonmacnois*, made by Connell McGeoghegan, being all that remains of that celebrated history, is in the like predicament. Manus O'Donnell's voluminous memoirs of his own immediate fellow-countryman, St. Columkille, lie unprinted and untranslated. The same may be said of the *Annals of Kilronan*, the *Book of Leinster*, the *Dinnseanchus*, the *Book of Conquests*, the antiquarian writings of O'Duvedan and MacFirbis, and numerous historical or legendary works in prose and verse preserved at Trinity College, or lately dispersed from Stowe; the reliques of those far ampler stores which a barbarous and illiterate policy has already suffered or caused to perish. If these remarks are otherwise wasted, they serve at least *liberare animam nostram*.

A curious instance may be cited from the commentaries of Mr. O'Donovan, to show that the annals of Erin possess some basis of chronological accuracy as far back as the reign of Muirheartach McErc, who is now recognised to have been the first Christian monarch of the whole island. We find that ascertainable truth is inherent in the statements of Tighernach, the father of history to his country. The event in question is nothing

thing less than the original foundation of that little colony in the north-western parts of Britain by Scots, or men of Hibernia, which, having in process of time swallowed up the kingdom of the Picts, that of the Strathclyde Welsh, and some rich portions of the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, became expanded into the ample and famous realm of Scotland. The Donegal Masters declare that, in A.D. 498, Feargus Mor, son of Erc, son of Eochaidh Muinreamhair, with his brothers, went to Alban; in rectification of which date Mr. O'Donovan makes this interesting statement:—

‘The Annals of Tighernach place the migration of the sons of Erc to Alba (Scotland) during the pontificate of Symmachus, the calends of January being on *feria prima*. Now Symmachus succeeded Anastasius the Second on the 10th of the calends of December, A.D. 498, and died on the 14th of the calends of August, A.D. 514; and during this whole period the calends of January did not fall on *feria prima*, except twice—viz. A.D. 506 and 516. And as Flann refers this migration of the sons of Erc to the 15th year after the battle of Ocha, it follows from this singular coincidence, which could not happen otherwise than from historical verity, that this migration is to be referred to the year 506 of the common era. The Annals of Clonmacnois refer this migration to the year 501, which is much nearer to the true date than that given by the Four Masters.’

The same coincidence tends to verify the date assigned by the historical poet Flannus Butensis, or Flann of Monasterboice, to the battle of Ocha (which thus appears to have been the year 491), and, consequently, to the death of King Oilioll Molt, who fell in that battle. This date not only absorbs O’Flaherty’s five years of interregnum before the accession of King Muircheartach MacErc, but draws back that interesting epoch from the year 513 to 511. If this reasoning be admitted, it adds weight to those various dates given by Tighernach and others, which extend to the days of the month and the week, while it points out the latter as means for rectifying the year; for that more important item of chronology was more liable to be falsified from various causes:—such for example, as the wish to ascribe a share in certain transactions to a person not then living—or confounding together two persons of the same name. Therefore, when we read that St. Columkille, the apostle of the Picts, died at Iona, at the midnight between Saturday and Sunday on the 9th of June, the uncertainty to which day of the week the moment of his death appertained leaves the year of it nearly fixed. And so the precise year of the disastrous battle of Athcliath or Dublin—where Niall, king of Erin, his Rioghdambna or heir-apparent, and the king of Ulidia, were slain by the Danes on October the 17th—is ascertainable from the bardic dirge:—

‘Fierce

'Fierce and hard was the *Wednesday*
On which hosts were thrown under the feet of shields;
It shall be called till judgment-day
The destructive morning of *Atheliath*.'

The spirit of Irish chronology, however, went beyond the mere days of month and week. Witness (for one instance) the words of the *Battle of Moira*, fixing the date of that conflict, as the editor thinks, to A.D. 637:—

'The sign through which the sun was travelling was the bright-lighted sign of Cancer, it being the ninth day of the summer quarter, the eighth of the calends of July, Tuesday being the day of the week, and the moon's age twenty-five' (p. 115).

But if these forms of dating are available for the first origins of the Scottish kingdom, nearly synchronous with those of the Christian kingdom of Ireland, it is a meet question for the curious how far back they are genuine. The little schooling which that island had imported before its kings became Christians, was, no doubt, in the hands of Christian men, familiar with the Dom-nach or Dominical Day, and, consequently, with the Hebrew cycle of days, called the Week. We must not, however, be led away too far by that admission. The pseudo-Christian planetary week was an idea of small antiquity among the pagans, and never was an institution among them. It seems to have sprung up in Egypt, after the rise of Gnosticism. Dion Cassius, writing about A.D. 230, considered it to be a modern affair—ὁὐ πάλαι ποτὶ ἀρξάμενον (Lib. 37, p. 123):—but neither then, nor ever, did they adopt it for use. An Irish week cannot, with common probability, be supposed anterior to Irish Christianity. But it is a farther question whether they kept any calendar of months; such a system is not usually met with in such low degrees of ferity; nor, if they did so, could the names of their months have perished out of memory. Such months as we find with names have names derived from the Latin; and such as have only numbers are numbered, from seven to ten, as in the Latin calendar. Nor, if Irish months had existed, would they have coincided with those of the Romans, any better than do the Hebrew or Athenian months. Natural lunations, observed by the eye, and unreconciled to a solar year, would probably pass under the name of *moons*. But of the words to denote a *month*, *mios* is from the Latin, like *mois* and *mese*, with no resemblance to any Erse name for the moon; and the phrase *four sennights* implies the use of that factitious period. It would be no answer to say that Cromcruch,* surrounded by his twelve minor gods,

* See S. Patricii Vita Septima, lib. ii. cap. 31, for the description of the gods.

was probably a solar-zodiacal systema. Not improbably it was so. But paganism, during its later generations in Hibernia, as everywhere else, was systematizing itself; and there is no more reason to doubt that Mithriacism was creeping in than that Christian knowledge was.*

Therefore, the sanguine author of Ogygia is *cautè legendus*, even when he maintains that Conn of the Hundred Battles was born on a Monday, and died on Tuesday the 20th of October, A.D. 212; and that such distinctions of days were familiar to the Ireland of those times, though 'non penitus Christiana' (iii. c. 62). Not entirely Christian, it must be confessed. Yet his readers might suppose them pretty regular in their observances, all things considered; since they called the fourth day *the first fast*, the sixth day *the fast*, and the fifth day (our Thursday) *the day between the two fasts*! Indeed, the fact of the Irish having no heathen names of days, except Luan, Mart, and Sathuirne, proves that their week came to them ecclesiastically, and that they never had received the planetary week. Therefore, these aids to chronology originated in ecclesiastical Ireland; the 'non-entire' existence or entire non-existence of which in the happy days of Conn—(the *aurea Quinti sæcula Centimachi*, as some poet of that pugnacious paradise expressed himself)—renders them plainly inapplicable to his history.

One admires the strength of Tighernach's mind in saying 'Omnia monumenta Scotorum usque Cimbaoth incerta erant,' and beginning his annals no earlier than B.C. 305. But still there is a difficulty in comprehending on what sufficient grounds he has set up the name of this king for the terminus of certain history. Surely, few stories can bear a more striking character of fable than that of Kimbaoth, the third of the three grandsons of Airgheatmar by three different sons, who alternately reigned for seven years at a time, under the guarantee of seven magicians, seven poets, and seven lords, until Kimbaoth remained the survivor. His reign no otherwise constitutes an epoch; and the father of history by *usque Cimbaoth* evidently meant *usque Emaniam conditam*, and relied on the same grounds that weighed with O'Flaherty—viz. the agreement of the date B.C. of the founder of Emania with the sum total of the alleged reigns of the Ultonian kings of Emania, as recorded by the Ulster seanaiches. But it is plain to any one that, if chronology is to be pronounced authentic whenever it is not inconsistent, fictions will become true in proportion to their deliberate and cunning artifice.

* Of course this reasoning may affect the days called La Bealteine and La Samhna. But why not?

This fabric of imposture was built up with no little craft. The Book of Clonmacnois asserts that the Milesians arrived A.M. 2934; and some ancient writings, *nostri veteres*, record that they landed on Thursday, the 1st of May, being the seventh day of the moon:—

‘Septima Luna, Jovi sacra lux, Maiæque calendæ.’

But Mr. O’Flaherty, a competent inquirer on such points, found that in that annus mundi the first of May really fell on the fifth day of the week and seventh of the moon (Ogyg. ii. 84). Of such laborious artifices was his ingenuousness the dupe, to believe utter extravagances. But art and care were not applied to extravagances alone.

Some very general considerations may guide our judgment on Kimbaoth and Emania. Letters and civilization stretched westwards along the Mediterranean Sea from Asia to Tartessus. Their northern boundaries were those of Greece and Italy; whence they penetrated slowly into upper Europe. But the Massylian colonies introduced the use of their alphabet into Gaul, which country was found by its Roman conquerors in a decided state of incipient civilization. That was true in a far less degree on this side of the channel. The Cantii were the nation nearest to Gaul, and received (as Cæsar tells us) ‘ferè omnes ex Galliâ naves;’ and, accordingly, they were ‘ex omnibus longè humanissimi,’ and did not vary much from the customs of the Gauls;—for they cultivated corn, instead of depending, as the *interiores* did, on pasture, and had other garments besides the skins of beasts. But they, as well as all the rest—‘omnes verò Britanni’—tattooed their skins, and were accustomed to have one wife to ten or twelve husbands. That usage, which exists among the Tartars of Bootan, is highly deserving of explanation. It is scarcely consistent with an equality in the numbers of the two sexes. Savage or poor communities have been found to shrink from the burthen of rearing their female offspring, as expensive to maintain, and inefficient in war; and that feeling did not become extinct while the law of exposure lasted—

Θυγατέρα δ’ ἐκτίθησι κᾶν ἡ πλούσιος.

With such people for the longè humanissimi, we may judge what manner of bipeds inhabited the forests and mountains to the north and west.—Then how did all this bear upon history? That they had none is sufficiently shown by Cæsar’s describing the interior (that is, the non-Belgic) Britons as ‘natos in insulâ ipsâ.’ And Tacitus says to the same effect, ‘Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerint, indigenæ an advecti, ut inter barbaros, parum compertum.’ It is true

true these words relate to the first inhabitants. If, however, we look to the practice of all nations that have acquired any literature, their furnishing themselves with no *origins* is pregnant evidence that they had not yet learnt to occupy themselves with history. And, in fact, their only histories that we now possess in any shape (not relating to origins, and therefore not directly repudiated by Cæsar and Agricola), are palpably imitated from Latin literature.

But Hibernia, being always the most remote from the continent, and, in Roman times, divided from the provincial boundaries by no imaginary and fluctuating line, but by a broad channel, was the last of these territories into which improvement could be expected to penetrate. And to this presumption the statements are conformable. Diodorus (v. 32) speaks of the Britons who inhabited Iris as cannibals. To Strabo they were known as 'consummately wild'—*ἀγρίοι τελέως ἀνθρώποι*—wilder than those of the greater island—and he too had heard (though not on the testimony of sufficient witnesses) that they were anthropophagous and incestuous (ii. 153—iv. 281). Some two centuries later, Solinus regarded Hibernia as 'inhuman from the rude manners of her inhabitants,' who 'used to drink the blood of the slain, and smear their faces with it,' and who 'made no distinction between *fas* and *nefas*.' And after another century and a half, St. Jerome understood them to be unacquainted with the ordinance of marriage. Even if these statements could be reduced to mere inferences of conjecture, it would still appear that, from the beginning down to a saint contemporary with Palladius,* nothing had transpired to rebut those inferences; and the Ogygians are crushed by that argumentum negativum.

According to Cæsar, the Britons, even where most civilised by proximity to the Mainland, had no other towns than thick woods, which they fortified with a bank and ditch, and in which they used to assemble to avoid the incursions of their enemies. Strabo (iv. 380) says, 'their forests are their towns, of which they fence in a large circle with felled trees, and make huts there for themselves and stables for their cattle, but not for long at a time.' Such was the state of affairs on the banks of the Thames, 300 years after the time at which we are to believe that a king of Erin was building a town and a stately palace for his successors in Ulster.†

With such data, we may freely reject the idea that a chronological and authentic history of the Irish monarchy was in existence in the fourth century before Christ. Whether the Caffre or the

* That bishop went to Hibernia just ten years after the death of St. Jerome.

† Between Kimbath and Ptolemy were 450 years; yet, when the latter spoke of several Irish *πόλεις*, he was probably misled by the Latin word *civitates*, applied to the British clans or nations in the very pages which deny the existence of an *oppidum*.

New Zealander be the true type of that Hibernian century, would be a more rational theme. We see the ruins of Eamain, and we read the catalogue of her kings, but seeing the former is not believing the latter.

Another consideration, anterior to enumerating and dating kings, is whether Hibernia had any kings at all. Of a monarchy existing in Britain no hint or trace is to be found. Strabo affirms (*ibid.*) the reverse; and Cæsar, in his account of transactions, manifestly implies it. Cynobelin, who died shortly before the conquest of Claudius, offers the first semblance of a monarch.

From the mere arbitrary epoch of Kimbaoth we may turn to the reign—(A.D. 218-60)—of Cormac McArt, grandson to Conn of the Battles, reputed author of extant laws and precepts, as well as of works not now forthcoming. For the Irish question seems inclined to resolve itself into an essay on Cormac. ‘Cormack,’ says old McGeoghagan, ‘was absolutely the best king that ever reigned in Ireland *before himself*.’ He wrote a book entitled *Princely Institutions*, which in Irish is called *Teagasg Rí*, which book contains as goodly precepts and moral documents as Cato and Aristotle did ever write.’ Therefore there is reason to fear that he wrote it a good while *after himself*. This work is a dialogue, in which his son Cairbre asks questions (What is good for a king? What is good for a country? &c.), and the father replies to him. It is a Christian forgery. If Cormac was a teacher of improvement in those savage days, his precepts would be a mixture of the barbarism in which he lived, and the light after which he yearned, truly curious and instructive, full of allusions to the former, with suggested modifications; such (for example) as the discouragement of human sacrifices, except on great occasions—of infanticide, except in cases of extreme want—or of the extremely promiscuous, in point of intercourse. But a simple deism with Christian ethics, or, in its own words, ‘adoration of the great God,’ is what a Christian forger, with just the skill to keep his own doctrines out, would produce. Such is the vague uninformative *Teagasg*. It recommends ‘mercy and good morals, union and brotherly love,’ ‘attending the sick,’ and ‘learning every art and language,’ and bewails the man ‘that has got a bad wife.’ Fortunately for the intended dupes, it speaks of convening the senate*—*senad*—of hell, *ifrin*, and giving *almsan*—eleemosynam!

The same Cormac has credit for founding three colleges,—one for war, one for history, and one for jurisprudence. Dr. C.

* Or the synod, for the same word serves the Gael for both. Of course, this palpable Latinism will be vindicated on the score of the common root—*sen*. old. So will *ifrin*, hell—derived, like *ifearn*, *ifrean*, *ifrioun*, and *ifreun* (Erse), *offern* (Welsh), *ifern* (Armoric), *ifarn* (Cornish), *enfer* (French), from *infernum*—be vindicated as meaning *ifuar-in*—island of cold land!

O'Connor's remark, that the Brehon laws of Cormac 'are written in an idiom so very obscure and remote as to justify, ab intrinseco, the positive assertion of Cenfaelad that they are the genuine laws of that prince,' requires to be confirmed by very different judges of Erse than he is considered to have been. Besides which, there is ambiguity on the face of it, for *obscurity* is quite distinct from *remoteness*. Much of the language of lawyers and conveyancers is obscure as soon as written. And the Irish had a technical dialect, called the *beurla fem*, in which the juriprudent rejoiced. In some such the Cormac laws were worded. But since Cenfaelad could expound them, he or another could write them; and he lies open to the suspicion of having done so.* This pretension, however, is only the most modest of a whole set; for laws exist purporting to be written by the monarchs Ollamh Fodla and Kimbath, and by Achy, king of Munster anno mundi 3900. In respect of the laws of Cormac we cannot but recall the words of O'Flaherty, 'moneo inter veteres non defuisse, qui aliorum nomine scripta in lucem emittebant.' This much is clear—that a more savage episode scarcely occurs in history than the bloody struggles of Cormac of the 'fifty battles'—one affording less leisure for pacific exertions and improvements.

The case which had seemed to indicate some new energies, viz: his first appearing on the seas at the head of a piratical navy, remaining abroad three years, and (as some add) conquering North Britain, falls to the ground. This premature and exaggerated picture of an Irish sea-king is shown by Mr. O'Donovan to be imaginary, for the words *loingeas Chormaic*, rendered *fleet of Cormac*, are found to signify his *expulsion* or *banishment*.† This was only the first and longest of Cormac's four exiles from Erin, spent in Alban, among the most savage and naked warriors of the whole globe‡—his *loingeas mor*, or great banishment. Cenfaelad was well aware of it, and extended it to four years; but differed from Tighernach in making his *second* flight the *loingeas mor*. Dr. Petrie relies on the acquisitions 'made during the

* This learned man got a broken head at the battle of Moira in 637; and his cerebellum flowed out, which so improved the retentive powers of his cerebrum, that he remembered all he had ever learnt in three schools, and became a teacher in three schools himself. See Mr. O'Donovan's curious notes on the Battle of Moira, pp. 278-83. Perhaps, after he was disencumbered of his brains, he remembered a little more than he had learnt. He published a book of laws, including the Cormac laws, in two portions, with a glossary and commentary. See Vallancey's Collect., ii. pp. 10-22. It was beyond our hope to find as we do *palas*—for a court of justice—in the Cormac portion of his work.

† 'Loingeas, i. e. longas, i. e. iomarbath.'—Peregr. O'Clery's Vocabulary. Observe that, with islanders, *exile* is *navigation*.

‡ See Herodian, Life of Severus, lib. iii. p. 83. H. Stephani. Severus died ten years before the accession of Tighernach's Cormac, but thirty-six before O'Flaherty's.
three

three years which, according to Tighernach, he spent with his fleet abroad.' But it turns out to be one of the vicissitudes of a prince continually in difficulty, and perhaps flying for his life in a single coracle. The absurd notion of his being a Christian must arise out of the bare statement that the Druid Maelcinn was his enemy, because 'Cormac did not believe in him.' That it does so, appears from the whole statement upon that subject in Keating.* But unbelief in the pretensions or suggestions of one arrogant priest can never imply a rejection of the gods of his fathers. This pretended writer of books flourished 170 (if not 200) years before Saint Patricius; one of whose famous works was teaching the Roman alphabet. He wrote 365 copies of the abgetorium, or A B C; and perhaps, if he taught it every day, he may have thought that number requisite, like the gentleman who bought two copies of a book he intended to read twice. The antiquity of the mode of writing called Ogam is a broken reed to lean upon, as may be collected from O'Donovan's undogmatic, but evidently not believing, review of it.

Cormac, pretended founder of the war college, derives celebrity from a fiction evidently of no recent origin; the fable of his son-in-law, Finn or Fionn MacCumhaill, Ua Baisgne, founder of the pretended Fionian militia; a sort of Irish Xenophon or Giovanni de' Medici. To found a real militia must have seriously modified clanship, and changed society to its very core. But Finn's warriors were nothing but the clan of his ancestor Baisgne,† and were opposed on equal terms by the Clanna Morna; and both were nearly exterminated in the battle of Gabhra, in which Cormac's son and successor Cairbre fell. The whole story seems to be a fiction. The name of Finn-gall (vulgò Fingal) was concocted by Irish romancers, from that of the Finn-gall, Finn-geinte, Finn-lochlannaigh,‡ *white invaders*, gentiles, sea-rovers, of the North, who bequeathed their name to the district so called and lying to the north of Dublin. Indeed we find it as the name of an individual reigning over Man in the 11th century, and the anti-thetic name of colour, Dubh-gall, *black invader*, adopted both by Irishmen and Ostmen. The whole Ossianic story of *Fingal*, and of his connexion with *Lochlin*, or the lochlannaigh of the Baltic, is of necessity subsequent to A.D. 795, when those pirates first visited Ireland. All this is more plainly apparent from the extracts made by Meredith Hanmer, in 1571, from a sort of

* For if that statement, pre-existing, was thus abridged by Tighernach, the latter must have suppressed the momentous fact of an Irish monarch's conversion.

† Dr. C. O'Connor has not scrupled to render Ua Baisgne, genere Vasconius!

‡ Norwegians. See the notes on *Four Masters*, annis 849, 925. However, it may be considered still uncertain what Baltic nations were the *finn* and *dubh*, respectively.

Hiberno-Danish romance, called the Book of Howth. In that book, Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Trenmor, son of Ferrelogh, son of Conn Cathmor, and father to Oisín, father of Oscar, is a Dane of the line of Finn Erin, who originally came out of Denmark, and gave to Erin his name. In the days of Finn Mac Cumhaill fresh swarms of Danes flocked into Ireland, and were commanded by Finn, who set over them forty-two captains, of whom 'Osker Mac Oshen Mac Finn, with his souldiers, kept the haven of Dublin.' Till some one has produced a document, *penned before the capture of Dublin by the Finngall in 836*, and mentioning the Fionian militia and its captains, no reason will exist for doubting that the armies of the Gall or Ostmen are alluded to in that fable;* none for supposing, that the clan Baisgne differed from, or excelled, the other tribes, some or other of whom were conspicuous in every period of the island's bloody history.† This is another heavy blow to the pretensions of Cormac's reign.

The year 430 introduces us in form to Irish Christianity, and its abgetorium; for which the maritime and piratical reign of Niall the Great had opened the way. Under Muircheartach MacErc, circ. 511, the pentarchy of Erin was first ruled by a Christian monarch;‡ and that is the earliest reign to which any organic system of historical deception could be referred. But the fable of the Irish dynasties has really a somewhat more recent origin. A bard named Fintan, with certain coadjutors under him, fabricated the history of Erin, from Ceasair, grand-daughter of Noah, who came to that island forty days before the deluge,§ to the time of Diarmid McCearbhaill, who reigned from about

* Can any one prove the existence of Galloglasses before that of the Gall principalities of Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick?

† We have but just now obtained a sight of Dr. Hamilton Drummond's *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*, 1852. It is a fresh collection of *Irish Ossianic* poems, translated into highly spirited and harmonious verse, to which we cannot here do justice. Of their date thus much appears—that warriors anterior to the 13th century are not supposed to have been

'All brightly clad in burnish'd mail,' &c.

In one of the finest poems, a Danish battle of A.D. 1103 is referred to the age of Finn and the Fiann. The want of *Antiquarianism* encourages the doubt if this mythus be purely Irish. Besides the perpetual intrusion of St. Patrick in *propria persona*,

'The Danan foe in shining mail
Come on, proud Tara's walls to scale,'

though the power of the Dananns had then been extinguished 1200 years. The confusion of the words Fiann, men of Finn, and Feine, is a suspicious point pervading this literature.

‡ Petrie's *Tara Hill*, p. 119.

§ The universal deluge not including Ireland, as being oceanic, and no part of the ancient world? Giraldus was disposed, O'Flaherty indisposed, to hearken to this story.

544 to 565, and under whom Fintan flourished. But in order to obtain vogue for stories of which a bard of that period could know nothing, it was given out that Fintan had in fact lived in Ireland, from the first peopling of the island, under various names and metempsychoses. The strange words used concerning the bard Amergin, that he 'fasted three days and three nights on Fintan, in the presence of the Irish,' so that Fintan manifested to him the true histories, seem to imply that he claimed a sort of worship.* Hanmer mentions the proverb, 'had I lived Fintan's years, I could say much.†' In the poem ascribed to Fintan, the name of Tuan stands foremost among his coadjutors. But of Tuan also it is told that he came to Ireland 312 years *post diluvium*, underwent many transigrations, and finally survived Fintan.‡

Dr. Petrie has drawn the highly important inference '*that the fictions relative to the early colonization of Ireland were first concocted in the reign of Dermot.*' § For even if this imposture was never practised by those men, but was subsequently imputed, its imputers must have been convinced that they were the earliest authorities. It were to be wished that this great dictum might never be let out of sight; as perhaps it is, in a certain degree, by the editor of the Masters. The legend of Erin emanated from persons of biblical knowledge. It begins with Noah; it proceeds to one Partholan, undeniably the gospel name Bartholomew; and it derives the latest dynasty from Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. It was framed, after scripture names were popularly known.

But these operations on the past were linked on to the present; for the latest fable was that of the then reigning race, the Gaeidhil or Gael kings. Into that section of history the concoction entered largely. And where it stopped, we cannot by any means tell. Dr. Petrie observes, 'No fact can be more uncontrovertibly established than that the Irish committed to writing in their native language, immediately after the introduction of Christianity, not only the laws, bardic historical poems, etc., of their own time, but those which had been preserved from times preceding, *either traditionally or otherwise.*' This assumes that 'historical poems'—an elastic phrase, applicable to the most casual rhapsody, or to poetical chronicles like those of Maolmura of Fathain and Gilda Coeman—were existing before, and written down 'immediately after,' an epoch itself undefinable. It seems also to assume that such efforts of genius might have been till then preserved in some third way (*otherwise*) besides tradition or writing; but this is a trifle.

* Petrie. *Ibid.*, p. 130.

† Ogygia, part i., p. 4.

‡ Chron. of Ireland, p. 5.

§ Tara Hill, p. 132.

The existence of a pentarchy, under the *ardrigh* or monarch, may be taken as a fact. The synonyme of *fifth* (*coige* or *coigeadh*) and *province* demonstrates it. The formation of the monarchal domain of Meath, out of four portions borrowed from the four provinces where they touched each other, must be considered as another fact. The three annual festivals, in the three portions less immediately regal, the Momonian, Connachtian, and Ultonian, and the triennial *feis* (or parliament) of Lagenian Temora, confirm the quadripartite origin of Meath. The payment of a toll or tribute from these assemblies to the kings, from whom the portions were separated, is conclusive—if authentic. (*Ogyg.* iii. 56.) But it is not even pretended that the central kingdom was compounded before the reign of Tuathal, A.D. 130-160; and therefore tricks have been employed to set up an anterior and primeval pentarchy. Slainge, first monarch of Erin, at a wild date, divided her into five kingdoms, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, *Desmond*, and *Thomond*. (*Ib.* iii. 8.) This fable, firstly, by dividing Munster, makes it an unmeaning term from the very beginning, no one thing having *ever* been signified by it; secondly, it disregards the earliest tolerable history of Munster, that of Oilioll Olum and his two sons; thirdly, it proves Meath to be improperly compounded from only four kingdoms, with four festivals, and four tolls; and fourthly, it makes Erin, after the formation of Meath, a hexarchy. But other antiquaries admit that Heremon divided the island into but four provinces, Munster, and the other three.* And the ancient authority of the Psalter of Tara declared that the five kings were the Ardrigh and his four toparchs. Therefore the forming of Meath was, ipso facto, that of the pentarchy; for previously there were not the Cuig Coige na Herinn, 'five fifths of Erin.'—Whether the Midian toparchy was originally (and continued theoretically) in the crown, and the monarch himself the toparch of Meath; or whether the dignity held by the long line of Southern Hy-Niall, the O'Melaghlin kings of Meath, existed from the beginning, is perhaps not obvious to find in printed books.

The Boarian mulct, or penal tribute, paid by Leinster to the monarch in perpetuity, and divided by him between Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and the Queen of Tara,† was surely a fact, since its abolition in 693 is on record. Doubts may exist whether it originated with Tuathal in the second century, or with Cormac in the third. The former imposed it to punish the

* Ap. Halliday's *Keating*, p. 313. How did the four divisions really arise? Probably they were four permanent leagues of clans, like the *Franci* and *Allemanni*.

† Here is no allusion to any king of Meath, other than the sovereign.

king of Leinster for causing the death of his two daughters; and Cormac reimposed and increased it, and put to death the twelve princes of Leinster, because its king had massacred thirty 'royal daughters,' with their handmaidens, at the southern *claeinfert* of Temora. Both sought to revenge the death of young women; but in very different cases. For the Lagenian had married Tuathal's eldest daughter, then pretended she was dead, and so obtained the younger, who died of shame, and the elder sister of grief. This story is absurd and modern; more than two centuries later Erin was quite proverbial for its extreme indifference to sexual restraints and sanctions;—the canting romance seems like a veil thrown over the bloody truth, substantially told in Cormac's story.* But the two stories together, combined with the reservation of the mulct to the *Queen*, and the reginal, not regal, foundation of Tara itself, for the sepulture of a Queen, and the residence of *her* posterity, show that there was a gynæcæum, and a violation thereof.

That Tara was the capital of the kings of all Erin, while it was an undivided part of Leinster, and before the composition of Meath, if not exactly a contradiction, is at least an incredible proposition. It is also absurd to suppose that a land of perpetual slaughter would avenge an act of murder (simply as such) by fining a whole kingdom for ever. These events (Tuathalian, or Cormacian) seem to have accompanied the formation of the pentarchy. That institute would alarm Leinster especially, by requiring her to receive within *her* territory the court of the Ardrigh and the Feis of all Erin. And the Lagenian outrages against Tara (probably against the vestals of its sanctuary†) may have arisen from hostility to the new constitution of the island. It appears in no decently historical shape, that Leinster was ever an unmulcted member of the federal kingdom.

Whose young women were killed, and to whose Queen the fine was first reserved, is perhaps no other question than who was the first king of Tara. The Psalter of Tara, ascribed to Cormac himself, was possibly one of the most ancient books in Erse, and somewhat anterior to the great fictions of the reign of Diarmid.

* Finn, of the royal blood of Leinster, obtained Cormac's two daughters, by alleging that the first had run away, and afterwards taking her back again. Keating, p. 267; Ogygia, p. 338.

† Mr. Kelly is harsh in calling this 'the Vallancey mania.' Cambrensis, i. p. 479. A penalty, with a kingdom for its sufferer, the rest of the monarchy for its recipient, and perpetuity for its duration, is to be accounted for; a *nodus* is to be found worthy of such a surprising *vindex*. The massacre is referred to the Samhna, or Allhallow's-day, one of the two great feasts of religion, and the season of the Feis of Temora; which may imply a meaning, whether the Calendar was thus ancient or not.

That work would seem to have considered Cormac McArt as only the seventh monarch that Erin ever had. For he was its reputed author; and the bard Cuan says of it—

‘It is the Psalter that gives
Seven monarchs of Erin of harbours;
Five kings of the provinces it makes,
The king of Erin and her toparchs.’

But if the Psalter gave no more than seven monarchs in all, its fabricator was not aware of either Tuathal or his son Feidlimidh, as they now stand. It is not impossible that Cormac’s real title to celebrity may have been, that he constituted and shaped the federal monarchy; some ruder attempts at unity of government having preceded him. But all is premature at present. Publish the documents, and then we will discuss them fully.

The great key to mythical Erin, the imposture of the bards of king Dermot, points out the doctrine of metempsychosis and Druidical reminiscence as no feeble engine of power.* The avowal of it was common among the Welsh bards:—

I was on the pinnacle of felicity
In the court of Cynobelih;
I was with Bran in Erin;
I have had understanding of precious things,
Remembering the very ancient Britons’—&c. &c.

A Druid had only to stand up and say—The things complained of as novelties (the Boarian mulct for instance) are ancient, and I remember their first promulgation, when I was Euphorbus and Tuathal was king!—A system so adapted to deception must add to our uncertainties.

It is not unimportant, with a view to the future progress of these studies, to observe how the editor of the Masters has dealt with the matters so boldly ‘concocted in the reign of Dermot’—whether he cordially confines himself to the conjecture of things probable, and the maintenance of things reasonably certain, or cherishes Ogygian thoughts in a corner of his mind. According to the school of Fintan, and to vulgar belief, a certain race called Tuatha De Danann reigned in Erin during 197 years:—namely, writes O’Flaherty, from A.M. 2737 to 2934—one year after the foundation of Solomon’s temple. Certain mounds, cairns, and stones, said to be ‘of the most remote antiquity,’ are ascribed to them, in ‘a compilation made at Clonmacnois in the twelfth century.’ (*F. M.*, p. 1068.) These monuments (says the editor) ‘prove that the Tuatha De Danann were a

* The bard Amergin, son of Milesius, was poet to the original Scot-Gaels; and we find the real bard Amergin an active agent in the forgery of their legend, in the sixth century. Herein there may be some working of that system.

real people, though their history is so much wrapped in fable and obscurity.' (p. 23, *note*.) It is essential to the cause of truth that this point should be cleared up. That something real was alluded to, in absurd chronology, is very possible; the mode of proving it is the important point. Is it true that mounds and stones, of origin otherwise unknown, can prove the reality of the persons to whom popular credence has ascribed them? If so, the days of mythology might revive. Not only men, but heathen gods, cyclopes, dives, and genii, might resume their place in history. At any rate Ludgate would become a living monument of king Lludd, though his history is 'wrapped in obscurity.' Let this doctrine be applied to the Annals of the Four Masters. With Ceasair, the antediluvian lady, came over a hero called Bith, who in process of time died, and was buried in the cairn of Sliabh Beatha. (*Ib.* in A.M., 2242.) Does this prove the reality of Bith? Yea verily. For 'if this cairn be ever explored, it may furnish evidences' [not of its own date, itself no likely supposition, but] 'of the true period of the arrival of Bith.' (*Ib.*, p. 4, *note*.) For if Bith did not arrive, how should the cairn be his? 'I did not say my name was Daniel,' murmured Mr. N. Winkle. 'Yes, you did, sir,' replied the judge, 'else how should it be on my notes?' And how should Bith be on the notes of Fintan and Tuan? Ceasair herself lies buried under the Carn Ceasra, which perhaps conceals from the eye of man the true date of *her* arrival.

The pedigree of Patrick elicits another manifestation of our editor's inward prepossessions. Flannus Butensis has preserved a pedigree of the saint, which deduces him in fifteen generations, counting both inclusively, from

'Britan, otter of the sea, from whom the vigorous Britons came.'

At thirty years to a generation, Patrick was born 420 years after the birth of Britan; consequently, if Ussher be right in saying that Patrick was born in 372, Britan was born in B.C. 58. And if Blair was correctly informed that Julius Cæsar came over in B.C. 55, he arrived many years too soon to find any of the vigorous Britons. Banagher must be invincible if this does not beat it. Upon that passage, so worthy of serious criticism, Mr. O'Donovan has bestowed the following:—

'This pedigree is clearly legendary. *Because* Britan, from whom the Britons are said to have derived their name and origin, is said, by all the Irish writers, to have flourished before the arrival of the Tuatha De Dananns in Ireland; and, *therefore*, to deduce the Irish apostle's pedigree from him in fifteen generations, cannot now for a moment stand the test of criticism.' (*Ib.*, p. 131.)

We must now conclude that Britain was inhabited before the days of Cæsar, because the wits at the court of the last king of
Tara

Tara have taught us that it was inhabited more than 1213 years before the Nativity.

Mr. O'Donovan, following O'Connor and Petrie, invokes the Latin author Cœlestius, as 'decided evidence' of Irish literature flourishing in the fourth century.* The case is, that he wrote a book to his parents; and if they were Scoti in Ireland, it follows the Scoti used to read Latin books. These are the words of Gennadius:—

'Cœlestius, before he ran into the Pelagian dogma, nay, when still a youth—[circa 370 or 380?—wrote three epistles, De Monasterio, to his parents, of the size of little books, in all respects necessary to those who desire God. Their moral language contained nothing of the error afterwards disclosed, but everything that could incite to virtue.'

But St. Jerome, indulging in coarse jocularities, speaks of 'a very stupid man rendered heavy by the gruel of the Scoti.' (In Jerem. iv. 835.) And that man had a precursor, Grunnius, i. e. the Grunter. It is certain that Grunnius was Tyrannius Rufinus, inasmuch as he was the translator of Sextus Pythagoreus. Again, he complains of a mute instigator, who spoke with the tongue of another. 'Being mute himself, he barks by a large and corpulent Albine (or Alpine) dog, better able to kick than to bite.' (*Ib.*, 923.) And proceeds to say 'habet ENIM progeniem Scoticæ gentis de Britannorum viciniâ.' As Rufinus was certainly the first man in the first passage, so Maffei and Vallarsi are probably right that he was also the first in the second passage. For that Origenist was mute on what is called Pelagianism, and did not himself propound it, though he sowed the seeds of it; which is false, concerning Pelagius. The words canis Alpinus would yield no sense. But the editors restore Albinus from the best MSS. That word stands in opposition to Rufinus—the dumb red dog and the white barking dog. But antithesis does not dispense with truth. Rufinus was such by name. How was the other Albinus? Because he was Albionius, a man of *Albion*—a name of Britain usually derived from *albus*. That is demonstrated by the ENIM, which refers to nothing, if not to Albinus, taken geographically.† Therefore the man here named is Pelagius, not Cœlestius. It was Pelagius who fattened upon Scotian gruel, and who came of the

* Introduction, p. 1. He also, with Dr. Petrie, reproduces O'Connor's strange whim of identifying Ammian's 'bellicosa hominum natio,' distinct from the Scoti, and called Attacotti, whom no author connects with Ireland, and that order or class of Irish called Aitheach-tuatha (plebeians, or rather rustics), upon whose story it is still premature to offer an opinion. Even similitude of sound is wanting.

† In the Palatine Academy of Charlemagne, where names were assumed, Alcuin of York took that of Flaccus Albinus; probably in the same sense, and with St. Jerome (to whom he was devoted) in his eye.

Scotica gens. Orosius says (p. 621) that Pelagius was noted for his *pinguedo* and *crassitudo*, and therefore he was the *prægravatus* and *corpulentus*, unless the same personalities were applied to both men. It is well known that he was a Briton. He was the *author Britannus* of the heresy, and the *coluber Britannus*, and bore the agnomen of Pelagius Brito to distinguish him from Pelagius Tarentinus. (*Augustin, Ep. 106.*) The phrase of Jerome, '*Scotorum pultibus prægravatus*,' is similar to the verse of Prosper on Pelagius, '*hunc fruge suâ æquorei pavere Britanni*;' and the word *Britannus* was large enough to include an Hibernian.* Still it is very doubtful whether he describes anybody at all as being a native of Ireland. The words '*habet enim progeniem Scoticæ gentis*' are not easy to construe; but they would rather imply what we signify by the word *extraction*. It is as though he had said, *habet prosapiam Scoticæ gentis*. An Irish mother or grandmother would suffice.

It is now known from Marius Mercator, his contemporary, what Cælestius really was. He 'adhered to this Pelagius, being a man noble indeed by birth, and at that time an Auditorial Scholastic, but *naturæ vitio eunuchus* from his mother's womb.† As to his localities, he 'came forth from the city of Rome to Carthage, the metropolis of all Africa.'‡ But Garnier was too sanguine in thinking that his publication of Marius would silence the Scotica gens; nor is Dr. O'Conor so easily to be done out of his heretic. For he coolly maintains that '*nobilis natu*' signifies his descent from a Gaelic chieftain in the wilds of Erin! If this strange claim were not reproduced, the notice of it would have been spared.

This voluminous history is a book of rapine, vengeance, and bloodshed; the annals of a race of disunited warriors and nomadic cattle-lifters, preying upon each other. The deaths of churchmen or penitents, in an odour of sanctity, furnish its peaceful and unguilty records. But the impulses of violence were too strong for those of religion; and the crimes of profanation and sacrilege were not rare.§ All this kept the Saints in such a temper as must almost have impaired their beatitude. Giraldus|| observed that the Saints of this nation, even when dead and exalted to

* As in Pliny and Diodorus. It cannot be replied, 'Very well, then we will take Pelagius instead;' for nobody doubts that a Scotus could learn Latin, or that a negro can. But Pelagius never wrote *ad parentes*, on which the case of Cælestius hinges.

† Mar. Merc. Common. ad Lect., p. 30, ed. Garnier. The *Scholastici Auditoriales*, *Forenses*, or *Jurisperiti*, were lawyers who pleaded the causes of cities or communities before the higher auditories or tribunals.

‡ Marius Common. ad Imp., p. 6.

§ See pp. 331, 391, 447, 453, 479, 553, 561, 665, 693, 749, 751, 759, 797.

|| Topogr. Hibern., ii. 55. But he elsewhere owns that his own Cambrian saints were a match for them. Itin. Camb., ii. 7.

heaven, seemed to be more vindictive than those of other nations. In truth the accepted system of miraculous agency amounted to what Warburton would have called a pure Mosaic theocracy in the dispensations of nature. Whatever mischief befell a man, such as diseases, being drowned, or murdered, or expelled, was a miracle of the Saints. So a man had a gangrene in his neck 'by the miracles of God and St. Kieran.* And the whole kingdom, according as its rulers were acceptable or otherwise to the Saints, either abounded in fine weather, milk, fruits, and fish, or was visited with bad seasons and scarcity.†

The civilization of Ireland, not forwarded by the prevalence of such a doctrine as this, was undoubtedly retarded by the schism which divided her from the continental Church on the observance of Easter. The question was only whether Easter should be the Sunday falling from the 16th to the 22nd day of the moon, or from the 14th to the 20th.‡ But it is difficult for us now to appreciate the importance of schism to those ages, in which religion contained within itself the whole of civilization and the whole of literature. In spite of the auspicious change, which should have united her morally to Europe, she continued to be

'La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda.'

The most sinister working of this division was, that her clergy, instead of being missionaries and their *élèves*, were mere natives, that is, ill-taught barbarians, and, by reaction on that working, all the best of them were fain to join that remarkable emigration of the Saints for ages, from Columbanus down to Marianus Scotus.§ Although the south of Ireland had received the ordinary compute some time before 633, the northern half was only converted to paschal orthodoxy by Adamnanus, abbot of Iona, in 703.||

To the same useful mission of the Hebridean abbot, or one slightly anterior, we may refer the Cain (or Penal Law) of Adamnan; curious as a proof of barbarism, and as a move towards civility. It was still the custom for women to wage active war in those feuds which desolated the island. The mother of Adamnan, journeying with him through the plains of Bregia (within sight of Tara Hill), beheld one of these furies

* For the like formula see pp. 183, 527, 639, 717, 751, 757, 813, 831, 841, 843, 917.

† See Four Masters, pp. 91, 97, 99; Lynch's *Cambrensis*, by Kelly, pp. 459, 465; Battle of Moira, p. 101; and O'Donovan, *ibid.* The Masters themselves say of the powerful Hugh O'Donnell, who died in 1537, 'a man in whose reign the seasons were favourable, so that sea and land were productive' (p. 1439).

‡ The change of the Catholic compute to 15-21 left the schism equally unreconciled.

§ A very curious passage of history, to which little attention has hitherto been paid.

|| Bede, iii. cap. 3, 5, 16, 23. Lanigan's *Hist.*, cap. 15, s. 6.

hacking the breasts of another with a sickle. And she obtained through him the *Cain* of a synod held at Tara, by which women were exempted from going to the wars.* We may compare this enactment with that of the sea-king Olver Barnakall—(Olverus Infantum Præsidium)—by which (so Bartholinus testifies, p. 457) the piratical Norwegians were interdicted from the game of catching little children on the points of their spears. An uncertain date, but subsequent to the *Cain* Adamnan, belongs to the *Canon Phadruig*—which enjoins the clergy of all ranks to officiate in suitable vestments.† It does not, however, descant on copes and chasubles, but rather on the first vestments of Adam, if we may thus paraphrase the unutterable words of the reverend synod. Dr. Lanigan would torture them into a censure of tight garments, fitting to the shape; but they are all too plain. St. Gildas spoke with equal plainness; no doubt, from his own ample opportunities of observation, though of an earlier age; but as he spoke not of churchmen, he is not subjected to their quibbles.‡ The *Cain* of Daire in 811—so called from a virgin of the fifth century who seems to have been a patron saint of milch cows and dairies—forbade the killing of cows; a wasteful practice, at variance with the best interests of civil war and cattle-lifting.§ For the like reason, the *Cain* against killing clergymen (which was enacted—in Tighernach's phrase, 'tenuit Hiberniam'—in 737, and often re-enacted) was called the *Cain Phadruig*, or *Law of Patrick*.

The charter of King Aedh Oirdnidhe is mentioned in the *Ulster Annals* as a solemn republication of the *Cain Phadruig*. In 804, at the instance of Fothadh of the Canons, he exempted the clergy from taking part in those 'hostings and expeditions' with which he was wont to ravage his own dominions. Of the character of those wars the *Four Masters* (who consider his charter as quite a novelty) give us this information from one of his bards:—

'He returns to Leinster, Aedh, a soldier who shunned not battles:
The robber king did not cease till he left them in dearth.'

But 'it was not pleasing to the clergy to go upon any expedition,' and 'they complained of their grievance.' They were, however, content to accompany their robber kings for 300 years after St. Patrick, and from 30 to 40 years longer than the women. This was another step in advance; another path cleared

* Ant. of Tara, pp. 171, 172. This law did not soon become forgotten, from the obsolescence of the evil; for in A.D. 927 the bishop of Derry was still entitled *Maor* (guardian) of the *Cain* Adamnan. *Four Masters*, in anno.

† Spelman *Concilia*, p. 52.

‡ Epist., c. 15. The fallain, or cloak, fastening precariously in front, required a round tunic, or braccæ, under it. For the Chapter of black African Canons performing divine service, see Sévigné, Letter 34.

§ See Life of St. Corbmac, cap. 8, in Colgan, *Acta SS.* p. 732.

in the thick wilderness. But it is a mark of the times that Fothadh drew up this memorable act in bardic poetry.*

In the tenth century pilgrimages to Rome became a feature of intimacy between Erin and the world. The eleventh witnessed the labours of St. Malachi, and his friendship with his illustrious biographer, St. Bernard. The twelfth brought over the legate Papiron 'to establish rules and good morals and set all to rights from their faults.' And the beginning of the thirteenth poured into Ireland those more important, though humbler, visitors, the mendicant orders.† The history of the early civilisation is, really, that of the Church. We must not misunderstand how this was, because it is so no longer. Scarcely any other power was then at work, except for havoc.

Now all is past and gone, and the Gael are at an end. They belong to history; their neglected, unpublished, and perishing history. For the Irish people (English of the empire) differ from the English of England, as the Scotch do, more or less. Separation itself could only leave two English states. The Gael dealt largely in sheep and cattle, with a very scanty and unskilled husbandry; for crops could not be driven into the hills when visitors called. But our Irish are emphatically agricultural, tenacious of land, and dependent for existence on the spade. The government of chieftains, so cherished when Connaught was petitioning Elizabeth to have a *Mac-William*, is now long forgotten; and even republicanism, the extreme of the civic theory, endeavours to creep in. The language of Erin is no more; for the vernacular of districts is not national language; and if a Republic had been successfully proclaimed on the Sliabh Naman, it would as likely have adopted for its use the Croatian tongue as the Erse. The wars which raged through the country, till England eradicated the Irishry, bore no analogy to the rows and factions in which (as Tacitus says of old Germany) *rarus ferri, frequens fustium usus*. If the boys of our time could behold the days of Surley Boys and Shan O'Neill, and the long-haired galloglasses who followed Tirone and Hugh Roe O'Donnell to Athboy and Kinsale, they would be utterly astonished, and overjoyed to come out of that.‡ The ill-fated Edmund Campion knew of

'a grave

* For his verses see *Four Masters*, p. 409. These acts are the genuine legislation of unassisted savages, gradually creeping on; not the lying cant of literary forgery.

† Six houses of Dominicans were founded between 1224 and 1229. De Burgo, *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 38. The Franciscan Houses of Athlone and Knockmoy in 1224 (*Four Masters*, in anno) render superfluous Luke Wadding's pains to prove that his order was in Ireland before 1231. *Annales Minorum*, i. 203, ii. 250.

‡ 'Now was Shan O'Neal come out of Ireland to perform what he had promised a yeere before, with a guard of ax-bearing Galloglasses, bareheaded, with curled haire hanging downe, yellow surplises dyed with saffron or man's stale, long sleeves, short coates,

'a grave gentleman' in Ulster who, being asked at confession concerning homicide, 'answered, that he never wist the matter to be haynous before.' He had heard of another who, *for increase of his name*, had in various places more than two hundred wives. The people, when hungry, squeezed out the blood of raw flesh, and asked no more dressing thereto; and used to bleed their cows, let the blood grow to a jelly, bake it, and eat it. Their tanistry, or inheritance by the 'most valiant' of the kinsfolk, 'breedeth among them continuall warres and treasons.' (*Historie*, pp. 20-7.) They were, he says, 'utterly another people than our English,' and we may as truly say, than our Irish.

Those who complain of a slow progress evince more feeling of present ills than knowledge of the past. For the world exhibits but few examples of more rapid advancement, than that which has placed a wild country by the side of the most civilised upon earth, in the enjoyment (real, though inferior) of its laws and constitution, its literature and arts. Whether in the absence of various evils, alleged by various parties, that progress would have been greater, is another question; or, rather, it is no question, for mankind are everywhere retarded by many causes. But it is due to a people of rare natural gifts to acknowledge that their improvement has been rapid, and is in a course of manifest acceleration.

Upon the whole, this branch of history is somewhat too dreary, ethically it is too repulsive, and even æsthetically is rather too monotonous, to obtain general popularity. But we may hope that the more instructed, and consequently more athirst for instruction, will cease to undervalue and neglect it. It is just thirty years since one of the most zealous advocates of one of the greatest delusions upon earth expressed himself as follows:—'Temorah, Teamrah, Emania, and Connor, are each and all the same place to which the Irish priests of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries alluded, when in their rhapsodies they spoke of Tara.* We have no acquaintance with the clerical rhapsodists who spoke to any such effect; and the fact is, that Connor, Emania, and Temora were all abundantly, if not quite equally, remote from one another. But it is now become impossible for such matter to be sent to the press without detection from even 'the general reader.'

coates, and hairy mantler; whom the English people gazed at with no lesse admiration than nowe a dayes they doe them of China or America.' Camden's *Elizabeth*, p. 48.

* Campbell's *Poems of Ossian Authenticated*, &c., p. lxxxiii. London, 1822.

ART. II.—*Etudes sur la Situation Intérieure, la Vie Nationale, et les Institutions Rurales de la Russie.* Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen. Hanovre. Edition 2de, 1852.

RUSSIA has not been overlooked by our many narrators of recent tours—whether performed in consequence of ennui, dyspepsia, a mission from the Row, or any one or more of the numerous other causes which, at the end of the London season, impel such hordes of Her Majesty's subjects, Red Murray in hand—

‘To ship themselves all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign country for to see.’

These English literati, however, appear for the most part to have penned their journals of Muscovite observation in some hotel of St. Petersburg—just taking a trip to Moscow and back, in order that they may say something about the gilded spires of the Kremlin—at most venturing on to Nijni Novgorod, if the time of their being in those regions coincides with the great fair—but wisely declining to roam about the provinces, with the probability of being jolted to a jelly in a rough carriage on bad roads, and eaten alive in dirty inns, to say nothing of a black bread and tallow diet, so unsuitable for stomachs accustomed to Wimbledon breakfasts and Mayfair dinners. We have, therefore, received ample information as to all outward shows of things in the political metropolis:—we can form a very tolerable idea of the appearance of the Neva on the breaking up of the ice; of a great review—as we should call it—though it is merely an inspection of a small body of some thirty or forty thousand of the household troops; of a court ball; of the ‘majestic figure and affable manners’ of the Emperor—on which points, indeed, there is no discrepancy—as well as the less favourable aspect and demeanour of some of the same illustrious family;—and generally whatever is worth notice in the habits of the upper world. As to this last matter, indeed, there was no great call for revelation. Probably those of us who have travelled at all—and who has not in these days?—must already have seen enough of the style and bearing of the grandees and millionaires that swarm about every inn in Germany, Italy, and France—with their endless trains of heavy carriages and fourgons, their beavies of couriers, cooks, jagers, dames de compagnie, and femmes de chambre.

In this age of steamboats and railroads, every capital has got rid of its national characteristics, and become Europeanized. Before our time the ideas and manners of the highest classes had pretty well assimilated themselves to one standard of fashion—but everywhere like progress has of late

late years been obvious over a far wider range;—and now whoever is desirous of studying the old and peculiar customs of a country, must seek them in its more remote districts, and there among the most laborious or least ambitious of the population. What we have said of capitals in general applies with double force to the most modern of them. St. Petersburg is essentially a foreign city, built upon foreign ground for the purpose of opening a communication with foreign civilization. It continues to be foreign in the eyes of every true Russian of the unsophisticated classes—not one of whom ever saw the spires of Moscow on the horizon without uncovering his head. As for the wealthier of the nobility—with some honourable exceptions of men who reside on their estates and are intent upon the improvement of them—they pass their time either at the Court or in parading about foreign parts—having no further relation with the humbler orders of their own fellow-countrymen than that of receiving a certain annual tribute from a number of serfs whom they have probably never seen. Surrounded from their childhood with foreign attendants, the language of society is French (except in the presence of the Emperor, who, ‘born and bred among them, glories in the name of *Russian*’); their education, their fashions, and we fear we may add, their religious principles generally, are French. We hear them converse with apparently equal ease and fluency in English, French, German, and Italian, but we believe two St. Petersburg dandies would no more think of talking together in Russ, than a couple of Scotch peers would greet one another in Gaelic. On the other hand Russia at large, from its position, its political history, and some other subsidiary causes, has escaped the obliteration of ancient characteristics which is so obvious throughout the modern world. Here, in fact, that process has hardly as yet shown itself any further than on the court nobles and their immediate satellites. There are outlying provinces, as we all know, and some that perhaps can never be thoroughly amalgamated; but the vast Czardom proper is a rare example of homogeneousness; and undoubtedly we look upon it as one of the signs of most promise for the future greatness of the Empire—(supposing disruption to be avoided)—that the whole population of a country six times the size of Germany is of the same blood, knows but one and the same mother-tongue, without even dialectical variations, and adheres with nearly as much pertinacity to the same type of thought, existence, manners, and customs—including *costume*. Under any circumstances, the social condition of so large a portion of the human family must be full of interest; but, considering the part which Russia is probably destined to play

play on the theatre of the world, and that under the auspices of the present Emperor the government itself is not only not assuming a less national tone and character, but doing exactly the reverse, we think that the question touches us more nearly and more deeply than as one of mere curiosity.

The author of these *Notes* affords us but scanty materials for a history or description of himself; his Introduction, however, intimates that for more than twenty years he has devoted himself to a very locomotive life—for the purpose of studying the various phases of rural existence—especially the relations of the classes engaged in agriculture to the Governments and to the Nobles of their respective countries. With this view he went all over Prussia, and, at the request of its rulers, drew up a Report on the state of the peasantry. More lately he turned his attention to Russia, where, like all strangers of respectability that we have yet heard of, he met not only with civility from the Emperor, but with every assistance towards prosecuting his researches, as well by the communication of statistical returns at head-quarters as by introductions to the local authorities. His two well-filled volumes are given as the result of rather less than a year passed in Russia;—within that time, however, he contrived to visit all the European provinces, from the northernmost limits of cultivation down to the Crimea—and experienced tact enabled him to collect a most respectable mass of information. Nor is his style of remark and reflection that of a galloping tourist. The only signs of haste appear in the compilation of the book itself—the great fault of which is a most puzzling and vexatious want of arrangement. There is—oh, shame to Germany!—no index—and if you wish to recur to any particular discussion or anecdote, you might almost as well attempt such a thing in the case of H. Walpole's *Collected Letters*!

The Preface having told us no more about our Baron, we are reduced to gather what we can from incidental allusions in the course of his most miscellaneous Notes—for we must plead guilty to a feeling of idle curiosity respecting the author of every book we read: we (like the original subscribers to the *Spectator*) wish to know all about our benefactor's birth, parentage, and education—even whether he is tall or short, fair or dark, fat or thin; and we cannot help being secretly pleased with those gentlemen, to say nothing of ladies, whose vanity leads them to place a portrait in the frontispiece. This M. de Haxthausen has not done—peradventure on the same principle that was said to make a late sovereign of his and our own so much of a recluse for some years of his reign—that is, simply because the noble Baron is aware that he has got past the very flower of youth:

youth: while, may be, the Hanover R. A.'s lack the flattering skill of Trafalgar Square. At all events, among other trifles that we pick up as we go on, it appears that our author was old enough to serve on the staff of General Tschernischeff during the campaigns of 1813-14—and we have no doubt that the practice of a veteran campaigner was of use in enabling him to sojourn for a twelvemonths of peace, with apparently little or no discomfort to himself, in regions where many strangers seem to struggle with ever-recurring dread of starvation, or, worse still, of being victimized out and out by the incessant attacks of those light skirmishers—both crawling and hopping—which lurk everywhere about the houses and persons of the natives. In M. de Custine's pages we have all sighed over the doleful complaints which these foreign bloodsuckers elicited from an élégant of the boulevard: in Professor Arndt's 'Erinnerungen' (a book which, by the way, gives a short but most interesting account of the appearance of Russia to a traveller during the war of 1812), we find that they caused hardly less terror to a youth bred in the frugal cottage of a North German peasant. He and his companions used actually, after leaving a Russian inn, to retire behind the nearest tree, strip themselves naked, and give their garments a good shake in the wind. We will not shock our fair readers by producing the detestable English name of the enemy; let it suffice that that vile trilateral monosyllable stands also on all maps for a grand river in South Russia—and, to drop unpleasant nomenclature for still more distressing essentials, that the evildoers in question seem to bear a strong family resemblance to the *chinchas* we have heard of in South America which, when the fresh pilgrim retires to rest, in size and shape are like a pillar-dollar, but by the morning have become like a cricket-ball. But with all the Baron's capability of enduring hardships, he seems, like a sensible man, to enjoy the good things of life when he comes across them. He pronounces the chicken cutlets of Tarjok well worthy of their European reputation—(M. de Custine by the by tells us that, like all the civilization in Muscovy, they are a legacy from the Grande Armée of 1812). He duly chronicles the *petits pois sucrés de Moscou*; and, on finding some ice, sets to work making a *limonade glacée*. In one point, only, our hero shows himself degenerate. We had fondly believed that from the day when Mars made himself so very particular by his attentions to Venus, all his gallant sons had ever been distinguished by their devotion to 'honour, love, and beauty;' that the brave always appreciate, as 'none but the brave deserve the fair;' but we are shocked to see that the Baron, amid all his observations moral, physical, social, political, religious, or agricultural, never alludes

to female beauty—or worse, he *does* say that the women in one place *are* handsome, but explains himself by adding that they have all moustaches! Now we maintain that this is the fault of the Hanoverian veteran's own optical organs, however skilled and spectacled—for, to the best of our experience, there are only two things you cannot travel away from—a bad conscience and pretty women. Most assuredly, whenever driven abroad in younger days by the cruelty of our 'ladye love,' we found the angels more divine in each country we entered, from the Mississippi to the Mediterranean, than in the one before—always (of course) excepting the scene of our original start.

The Baron had for companion a certain Dr. Kosegarten, who, however, seems not to have been quite of so locomotive a tendency as himself, and to have made a longer stay in some of the large towns. He has furnished accordingly the most interesting details on the fair at Nijni Novgorod, on Toula (the Birmingham of Russia), and even on Moscow. He tells us he is *not* a physician; and we do not think his writing reads like that of a D.D.—so we suppose he must be, or have been—

‘ a tu-
-tor, law-professor in the U-
-niversity of Gottingen.’

Howbeit, this Doctor's contributions are evidently the fruits of industry and investigation creditable to his unnamed Faculty:—in fact, the only passage on which we must bestow a touch of the critical rod, is where he speaks of a third occasional comrade of the tour who, from a long stay in England, had contracted sundry habits peculiar to our insular discipline, and, for example, indulged *passim* in 'enormous quantities of Madeira.' We had often stared at Russian travellers' stories about champagne: but the familiar comeatability of Madeira in the hostleries of the Provinces is a novelty to us. This Englified virtuoso seems, however, to have retained some sufficiently hyperborean tastes and predilections, for he accompanied his Madeira with frequent slices of raw cucumber, and varied his potations with *two or three* cups of tea every time they changed horses. We wish we knew his address, in order that we might present him with a copy of the 'Art of Dining.'

The Baron himself, we must confess, produces here and there a startling specimen of the marvellous—and this without anything equivalent to the saving clause—*ἡμοίς μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λεγόντες, λεγούσι δ' ὡς*—wherewith the venerable Father of History usually prefaces what undergraduates (now we fear his chief readers) are, or used to be, in the habit of calling 'a whopper.' We are gravely assured that herrings abound in a certain fresh-
water

water lake. Then we have minute details of the adventures of a Russian beauty, who, being carried off by a horde of Tartars in order to be sold in China, made her escape in the middle of the desert, and after several months, walking all night, resting by day, and building boats with her own hands to pass the rivers, came back sound and safe to her native city—where she died in 1840 at the age of 70. Again, we had always been told that the periodic waves of cholera could be traced as they gradually advanced on us from the East; and we knew that some *savans* ascribed that awful scourge to a blue insect too minute for most microscopes;—but now we find that we are threatened with three additional and decidedly living pestilences which are slowly coming towards us from the same quarter: *viz.*, a monstrous fly which infests all dwellings, and has already reached the frontiers of Poland;—a little but fearfully destructive ant;—and a gigantic yellow rat, which extirpates all other rats, not to mention mice, but moreover sets the cats at defiance. We tremble at such forebodings, and can only hope that our island may prove a Goshen in the midst of these worse than Egyptian plagues.

Nicholas of Russia may say, with more truth than any other sovereign—at least than any other legitimate one—of the present day ‘*l’état c’est moi*,’ and if we set aside any little English prejudices in favour of Habeas-corpus and Trial by Jury, and fairly take into account the state of his people, we must allow that he seems to act (towards *them*) with uniform wisdom and kindness. It has been the rule among the popularity-mongers who make capital out of the griefs of bearded exiles, to represent him as equalling in wickedness his namesake of the lower regions;—whereas, according to our German authors, and to all late English travellers of much importance, he is a patriot of the purest water—never sparing himself in his earnest exertions to do his duty by the humblest of his subjects—hated by the majority of his nobles as the only bulwark against their tyranny and extortion, and equally adored by the peasants as their firm friend and best patron. As painted by some eminent friends of our own, he is the first, since the title of Emperor was adopted, who might with good right have stuck to his ancestral *Czar*—the first real Tory of the line—in short, the first who has ever taken a true view of the domestic polity of Russia—*anxious to foster by all possible means the old national ways of thinking and feeling, instead of encouraging and tempting high or low to a servile copying of outlandish models.* Prodigious as was the increase in the material power of his country, produced by the genius and toil of Peter the Great, he yet

set

set a bad example in trying to abolish everything really Russian and put in its place something imported; and his successors imitated him best in his worst blunder; but this fashion seems to have of late been entirely dropped, and in fact a Russo-mania is now the rage—nowhere more, to all appearance, than among the courtiers. The Emperor, our reporters all say, is chiefly pestered and impeded in his efforts for improvement by the thoroughly corrupt and demoralised nature of the instruments he has to employ, and especially of the Tschin—that organized bureaucratic class, forming a recognised grade of the inferior nobility, from which the civil servants of the administration are as invariably selected as were the soldiers and swineherds of ancient Egypt from two particular castes; in Russia these gentlemen not only cheat themselves, but do all in their power to suppress any tendency to honesty among the people. We have heard a liberal M.P., and enthusiastic supporter of the 'civis Romanus' doctrine of a late foreign secretary, declare, after visiting St. Petersburg, that Nicholas left on his mind the idea of one weighed down by the feeling that he is the *one* honest man in his dominions. The only way by which he keeps any kind of order is by making journeys at full gallop at the risk of his neck, coming upon the officials before they have time to alter the everyday state of things—promoting the efficient, and summarily degrading the remiss. We may mention one small specimen. The Emperor had received information that the naval stores at the arsenal of Cronstadt—like the water in the fountains at Charing Cross, or 'the army' at Astley's—were carried in at the gate, entered by a clerk, taken out by a side-way, and brought in and entered again—each entry of course being charged to the Treasury with the full market-price of the article. Determined to catch the culprits *flagrante delicto*, the steam of the imperial yacht was ordered to be got up forthwith—the Great Man in person embarked—but just as he was nearing the port, a column of smoke was seen to rise from the dockyard, and in a few minutes all evidence of guilt was destroyed by the fire, which was meant to be as useful a respondent for everything missing as the cat in Dean Swift's Directions to Servants.

The extremest Liberals will hardly deny that in countries still touched with barbarism, where capital is rare among the industrial orders, much good may be done by the fostering aid of even an autocratic government. Besides the establishments for the education of the imperial servants, here are others signally beneficial to larger classes of the people. The College for Foresters—the first noticed under the former division—consists of

of a school for 13 officers and 202 cadets at St. Petersburg, with a branch-establishment for 32 more at Lissino, to which a portion of forest, a nursery-garden, and some arable fields are attached. Of this College, which is intended to supply superintendent foresters throughout the empire, the pupils are chiefly selected from the sons of the nobility.

At St. Petersburg the course of studies is divided into six classes. In five they are taught Russian, German, French, geography, history, mathematics, drawing, and physical science. The sixth is exclusively devoted to what concerns forests. The pupils leaving this class receive the rank of officer, and are sent to the school at Lissino to finish their practical studies. They then return for another year to St. Petersburg, where, by passing a second examination, they may obtain a testimonial that they are qualified for actual employment.

Although a great portion of the soil, north of the steppes, is covered with forest, yet a reckless cutting can by no means be carried on with impunity: in many places they already suffer much inconvenience from such proceedings in time past. In British North America we ourselves feel the consequences of the early settlers having treated the woods as valueless and inexhaustible, in the distances which the lumberers have to penetrate into the wilds for logs of respectable bulk. Would it not be worth while for the East India Directors (if they outlive the present hurricane) to have some of their young servants properly instructed, with a view to the systematic care of the immense teak forests? We might get from thence a much ampler supply for national purposes at a much smaller expense than we have ever done (or are ever likely to do) from the New Forest or the Forest of Dean; but tracts of such extent would require the Russian and German plan—felling square miles at once, and leaving standards enough to re-sow them—not the English daintiness of treating each tree like a garden-plant.

There is also an Imperial College near St. Petersburg, where they take in a certain number of peasants' children and instruct them carefully in the elements of the science of Agriculture—especially explaining how general principles are applied to particular localities. The pupils do all the farm-work, and often acquire no small skill in the management of sheep and cattle. At the conclusion of the *curriculum* they are given some land, with 1000 roubles to stock it, and are expected to set a pattern to the neighbourhood. Two persons are placed on each farm, so that either they must lead a very unpleasant life, or the Russian peasants, and still more their wives, must be remarkably free from any turn for quarrelling. M. de Haxthausen, who strictly examined one of these farms near Wologda, speaks of

it as in a very creditable state of cultivation on a six-course system, and as having produced a visible improvement over the adjoining country. The house was comfortable and scrupulously clean—there were even flowers outside and a few books indoors; all the furniture as well as the farm-implements had been made by the occupiers themselves while at the school. A second agricultural seminary, including a model-farm on a very great scale, is now, we understand, flourishing at Lipezk, in South Russia; but when our Baron saw the locality, its buildings only existed on paper. He however inspected and admired a third school of this class in the South—namely, one of Horticulture, established, under German teachers, in a large public garden at Jekaterinoslaw.

Few capitals can boast so many great educational institutions as now exist at Moscow under Crown patronage. Beginning with the University—the Baron speaks of the upper professors as fully acquainted with all that has been written in other countries on their respective subjects; nor is he less pleased with the state of the numerous schools subordinate to this University. Other schools are those of Commerce (partly supported by the merchants of Moscow), of Drawing, for soldiers' Orphans, and for Cadets: but the greatest of all seems to be the Imperial House of Education, founded by Catherine II. It has at least 26,000 children belonging to it, either within its walls or put out to nurse in the country; all of them orphans of officers or else foundlings. Of the children in the house, the boys are brought up to be schoolmasters, or to be sent to the University; the girls to be governesses, learning German, French, drawing, dancing, history, geometry, and music, besides sewing, knitting, &c.; places are found for them by and bye—but not in either of the capitals, which are thought unsafe for 'unprotected females.' They are watched for six years, and if marriage comes in their way, proper inquiries are made about the swain. Attached to this institution is a School of Arts, the pupils of which are thoroughly trained in the practice of some one of the different trades that figure on the list, and which are in number *seventeen*. These vast establishments are mainly supported by the profits of a compound between a savings bank and a *mont de piété*, which allows 4 per cent. interest for money deposited, and lends it out again at 5 per cent. on the security either of land or chattels left in pawn.

M. de Haxthausen gives an account of several factories at Moscow, which he considered to indicate a condition of high prosperity; but as to the general prospects of manufactures in Russia, we fear many of our readers will attach but a slender

value to the Baron's opinion on such matters. He says, for example :—

‘Is it not a Principle of Political Economy that the trades which work up the raw products of a country, and adapt them to home-markets, are the most beneficial and most worthy the patronage of a Government :—that those which work up foreign materials for the home-market also deserve encouragement, though the Government is not bound to establish them ;—*but that manufactures employing only foreign raw materials to form goods for foreign markets are dangerous and hurtful*, since, without bringing any real profit to a country, they infer the formation of a class which, in the hour of pressure, may be too likely to increase the difficulties of Government ?’—i, p. 157.

In illustration of this *Principle*, we find him elsewhere pronouncing (ii. p. 239) that the trade with China must be a losing one for Russia, since it is carried on by the export, in exchange for tea, of goods, which, though of Russian manufacture, are made of foreign cotton. What says Manchester ?

In a notice of so discursive a book as this we cannot pretend to anything like a logical sequence of topics. Before the time of Peter the Great, whatever nobility there was, was of a patriarchal, not a feudal nature ; but, in his eagerness for bringing everything to the western standard, he took the existing aristocracies of States in all respects very differently situated as the model to which he must approximate, as far as might be anyhow possible, the most fortunate of his own subjects : and this circumstance, together with their foreign education, is in a great measure the reason why the Nobles of the present time seem a sort of excrescence on the social system of the nation they belong to. Hence also, while in other countries the lower classes have been gradually emancipating themselves by encroachments (favoured by the courts of law) on the ancient privileges of their superiors, in Russia, on the contrary, the lords have been enlarging their privileges by encroachments on those under them. It appears, in fact, that the rural labourers had, from time immemorial, been in all essential respects freemen, and so remained up to the year 1601, when, on a discovery, real or pretended, that they were too much given to wandering about, the Czar Boris Godounoff published an Ukase to prohibit any peasant from moving out of his own district. With this exception, however, they still kept their personal freedom until the reign of Peter the Great, when they became practically serfs ; we say practically, because to this day there is no positive law establishing serfdom. The servitude was not at first very onerous, as the lords used only, as of yore, to charge each village with a fixed tribute or obrok, allowing them, in consideration of it, the use of all the land. By and bye, how-

ever,

ever, on the introduction of manufactures, certain villages were granted to particular factories, which were worked by the forced labour of the people. One factory of this sort, to which Peter himself gave 1200 peasants, exists to this day near Jaroslaff, but it is in a state of decay not very encouraging to imitators. The proprietors of peasants possessing mechanical skill seem now to have found out that it answers better to let them work on their own account, paying a yearly sum for the privilege, than to turn tradesmen and employ them themselves. The position both of lord and villein has been greatly changed since the French invasion of 1812. Up to that critical epoch the mass of nobles unconnected with the court used to live at Moscow in great luxury, especially as to servants, some of them being reported to have kept as many as 1000, few less than 20 or 30. In fact, in those days Moscow was the head-quarters of rank and fashion, instead of commerce and manufactures, as it is at present; and the number of nobles, with their domestic serfs, reached 250,000, making more than half the population. After the burning, being unable to rebuild their palaces, they went to live, not commonly indeed in rural halls or castles, but in their provincial towns, from which they frequently visited their estates—and, a liking to manage the cultivation on their own account having gradually become prevalent, there has ensued a general abolition of the obrok: the Seigneur now-a-days rarely claiming more than from each peasant a certain number of days' labour, like the old French *corvée*. Some noblemen in the south of Russia have done great good by the establishment of studs on a vast scale, managed by Newmarket jockeys: one of these, belonging to Count Orloff, near Lipezk, contains no less than 500 brood mares.

The great feature of the rural system is that every head of a peasant-family is a member of a *commune* and, as such, has a right to a portion of land. These village communities, which are found in their most perfect state on the domains of the crown, have a very regular though complicated organisation. At the head of each village is the *starosta*, who presides over a council called the *ten*; because, says the Baron, every ten families are entitled to nominate a councillor; but we think it more likely, both from the distinctness of the title and its application, and from the fluctuating number of members which must have attended such a system as the Baron supposes, that the council itself consisted originally of ten persons and no more. These officers are all elected annually by the peasants: their duty is to divide the obrok, which is levied upon the community collectively, among the individual members according to their ability; and to distribute any lands which may escheat to them by the death of the

occupiers; they also form a court for the settlement of local disputes and the punishment of minor offences; in short, there is perfect self-government as regards internal matters. Several of these villages form a district under an officer styled a *starchina*, who, with assessors, holds a superior court and levies the recruits required for the army; he is elected by deputies sent from the villages within his jurisdiction. A number of these *starchinas* again form a *volost*, under a functionary, also elective, who, with his assessors, presides over a court possessing higher as well as wider authority. We think it is impossible not at once to be struck with the resemblance of this system to that of frankpledge, commonly said to have been founded by Alfred. Our old *tithing* was generally co-extensive with the modern parish, and is said to have been so called as containing ten freeholders; whether this is exactly correct or not may be doubtful, but certain it is that here, as in Russia, the number ten had something to do with the arrangement, and the persons, whether ten in fact or more or fewer, were sureties or free-pledges to the king for the good behaviour of each other. They annually elected a president, called the *tithingman* or headborough, who therefore answered to the Russian *starosta*. Ten of these *Tithings* formed a Hundred under its bailiff, who, like the *starchina*, held his hundred-court for the trial of causes. Many of these hundreds together formed a shire, having, like the *volost*, its higher or county court under the *Shirereve*, who was formerly, as mentioned, in a statute of Edward the First's reign (and exactly as now in Russia), chosen by the inhabitants; though in these days he is 'pricked' by Her Majesty's justices in the Exchequer chamber, much to the annoyance of quiet squires, who do not relish, with wheat at 35s., spending 600*l.* or 1000*l.* in javelin-men.

Other village communities, quite as perfect as the Russian, as far as their completeness within themselves and management of their internal affairs go, but not bearing such systematic relation to each other, are to be described in quite an opposite direction from England. In Mr. Campbell's most interesting book on India, we have a full description of them as they now exist in the North-western provinces, and as they probably existed all over India, until, in our eagerness to find equivalents to the terms of English law, we established the *Zemindaree* system in Bengal, where we consider the freehold of the land as residing in the head man, and the cultivators as his tenants at will; while, in the Madras Presidency, we have put a different interpretation on the same terms, and, under the *Ryotwar* system, treat each cultivator as having the freehold in severalty of the plot on which we found him. Be this as it may, in our more recent conquests these societies are to

Haxthausen's Notes on Russia.

be seen in a perfect form; they have a headman, scribe, and other officers, who, with the assistance of a *Punchayet*—i. e. a council of five, distribute the common land, as well as the tax, which is paid by them in one sum to the Company's superintendent for the district. The condition of the Crown peasants has been very much improved, under Nicholas, by the establishment of the *ministry of domains*—the Russian 'Woods and Forests,'—but said to be more economical in its stewardship than ours—a question too delicate for journalistic decision. Its duty embraces a rigid care of all the Imperial estates—but more especially the protection of the poor from the extortion of the employes—and this function certainly seems to be so discharged that the Crown-villages are everywhere the envy of those belonging to private persons. All the peasants are free to go where they like; and any man leaving his village to exercise a trade pays no higher tribute than his share would have been at home as an unskilled labourer; whereas the nobles generally charge the out-living mechanic according to their estimate of his earnings. It is even asserted that the Emperor has been considering seriously a plan for the entire abolition of the *obrok* and the substitution of a rent on all crown lands. Meantime the ministry of domains has a sort of museum of geology, agriculture, and manufactures at its office in each province; and in many villages it has established elementary schools for the peasants. The Autocrat's hand is everywhere felt indeed—or at least everywhere wished for. By stringent laws—whereon no man in that region dares to exercise his talent for quibbling, or any other tricks of evasion—he has prevented the manufacturers from exercising over their people that tyranny which the Manchester school have imported with their cotton from the latitude of Louisiana. The sanitary condition of the workshops is matter of most strict surveillance—the truck system forbidden—and every master forced to provide a hospital, a physician, and a school. The Baron adds, that some of the nobles also treat their serfs with great indulgence: for instance, M. Scheremetjew glories in the wealth of those belonging to him—some of whom have acquired (in his name, as they cannot hold them by law) six or seven hundred serfs, nor does he charge them a higher tribute than the poorest. So much for a good example. Nor is the care of the imperial supervisor confined to his subjects of the great dominant blood:—no one is allowed to settle within the limits of the wild tribes of Siberia, lest they should be oppressed by the superior power of civilization—a policy which, as the Baron de Haxthausen observes, is very different from that of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States towards the unhappy red men.

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The Russian peasants are described as physically a fine race of men, generally indeed eating meat only once a week, but having a variety of other food, and well contented therewith—comfortably and even expensively clothed: in one village, the author says, a man's dress usually costs 3*l.* 15*s.*, and women's 4*l.* 4*s.*, also that all the men revelled in the luxury of a cotton shirt—we presume he did not venture to inquire into those mysteries with the fair sex:—the cottages are well-built—and our German Baron even has a word of praise on the score of their cleanliness—though that hardly tallies with the bulk of his own *Notes* on certain entomological phenomena. Very often, especially in the government of Jaroslaff, the people of which are noticed as the most intelligent in the whole empire, villages are met with in which all the inhabitants practise the same trade: old and young being, for example, without exception, tailors, hatters, chandlers, potters, blacksmiths, or carpenters. On those estates where the system of *corvée* is established instead of the *obrok*, the owner keeps a certain portion wholly in his own hands, generally one third, though in the poor soils of the north it is often as little as one-fourth, and in the rich soils of the south as much as one half; while the serfs are allowed to use the rest of the land on condition of giving three days' labour a week to the lord's reserved portion. In some parts the soil is cultivated by quite a different class from any we have hitherto spoken of; they go by the name of *Polowniki*, are perfectly free, and seem to stand to the owners of the land in nearly the same relation that our tenant-farmers do. Their existence as a distinct class may be traced to a very remote period—some antiquaries say even so far back as the eleventh century: an *ukase* in 1725 declared that, not being serfs, they might go where they liked, subject to certain regulations; and their condition was further regulated by an order of the Minister of the Interior in 1827. Their present tenure seems to be nearly as follows: the rent consists of half the harvest—the tenant finding the stock, as also the labour in the erection of farm-buildings, for which the landlord provides the materials; the length of the leases varies from six to twenty years, but either party contemplating an actual dissolution of the connexion must give a year's notice before the expiration of the expressed period. The state of agriculture is described at considerable length in the work before us: our own space will not allow of our entering at all into details; suffice it to say that the farming is generally far inferior to that in western Europe, and in the north the severity of the climate adds greatly to the difficulties. At the same time many exceptions are mentioned in the shape of intelligent

ligent owners, who have set up model-farms, and who, it is firmly asserted, realize handsome profits upon their outlay—which is at any rate more than most English model-farmers will be found to say. There are also, scattered over different Governments, not a few colonies of Germans, whose lands can be immediately distinguished by their superior condition; and we suspect it must be owing to having surveyed with special attention some of these German districts, in his journey through South Russia, that Professor Arndt speaks of the cultivation there as equal to that of Pomerania. The Empress Catherine made a law giving great privileges to any strangers who would form colonies in Russia: among these are, liberty of conscience and dotation of their clergy by the state; perpetual exemption from civil, nay, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, from military service; no taxes for a certain time, after which they pay the same as the Crown peasants; a permission to form a kind of corporate body for their own purposes—and the right of choosing their local magistrates. It should be recollected that foreigners may live within the Empire for any number of generations without acquiring the character of subjects, unless they either marry into a Russian family, or take a place under Government for one of their sons.

The portion of the imperial territory whose soil and climate are most favourable to agriculture is pronounced to be—however many of the Baron's readers may stare—no other than the district of the steppes: there, he assures us, abundant crops of wheat are produced with no more labour than a mere scratching of the ground to receive the seed; no manure is ever used, and when the land becomes exhausted, a fallow of five years enables it to bear harvests for fifteen years more; they throw the manure into the streams, and many of their rivers are choked by this practice. We have been told of similar habits in Kentucky, and of farmers doubting whether it was easiest to move their houses from the nuisance or to cart it into the Ohio. Sheep thrive equally well, but the wool grown is wanting in elasticity, and valueless, owing, as is supposed by our Baron, to the drying effect of the sun, wind, and dust; though we are rather doubtful about the correctness of this supposition, as sun, wind, and dust are nowhere more dominant than in that part of Spain which is the home of the Merino sheep. These steppes, which cover so large an extent of central Europe and Asia, seem, from the description of our Baron and many other travellers,* to be very like the prairies which occupy so much of the

* Perhaps the most lively and picturesque account of the Steppes is that given by the late M. Xavier Hommaire de Hell and his very clever Lady in their joint book of *Travels*—translated here in 1847.

centre of North America; in each we have an apparently endless extent of treeless flat, except where it is broken by the groves on each side of the rivers that penetrate it; in each, though the general contour of the country appears so level, yet, on closer inspection, it is often made up of a series of gigantic waves, all precisely of the same height and form. Trees, when planted on the prairie, are known to grow well, and the absence of them in its unreclaimed aspect is popularly attributed to the frequent prairie-fires. We do not know whether the same cause would apply to the steppes, but it is certain that many trees planted there grow luxuriantly; and one chief object which occupies the attention of the school of forests is to find the best trees and the best methods. The southern portion of the steppes was governed up to 1783 by the Khan of Crimea, who boasted—and M. de Haxthausen says he believes it—of being a lineal descendant of that famous lord of all the steppes, and leader of all the vagabonds who lived on them, Gengis Khan. The modern Khans, though vassals of the Porte, were greater men with him than even the Lord Mayor is with Queen Victoria: they had not only the right of presenting what petitions they chose, but also that of always having them granted, whether they asked for green fat or the grand vizier's head. The Baron is told, to his astonishment, that the last of Gengis' descendants, Kerim Girei, has become Christian, and lives in England! We believe that the gentleman, he alludes to spent some years in Edinburgh (where he was styled *Sultan Kerim*), and married a lady of family and fortune there, but long ago returned to the land of his ancestry, and thenceforth devoted himself and all his resources to the improvement and instruction of its native race. If yet alive he maintains, we doubt not, an intimate correspondence with our Bible and Missionary Societies.

The more we peep into these hyperborean countries, the more truthful we find the descriptions of Herodotus, in spite of the old and general suspicion to the contrary. As his account of Scythia (under which vague name the ancients included all the north-eastern nations) is a remarkable instance of his accuracy, it may be worth while to recall some of his remarks in the fourth book, where he tells of Darius's ill-fated expedition from the Danube to the Don, which must have taken him through the centre of the steppes. He says, 'all the land is quite bare of trees, either wild or sown, and, as wood is dreadfully scarce, they have found this plan for boiling meat: they clean the bones and burn them under the caldron.' Our county members lament over the quantity of wheat exported from Odessa—the outlet for all the produce of South Russia; and accordingly Herodotus says that the Scythians live in waggons (as the Tartars of the

the steppe do to this day), and do not sow corn for food, but for export.* North of these nations he says the country is quite unfit to inhabit, from the quantity of snow and its eight months winter; and if we go on far enough, we come, it is affirmed, to people who sleep six months at a time:—but he adds, 'I do not believe a word of this'—a remark exactly similar to what he interposes on the story of the people who said that the sun at mid-day, in South Africa, was to the north of them. The Father of History does not even think the quantity of vermin beneath his notice; he mentions one tribe as—saying your presence eaters of lice.* Peter Pindar would have been their poet-laureate, if he had lived in those days. But the most extraordinary statements of any, when taken in connexion with the recent discoveries in the Ural mountains, are those which he makes concerning gold. He tells us, that going north-eastward from the Don, we pass several tribes, and at last come to very high and steep mountains "which no man can cross"—(the worthy ancient did not foresee a Pallas or a Murchison)—and there are said to live the 'gold-watching griffins and the one-eyed Arimaspians.' In another book he tells us that 'towards the north of Europe there certainly is a very great quantity of gold: how it came there I cannot exactly say—but they report that the one-eyed Arimaspians take it by force from the griffins.' Milton suggests lower means than those of force—

'As when a gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold.'

We do not know on what authority our great poet relied here, but Herodotus was no very strong one to the contrary, for he takes occasion to throw in once more a sceptical salvo—viz, that he in his own mind disbelieves the existence of any one-eyed nation anywhere. For the prevalent creed, however, as to this particular in connexion with the existence of gold in those regions we have the still more ancient testimony of Æschylus:—

ὄξυστόμοι γὰρ Ζηνὸς ἀκραγεῖς κύνες
χρύπας φέλασαι, τὸν μουνῶπα σπαρὸν
Ἀριμασπὸν ἱπποβάμον'—οἱ χρυσόφρονες
οἰκοῦν ἀμφὶ νῆμα Πλούτωνος πόρον.

We will not profane the words by a translation; suffice it to say that Prometheus warns Io to beware 'of the griffins and the

* C. 109. *φθιέροντες*—which some translate, 'they eat fir cones,' but we, with Liddell and Scott, are for the animal food.

one-eyed host of Arimaspien horsemen, who dwell around the golden stream at Pluto's gates.' Herodotus confirms the story of gold coming from that quarter by some incidental allusions in his account of the more accessible Scythian tribes. Thus he says that they gild the heads of their friends before burial—(having previously eaten the rest of the body, cut up with mutton and made into an Irish stew); that they bury golden goblets with their kings; and that they set in gold the drinking-cups which they make from the skulls of their enemies.

On the actual criminal system of Russia M. de Haxthausen does anything but echo the affecting statements of our Polish and other philanthropists. To prevent disappointment in those who expect to hear thrilling tales of women knouted to death, we think it best to say at once that, according to our Baron and other trustworthy authorities, the use of the knout was entirely abolished several years ago; and that, for some time before, it had been reduced within narrow limits and strict control, any one punished unjustly having a right to recover 200 silver rubles a stroke from the court which sentenced him. Political offenders, who are merely to be kept under surveillance, live, to all appearances in the ease of freedom, at Wologda; those whose sins are of a deeper dye become *Exiles*—that is, go to Siberia. The Exiles are removed to their destination in convoys of 100 or 200 under charge of an escort, and until the number is complete they are kept in a comfortable prison well lighted and warmed. While *en route* they experience much kindness from the Russian peasants, who send them presents of their best food at every resting-place; and in large towns the excess of such contributions over what they can consume is so great that it is sold to buy them better clothing. Before starting, the convicts are inspected by a surgeon, and those who are unable to walk are put in carriages: of the others, every two men carry a chain of 4 or 5 lbs. weight—and the Baron says, they declared they *rather liked* being chained to each other by the leg; but tastes differ—anyhow they only walk 15 miles a day, and every third day, they rest. Wives are allowed and expected to accompany their husbands—(some will perhaps ask if this is part of the punishment?)—nay, should a lady refuse to march, her marriage is dissolved—a consequence, no doubt, calling for serious deliberation. The journey lasts seven months. In the Asiatic part of it the comforts are not on the same scale, and there is often great mortality; between 1823 and 1832 it amounted to about one-fifth, and the average number of exiles was 10,000 a-year. On arrival, the worst subjects are sent to the mines; and in former times, they hardly ever again saw daylight, but by the present Emperor's regulation

regulation they are not kept underground more than eight hours a-day, and on Sunday all have undisturbed freedom. Those of a less heinous stamp are employed on public works for some time, and then allowed to become colonists. The least serious offenders are at once settled as colonists in Southern Siberia, and thenceforth may be considered as quite free, except that they cannot quit their location. In such a soil and climate, with industry, they may within two or three years find themselves established in good houses of their own, amidst fields supplying every want of a rising family. It is asserted that the young people reared in these abodes turn out, on the whole, of most respectable character, and are associated with accordingly on the kindest terms by neighbours of other classes—especially the peasants of native Siberian race, who, by the way, are all entirely free and many of them very rich. The only drawback to this paradise arises from the recent and rapidly increasing production of gold, which is said to have already done considerable harm to morals; let us hope that the Arcadian simplicity of Van Diemen's Land will escape the similar pollution threatened it by the vicinity of Port Phillip.

A model-prison at Odessa is described as greatly more successful than any we know of nearer home:—it contains, we are told, 700 criminals, who all work at different trades, their earnings being either applied to promoting their comfort while in durance, or given them, to start in an honest life with, on their emancipation. On entering the prison they wear a chain, but on good behaviour—very generally within three months—they walk the streets without it; they are allowed to go out to work for private individuals, under the direction of one of the best conducted prisoners, and are constantly employed to put out fires, yet have scarcely ever been accused of stealing on such occasions. After ten years a full pardon is very often granted: in fact, not one-tenth of the whole number are detained beyond that period, and on its expiry many obtain small offices under government.

The Emperor, it is well known, is the head of his own branch of the Greek church—being indeed, truly and substantially 'in all causes and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, in those his dominions supreme.' The services of the church seem to be in general conducted with great order and decency; M. de Haxthausen repeatedly mentions the singing as really beautiful. He considers all classes (excepting the Frenchified fashionables and Germanized *savants*) to be at heart sincere believers—describes the rural gentry as prostrating themselves before the images no less reverentially than the peasants, and lord and vassal alike ready to subscribe to the utmost of their means for either repairing

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an old or building a new church. Several of the parish clergy are spoken of as possessing very fair literary knowledge, and eager to assist in educating their flocks. Their subsistence is mainly from glebe lands, which the peasants are usually willing to cultivate for them, but they also have fees on marriages, &c. There are convents in Russia, both of men and women, but they have no great hold on the affections of the people, who did not much regret the confiscation of their lands by Catherine II.: they are therefore now dependent on their own industry and the free-will offerings of devout individuals, assisted sometimes by a small subsidy from government. By far the most remarkable of the Russian convents is that of Troitza, which includes quite a town within its limits, and in old times has stood sieges by the Poles; the treasure it is reported still to contain is enormous, but the 500 or 600 monks, who dined daily of old in its refectory, have dwindled to not more than 100.

Even with an autocratic head of the church, the Russian clergy are no more free from dissenters than ours are; though, dissent being—(unless in special localities already alluded to)—forbidden by law and only winked at by government, they are not every day annoyed by seeing the vulgar front of the meeting-house, as they pass along the village street. In the book before us there is a long and interesting chapter on the different bodies of dissenters. The first mentioned are of exceedingly mysterious character, probably remains of ancient paganism, strangely addicted, it is said and believed, to practices of self-destruction and mutilation. But the most considerable sect is that which arose from the schism caused in 1659 by the patriarch Nikon's audacity in substituting a corrected text of the Scriptures for the very corrupt one previously in use. They call themselves *Starowertzi*, i. e. old-belief-men. These northern Tractarians, divided into many fractions among themselves, entertain considerable varieties of custom and observance, but are said to be generally well instructed, especially in their Bible, and to have in most places very considerable influence among their countrymen of the old school; their chief strength, however, lies among the class of tradesmen and artizans. They look upon the potato as a wicked modern invention, and the cholera as a punishment for its introduction. But Western critics have little right to wonder at this Muscovite theory, when we all know that the Archbishop of Besançon, in a recent pastoral, has told the most enlightened of nations that the scourge of railroads is a retribution for the crying sin of innkeepers in supplying their guests with meat during Lent. We ourselves never found any difficulty in procuring Protestant provender within the States of His Holiness,

yet their soil has as yet escaped that awful visitation; but of course the French Archbishop would readily account for this little apparent difficulty. The Baron says there are some other Russian sects of a totally opposite character to the starowertsi, of recent growth, who hold new doctrines, instead of clinging obstinately to the old. Our space will not permit us to enter into their individual tenets, which are some of them very wild. We must not, however, omit to mention that there is a colony in South Russia of Mennonites—a sect descended, with modified doctrines, from the Anabaptists of Munster—(for the knowledge of whose history the unlearned are generally indebted to the opera of the *Prophète*): finding themselves uncomfortable in Germany, after several abortive migrations, they availed themselves of an invitation from the Russian government, and their settlement is in a most flourishing condition.

We wish the author of these often curious but loose and inconclusive Notes would himself state the results of his observations in the form of a regular report,—such as he appears to have made for the government of Prussia. But if he be disinclined again to rush into print, we should think that, now the National Protection Society is dissolved, there must be plenty of young English squires, with a competent knowledge of country matters, at a loss how to expend their superfluous energy; if one of these, who did not mind roughing it, would really explore and publish an accurate and farmer-like account of rural Russia, he might produce a book as interesting to the world at large as was Arthur Young's Tour in France at the end of the last century. To our own agriculturists, and to all practical statesmen, such a work would be indeed a most acceptable gift 'under existing circumstances.'

M. de Haxthausen tells us little or nothing about the Russian army—a subject on which we should have been happy to hear more from a German officer of his ability and experience. In this country we are aware that there is a general belief, founded mainly, no doubt, on the lingering progress of the Russian arms in Circassia, that, with the exception of a few show regiments of guards, their troops are in no very efficient condition; but, besides that the history of the war in Caffraria ought to make Englishmen slow to condemn a foreign military *en masse* on such grounds, we think the Russian soldiers had a weighty *prima facie* testimony for them in their conduct when opposed to the French, from the days of Suwarrow to the battle of Leipsic. This favourable presumption was confirmed by the rapidity with which they turned the scale which the Hungarians had so long held evenly poised against troops acknowledged to be

be among the best in Europe. We shall only add that an English traveller of experience, well known to ourselves, inspected at Cracow one considerable corps on its march to Hungary, and he affirms that the men composing it were as fine, and manœuvred with as great precision, as any we could produce in Hyde Park or the Phoenix; the horses of good blood and excellently trained: the artillery, with all its equipments, impossible to be surpassed.

In conclusion, we cannot but deprecate that partisan view which many take even of *facts*, when relating to Russia. There was a time when England was at war with all the world, and thank God! she came out victorious: we have no doubt that, if she be but true to herself, she need not fear the worst her foes can do, but we have no wish that she should again pass through so terrible an ordeal, and therefore we cannot understand the policy of those people—we are sure they cannot themselves—who, together with the most virulent invectives against Louis Napoleon, persist in flinging expressions of hatred and defiance to those allies who fought side by side with us not so very long ago in resisting the tyranny of France. As to the Emperor Nicholas in particular, we consider such rash language as supremely reprehensible. No man of sense has lately returned from his dominions who does not, with whatever opinions or prejudices he set forth, give this Sovereign credit for an understanding of the clearest and most comprehensive class—and we should regard it as the greatest by far of all possible political misfortunes, were such a Prince by any of his acts to hazard his estimation with the friends of order throughout the world, and justify, in any shape or degree, the representations which we have hitherto despised.

ART. III.—1. *Lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S. 1843.

2. *On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* [This and the following by the same.] 1848.

3. *On the Nature of Limbs.* 1849.

4. *British Fossil Mammals and Birds.* 1846.

5. *On Parthenogenesis; or, the successive Production of Procreating Individuals from a single Ovum: a Discourse introductory to the Hunterian Lectures on Generation and Development, for the year 1849.*

6. *British Fossil Reptiles.* 1848-51.

7. *Description*

7. *Description of the Impressions and Foot-prints of the Protichnites from the Potsdam Sandstone of Canada.* 1852.
8. *Description of some Species of the extinct Genus Nesodon.* 1853.
9. *Description of a Batrachian Fossil from the Coal-shale of Carslake.* 1853.
10. *Catalogue of the Osteological Series in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.* 1853.

IN resuming, according to promise, the advance of Comparative Anatomy, as recorded in the labours of Mr. Owen, we should by rights proceed to the most curious and profound series of his writings—the treatises on the Archetype and Homologies of the Skeleton, on the Nature of Limbs, and on Parthenogenesis; but before opening them we are tempted to pause for a moment upon some minor Essays, which have thrown new light on the variety and promptitude of his resources in the interval since the appearance of our 180th Number.

The foot-tracks in the Potsdam sandstone of Lower Canada had arrested the attention of Mr. Logan, who, on the 24th of March, 1852, communicated to the Geological Society of London a brief memoir on those apocryphal impressions, but chiefly explanatory of the mineralogical character of the district. On the same evening Professor Owen, in the paper which stands seventh in our list, grappled with the darkness and difficulties of the whole subject, and selected the best marked and most intelligible portions. None who were present will ever forget the patient investigation, the lucid illustration, and the logical power which carried his audience with him to the conclusion, that the several tracks which have certain characters in common—viz., a more or less regularly marked longitudinal furrow, accompanied on each side by numerous closely-set imprints—must, from their peculiar arrangements, have belonged neither to a quadrupedal nor to a fish-like creature, but to some articulate and probably crustaceous genus, either with seven pairs of ambulatory limbs, or with three pairs, of which two were bifid at the impressing extremity, and the third trifid. In one of the slabs, the shape of the pits accords best with the hard, sub-obtuse, subangular terminations of a crustaceous ambulatory limb—such as exist in the blunted legs of a large *Palinurus* or *Birgus*; and Mr. Owen made it evident that the animal of the Potsdam sandstone moved directly forwards after the manner of the lobster, and not sideways like the crabs. One specimen favoured the notion of the median groove having been formed by a caudal appendage, rather than by a prominent part of the under surface of the trunk; and the Professor has now, we understand,

understand, no doubt that this most ancient crustacean resembled the *Limulus*, or well-known King-crab of the Moluccas. Well might he say that the imagination is baffled in attempting to realize the lapse of ages since the objects of these conjectures lived and moved upon the sandy shores of the Silurian sea; for we know that all existing species of animals—(with the exception of such as the microscope alone brings within our observation)—disappear at a period very recent, geologically speaking, in comparison with the Silurian epoch. As we descend into the depths of past time, the forms of life present modifications more and more strange, and differing more widely from actual exemplars. This truth is manifested by the Plesiosaur and Ichthyosaur in the reptilian class; and by the *Pterichthys*, *Coccoosteus*, and *Cephalaspis* in that of fishes. Six well-marked varieties of those Potsdam imprints recognised by the Professor, induced him to give them for convenience the appellations of *Protichnites septemnotatus*, *P. octonotatus*, *P. latus*, *P. multinotatus*, *P. lineatus*, and *P. alternans*.

This lucubration was followed, in January 1853, by No. 8—a brief but very remarkable paper on the extinct genus *Nesodon*. The genus is proved to have been herbivorous and ungulate, with the nearest affinity to the odd-toed or perissodactyle order among the existing species; but certain modifications of structure, hitherto peculiar to the even-toed or artiodactyle ungulates, and important marks of affinity to the *Toxodon*, are pointed out. Four species are defined and named:—the first about the size of a Llama; the second about that of a Zebra; the third not bigger than a Sheep; and the fourth not less than a Rhinoceros. The Memoir (No. 9) on the Batrachian fossil was read on the 19th January, 1853—the same night when Sir C. Lyell communicated his account of Batrachian remains from the coal-fields of Nova Scotia. There is now no doubt of Batrachian life having gone back as far as the coal period; but the animals were of the lowest and most fish-like order.

We now return to our discussion of the principles involved in the most important series of Mr. Owen's publications, and invite attention, firstly, to the light thrown upon the great *Law of Progression from the General to the Particular*.

The law of the closer adherence to the *archetype*, in other words, of a *more generalized* structure, in the embryos of existing species, is distinctly appreciated in his previous works, with a plain indication at the same time of that higher and still more interesting generalization of the corresponding closer conformity to type in the primeval quadrupeds, as contrasted with the modern ones—which manifest more modified or *specialized* structures. But the Professor

Professor refrains from the tempting opportunity of hazarding a more extended generalization of this principle than his facts warrant. Pursuing his investigations in the same spirit, and gaining confidence as the data accumulate, he at length enunciates in more precise terms his beautiful and suggestive law of extinct organisms. Thus in the article 'Teeth' (Oct. 1849), we read as follows:—

'Examples of the typical dentition are exceptions in the actual creation; but it was the rule in the forms of Mammalia first introduced into this planet; and that, too, whether the teeth were modified for animal or vegetable food. Fig. 576, *e. g.*, shows the dental series of the upper jaw of the *Amphicyon major*, a mixed-feeding ferine animal, allied to the Bear. Fig. 577 shows the dental series of the under jaw of a more strictly carnivorous beast, the *Hyænodon*; the fossil remains of a species of which have been discovered in the tertiary deposits of Hampshire. The symbols denote the homologies of the teeth. The true molars in the one are tuberculate, indicating its tendency to vegetable diet; in the other, they are carnassial, and betoken a peculiarly destructive and bloodthirsty species. In the Quarterly Geological Journal, 1848, I have described and figured the entire dental series of one side of the lower jaw of an extinct hoofed quadruped, the *Dichodon cuspidatus*, from eocene or oldest tertiary strata, also manifesting the normal number and kinds of teeth, but with such equality of height of crown, that no interspace is needed to lodge any of the teeth when the jaws are closed, and the series is as entire and uninterrupted as in the human subject. A great proportion of the upper jaw and teeth has been discovered, and the marks of abrasion on the lower teeth prove the series above to have been as entire and continuous as that below. The *Anoplotherium*, from the gypsum quarries of Montmartre, geologically as ancient as the eocene clays of this island, long ago presented to Cuvier the same peculiar continuous dental series as is shown in the *Dichodon*. In his original Memoir Cuvier described the canines as a fourth pair of incisors, on account of their small size and their trenchant shape, but he afterwards recognised their true homology with the larger and more laniariform canines of the *Palæotherium*. The *Charopotamus*, the *Anthracotherium*, the *Hyopotamus*, the *Hyracotherium*, the *Oplotherium*, the *Merycopotamus*, the *Hippohyus*, and other ancient (eocene and miocene) tertiary mammalian genera presented the forty-four teeth, in number and kind according to that which is here propounded as the typical or normal dentition of the placental Mammalia. Amongst the existing genera the hog (*Sus*) is one of the few that retain this type.'

In discussing the difficult question of the precise homologies of the teeth, which we believe to be finally set at rest by Mr. Owen's extensive range of comparisons, we find him guided by the light of the same general law to conclusions which were missed by the greatest of his predecessors:—

‘ Had Cuvier been guided in his determinations of the teeth by their mutual opposition in the closed mouth, and had he studied them with this view in the Carnivora with the dentition most nearly approaching to the typical formula, viz., the Bear, he could then have seen that the three small and inconstant lower premolars, were the homotypes of the three small and similarly inconstant premolars above; that the fourth false molar below, which, as he observes, “alone has the normal form,” (*Dents des Mammifères*, p. 111,) was truly the homotype of the tooth above (p. 4), which he found himself compelled to reject from the class of “fausses molaires,” notwithstanding it presented their normal form; that the tubercular tooth, which he calls “carnassière” in the lower jaw, was the veritable homotype of his first “molaire tuberculeuse” above, and that the tooth in the inferior series which had no answerable one above was his second “tuberculeuse” and not any of the four false molars. The true second tubercular above (*m.* 2) is, however, so much developed in the Bear as to oppose both *m.* 2 and *m.* 3 in the lower jaw, and it might seem to include the homotypes of both those teeth coalesced. One sees with an interest such as only these homological researches could excite, that they were distinctly developed in the ancient *Amphicyon*, which accordingly presents the typical formula.’—*Ibid.* p. 906.

When the wildest and most gratuitous hypotheses are seductively set forth and popularized to explain, without reference to creative acts, the introduction of the successive forms of animal life, it is satisfactory to discern any steps taken in the spirit of cautious induction by which only, if at all, we can aspire to reach a view of the law or conditions of that orderly and progressive succession of the highest class of natural phenomena—the coming in of new living species. We cannot but consider the subjoined passages as marking one such step:—

‘ With regard to the homologies of the complex molars of the Proboscidian quadrupeds, a species of insight which may come to be deemed, in the course of anatomical science, as of equal import to the knowledge of the formative processes of parts, I must admit that the mere fact of the marked and disproportionate increase of size of the first of the three last molars over its predecessor, the last of the first three that are developed, may appear but a feeble support to the analogical evidence on which, chiefly, I have classed the three last developed molars of the Elephant, in a category distinct from that of their smaller predecessors. But the value of such indication and analogy will begin to be apparent when we examine the condition of dental development in the primeval forms of Proboscidians. I have already shown that the typical character of the *Diphyodont* dentition was more closely and generally adhered to in the genera that existed during the oldest tertiary periods in geology than in their actual successors: it became of course highly interesting to inquire whether the miocene Mastodons, the earliest of the great Proboscidian quadrupeds of which we have any cognizance, manifested any

any analogous closer adhesion to type than their elephantine successors, and whether they would afford any actual proof of the true deciduous nature of the first, second, or third molars, by the development of a vertical successor or premolar. Cuvier first ascertained the fact, though without appreciating its full significance, in a specimen of the upper jaw of the *Mastodon angustidens* from Dax, in which the second six-lobed deciduous molar was displaced by a four-lobed or quadricuspid premolar developed above it and succeeding it vertically. The same important fact was subsequently confirmed by Dr. Kaup in observations of the *Mastodon longirostris* of the Miocene of Eppelsheim. This satisfactorily proves the true deciduous character of the first and second molars; and that the third molar in order of appearance is also one (the last) of the deciduous series, is indicated by the contrasted superiority of size of the ante-penultimate tooth, which I regard as the first of the true molar series.'—*Odontogr.* pl. 144.

'The great extent and activity of the processes of dental development required for the preparation of the large and complex true molar teeth of the Elephants would seem to exhaust the power, which in ordinary Pachyderms is expended in developing the vertical successors of the deciduous teeth. In the old Mastodons above cited, this normal exercise of the reproductive force was not, however, wholly exhausted, and one premolar, of more simple form than its deciduous predecessor, was developed on each side of both jaws. But even this trace of adherence to the archetypal dentition is lost in the more modified Proboscidiens of the present day.

'Another and very interesting mark of adhesion to the archetype was shown by the development of two incisors in the lower jaw in the young of some of the Mastodons, by the retention and development of one of these inferior tusks in the male of the *Mastodon giganteus* of North America, and by the retention of both in the European *Mastodon longirostris*. No traces of these inferior homotypes of the great premaxillary tusks have been detected in the fœtus or young of the existing Elephants.

'The typical dentition is departed from in the existing Hippopotamus by the early loss of *p. 1*, and the reduction of the incisors to $\frac{2-2}{2-2}$ in both jaws: in the extinct Hippopotamus of India *p. 1* was longer retained, and the incisors were in normal number $\frac{3-3}{3-3}$; whence the term *Hexaprotodon* proposed for this interesting restoration by its discoverers, Cautley and Falconer.'—*Cyclop. Anat.* iv. 931.

We may refer, also, to that unexpected illustration of the combination in extinct animals of characters separately manifested in existing species, which was produced in Mr. Owen's remarks on the fossil Sloths:—

'The tardigrade and scansorial Edentata appear to the classifier conversant only with existing forms as a very restricted and aberrant group:—but they may now be recognized by the Palæontologist as the small remnant of an extensive tribe of leaf-devouring and tree-destroying animals,

animals, of which the larger extinct species were rendered equal to the Herculean labours assigned to them in the economy of an ancient world, by a gigantic development of the unguiculate type of structure, combined with such modifications as unequivocally demonstrate that they were at the lowest step of the series of Mammals furnished with claws, and that they completed the transition to the Ungulate division of the class.'—*Myiodon Robust.* 163.

Of the combination of Ruminant, Pachydermal, and Cetaceous characters in the ancient Ungulata, many instances not less unexpected and striking are brought to light in his disquisitions concerning the *Toxodon* (*Beagle*, p. 28), the *Dichodon*, and the *Hypotamias*. He has not, however, confined to a single system of organs, or to one class of animals, his illustrations of the analogies of adult extinct to embryo existing species, and the consequent closer adherence to the general archetype in extinct animals. We find him as early as 1841 calling attention to this significant principle in his Report on British Fossil Reptiles:—

'Some general analogies may be traced between the phenomena of the succession of Reptiles as a class and those observed in the development of an individual reptile from the ovum. Thus the Embryonic structure of the vertebræ of the existing Crocodiles accords with the biconcave type; and this is exchanged, in the development of the individual as in the succession of species, for the ball-and-socket structure as the latest condition.'—(p. 201.)

Two years later, in his Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrata—amongst many exemplifications of the same principle—his description of that closer adherence to the more general type of the column which is illustrated in the Heterocercal fishes by the continuation of the vertebræ into the upper lobe of an unsymmetrical caudal fin, is followed by these words:—

'In the embryos of existing Osseous Fishes these vertical fins are developed from a single continuous fold of integument, which is extended round the tail from the dorsal to the ventral surface; a condition which we shall see in the tadpoles of Batrachia, and which is persistent in the Eel and Lepidosiren. The growth of this fold is progressive at certain parts and checked at others; and where development is active the supporting dermal rays make their appearance, and the transformation into dorsal, anal, and caudal fins is thus effected. At first the caudal fin is unequally lobed and the terminal vertebræ extend into the upper and longer lobe; the dorsals and anals are also, at first, closely approximated to each other and to the caudal fin. M. Agassiz has shown that all these embryonic characters were retained in many of the extinct fishes of the Old Red Sandstone; and the development of the caudal fin did not extend in any fish beyond the heterocercal stage until the preparation of the earth's surface had advanced to that stage which is called Jurassic or oolitic in geology.'—(*Ibid.*, 145.)

Again,

Again, at the close of the Lecture on the Echinodermata (1843), we read:—

‘Other highly interesting considerations arise out of the predominance of the Pentacrinite forms over the Asteriæ or Echini, in the limestones of the ancient transition epoch in Geology. *As we advance in our survey of the organization and metamorphoses of animals, we shall meet with many examples, in which the embryonic forms and conditions of structure of existing species have, at former periods, been persistent and common, and represented by mature and procreative species, sometimes upon a gigantic scale.*’

So much as has appeared in type of the Lectures on the Generation and Development of the Invertebrate Animals, 1849, offers many illustrations of the same law; but we must restrict ourselves to the passages which throw light on one much-mooted question—the affinities of the Trilobites.

‘One cannot witness the earlier stages of *Branchipus* and *Apus* without being struck by their resemblance to certain forms of Trilobites. And so likewise with the larva of the *Limulus*. The argument against the affinity of this genus to the Trilobite which had most weight with Burmeister, was the peculiar bayonet-shaped weapon proceeding from the post-abdominal division of the body in the fully-developed King-crab. Now when it quits the ovum this weapon is not developed; the cephalo-thorax is relatively smaller; the abdomen longer, and more trilobed, and altogether the larva is much more like the Trilobite than the later stages. The cephalo-thoracic shield is enormous in the larval *Sao*, but becomes reduced to comparatively small dimensions in the adult animal. Some of the forms of the smaller Trilobites, which figure as distinct genera, *e.g.*, *Battus* and *Agnostus*, may also be larval forms of other genera; for, like the existing Entomostraca, the Trilobites underwent their metamorphoses, which, as in the case of the *Ogygia*, were also of a similar nature. Therefore, by these facts in the development of the lower Crustacea, few indeed, I admit, when compared with the great number of known Entomostraca that now exist, a clearer light is thrown on the real nature of those ancient Trilobites than could have been expected in regard to extinct creatures, the affinities of which were so long and so lately considered problematical.’

After other details, the Professor says:—

‘Sufficient has been observed to show, that if certain stages of the development of a higher Crustacean were arrested, and growth alone proceeded with, an animal would result having the characters of the Crustacea of an inferior order. The Crab is anomalous before it becomes brachyurous—at an earlier period it is macrourous—and it is edriophthalmous before it becomes podophthalmous; and all these stages typify the successive forms of the Crustacea, as they were introduced into this Planet. The entomostracous characters were never overpassed by the Crustacea anterior to the coal measures, and the type of the Macroura did not begin to be departed from until the period of the

the deposition of the chalk. All the decapod Crustacea are at first Macrourous, or manifest the Oolitic type; and all Brachyura pass through the anomourous or cretaceous type before the proper brachyurous or tertiary character is finally acquired.'

But, whilst the progressive exchange of the embryonic or general for the adult or special types is effected in the successive forms of the class *Crustacea* characteristic of successive strata, and the analogies of these to the transitional phases in the development of existing Crustacea are pointed out, the Professor guards his audience against unwarranted conclusions as to the identity of the embryonic phases with lower or earlier forms of the class, as well as against the equally unsupported hypothesis of transmutation of species: and he concludes this Lecture by affirming—

'No extinct species could be reproduced by arresting the development of any known existing species of Crustacea; and every species of every period was created most perfect in relation to the circumstances and sphere in which it was destined to exist.'

Von Baer, whose elaborate studies led him to accept—like Wolff, his great predecessor in the University of Petersburg—the theory of Epigenesis in preference to that of Evolution, clothed his view of epigenetic development in the phrase, 'A heterogeneous or special structure arises out of one more homogeneous or general:' that is to say, the special structures of an adult animal are not merely the evolution of pre-existing minute structures of the ovum or embryo, but are formed, in the course of development, out of more general structures; as, *e. g.* nerve, muscle, bone, &c. out of a general pre-existing cellular basis. In the somewhat inflated language of the German school he speaks of animal development as proceeding 'by a continued elaboration of the animal body, through growing histological and morphological separation, together with a development out of a more general into a more special form.' Hunter, after citing the three hypotheses of embryonal development mooted in his day—viz. of evolution, epigenesis, and metamorphosis—thought that so far as his observations went he could see 'all the three principles introduced, but probably not always in the same animal:—in the more perfect animal we have new parts arising, changes taking place in those already formed, and old parts lost.' Owen, in his researches on the general type of the skeleton of the Vertebrated Animals, has adduced many illustrations of the closer adherence to that type by the embryos than by the adults, and he has stated in more general terms, that 'the extent to which the resemblance, expressed by the term "Unity of Organization," can be traced between the higher and the lower organized animals,

animals, bears an inverse ratio to their approximation to maturity.'—(*Lect. on Invert. An.*, p. 366.)

In this succession of illustrations, most of them derived from original observations by the author, of the analogy of extinct animals with the embryos of existing species, and their consequent manifestation of more general and less special types of organization, we discern plainly enough as many inductive steps towards the establishment of a great law applicable to the whole animal kingdom. Such a generalization, however, can only be worked out and established on an adequate basis of fact by a long continued series of patient researches, in the collection of which the original observer and thinker has not only to contend with the intrinsic difficulties of the question, and to exercise his patience in abiding the advent of the requisite subjects for his scrutiny, but he must, especially if he hold the office of a public teacher, and conscientiously fulfils it by laying before his hearers the annual progress of his science, prepare himself to bear the attempts of the popular writer and compiler, to seize his reward by rushing to a hasty enunciation of the Principle with, perhaps, some unmeaning modification of the general terms, and with an extent of application, which, however probable it may appear to the original Indicator of the Law, *he* yet refrains from advancing until he can adduce all the facts which *he* knows to be requisite to justify and support such enunciation.

Mr. Owen, as we have seen, in his latest illustrations of the law or principle in question, prefers the phrase of 'relative adherence to, or departure from, the ideal Archetype of animal or class forms,' with which that of 'the departure from a more general to a more special structure' is, indeed, synonymous. To affirm, therefore, that the closer adherence to archetype is manifested in the earlier forms of animal life as in the earlier phases of individual development, appears to us to be synonymous with their closer adherence to more general, as contrasted with more special forms. We have adduced some of the many illustrations of this principle which the deep-thinking Professor has made public in writings ranging in date from 1841 to 1849. Now, in the preface to the third edition (1851) of the '*Principles of Physiology*,' Dr. Carpenter 'thinks it well here to specify the most important of the *facts and doctrines* which he regards as *more particularly his own*.' Of these he enumerates eight, and the 'fourth' is 'The application of Von Baer's Law of Development from the General to the Special, to the interpretation of the succession of organic forms presented in geological time (§ 345); *here first brought forward*.'—(pp. viii. and ix.) Turning to p. 578, we find an illustration from the fossil Echinoderms,
analogous

analogous to that above cited from the typical number and kinds of teeth in the fossil Mammalia, showing that the fossil species 'presented in combination those characters which are found to be separately distributed, and more distinctly manifested, among groups that subsequently appeared'—the force of the illustration, by the way, resting on the assumption of the non-existence of *Echini* and *Holothurice* during the Palæozoic period. The other illustrations are as follows—the 'homocercal tail'—(compare Agassiz, *Poissons Fossiles*, fasc. xxii.); 'multiplied groups of Reptiles representing Fishes, Birds, and Mammals:' (comp. Owen, Report on Br. Foss. Rept., 1841, Summary, pp. 189-204); 'Batrachocrocodilian affinities of *Labryrinthodon*:' (compare *ibid.*):—'Chelonian affinities of *Rhynchosaurus*' (Ib. p. 153); 'connexion of *Edentata* by extinct *Megatherioids* with *Pachyderms*:' (comp. Owen on the *Mylodon*, p. 163).

In a professed compilation, not of the downright German sort, a precise reference of facts to their first observers is perhaps hardly to be demanded. However, of any original discovery of a palæontological fact illustrative of the closer adherence in primeval species to the general type, by the author of the '*Principles of Physiology*,' we are compelled, with all humility, to confess our ignorance at present. Dr. Carpenter is so pleasant a writer, and leads the student so amiably and effectively by the hand, that we shall rejoice to see him in the character of a discoverer. As to the broad phrase about '*doctrines* more particularly his own,' sure we are that he would, on reflection, be the last to appropriate the palæontological application of '*Von Baer's Law*' by the right of capture.

We come next to the *Law of Vegetative or Irrelative Repetition*.—The leaves of a tree are its assimilative and respiratory organs: in them the sap is perfected, and by them its noxious elements are exhaled; but their function would not be appreciably affected were there a score or a hundred more or less in any given oak or elm. The Flowers, also, and their parts, such as the stamens and pistils, are repeated over and over again, so that our apple-trees and furze-bushes, in the season of hope and beauty, are enveloped in a blaze of blossom. But it is plain that there is no definite relation to a final purpose in any special number of these or other parts of the plant; and that were complexity or perfection of an organism to be judged of by the number of its organs, vegetables must rank the highest in that respect. It seems strange that so obvious an illustration of the insignificance of a multiplicity of like parts in an animal should ever have been lost sight of: and yet the question of relative complexity and simplicity—perfection and imperfection—of animals, has been discussed by high authorities in natural science, and

and down to recent times, without reference, or even in direct contravention, to the principle of 'vegetative repetition,' which has therefore required, and has received, from the present Hunterian Professor, its full development and exact definition.

There is an instinctive repugnance in some minds to using, with respect to the works of Creation, any terms implying degrees of perfection. Now, in regard to animals, we believe with Owen that 'every species at every period was created most perfect in relation to the circumstances and sphere of life in which it was destined to exist;'—nevertheless, the parts that animals are destined to play differ; and one part may demand far more energy or include far more variety than another. The organic machinery shows correspondent diversity;—and therefore, if we would denote by language what is thus discerned, we are compelled to speak of the higher, or more perfect, or more complex organization of one animal in comparison with another. The results of such comparisons are most compendiously shown in the order in which great Naturalists, in their systematic works, have found it necessary to arrange the subjects of their contemplation, placing one above another in the scale. Even the anatomical grounds of this subordination of different living beings one to another have, however, been called in question, and the organs of different species have been reckoned up *numerically*, in order to test the validity of the inference that an insect should be put below a mammal. Sir Charles Bell, for example, in arguing against any attribution of inferiority to the smaller creature, was wont to cite Lyonet's wonderful Essay on the Willow-caterpillar, and contrast its plates with the famous Human Myology of Albinus.

'Here,' says Sir Charles, in one of his lectures, holding up a dissection of a Caterpillar by Hunter—'Here is a preparation exhibiting that which others have dwelt upon with so much interest. Take off this general muscle, and you find that other layers are beneath it. Then take off these layers and you find others still beneath them. You are not entitled to suppose that these are accidental arrangements. Do not presume, because they are minute, that they are accidental. There are 500 muscles attached to this hard ring, which passes round the animal, each muscle having its nerve. Now, let me ask whether there be any part of Man which presents a complication equal to this?—There are the powers of the hand and the action of the muscles—but the source is from the brain, the circulation of the heart, the organization of the lungs. Is that member simpler or more complex than is the structure of this animal?'

Such was the question put by the greatest Physiologist of his time before an audience whom he might not unjustly address as 'deeply learned in the subject;'—and his eloquent appeal, directed,

rected, as he said, against the 'continental views' of the so-called 'inferior animals,' described 'as deficient in organization—as early attempts of the Creator'—met with a ready response, and in the sense to which his facts and arguments plainly led, viz., that the human hand—the masterpiece, as it had been held from Galen's time, of anatomical structure—was inferior, as a specimen of organization, to the segment of a grub, by reason of the tenfold amount of muscles and nerves in such segment.

We may first humbly suggest that the number of muscles ascribed by Bell to a single segment of a caterpillar, can only be made up by reckoning as distinct, different fasciculi of a stratum having one and the same action. We freely admit, however, that the number of segmental muscles properly so called, multiplied by the number of segments in which they are repeated with scarcely any variety in a caterpillar, far surpasses the number of muscles in the human body. But then how few of these muscles in *man* can be called repetitions of each other! And can any two be truly said to perform precisely the same function and no other? Such appear to have been the considerations that led Sir Charles's successor in the Hunterian Chair, to endeavour to impress his audience with truer and more definite ideas of the value of the numerical character of parts. We quote from the concluding Lecture for 1843:—

'The diversified structures of the Invertebrate Animals not only teach us the most remarkable and instructive modifications and correlations of individual organs and systems, but lead to an insight into, and can alone furnish the demonstrations of some of the most important generalizations in zootomical science.—Of that which I have termed "the law of vegetative or irrelative repetition," by which is meant the multiplication of organs performing the same function, and not related to each other by combination of powers for the performance of a higher function, the Invertebrata afford the most numerous and striking illustrations.—Almost every organ of the body illustrates this vegetative condition at its first appearance in the Animal Kingdom. A stomach or assimilative sac is the most general characteristic of an animal. Such sacs are developed in great numbers in the body of the Polygastric, but each sac performs the same share of the digestive function, irrespective of the rest. The case is very different in the ruminant animal, in which each of the four stomachs has its appropriate office, and all combine together to produce a more efficient act of digestion. The organs of generation, the next essential parts of the mere animal, when first definitely introduced with their characteristic complications in the low organized Entozoa, illustrate more forcibly the law of irrelative repetition.—We trace the definite development of the heart and gills in the Anellida, in some species of which both organs are irrelatively repeated above a hundred times. And when these, like most of the vegetative organs, assume a more concentrated form in the Molluscous series,

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we perceive in the structure and relations of the two auricles of the bivalve as compared with the single auricle of the univalve, and of the twenty tufted gills of the Phyllidia, or of the four gills of the Nautilus, as compared with the two branchiæ with their perfect circulation in the Sepia, that plurality is but a sign of inferiority of condition. —When locomotive and prehensile appendages first make their appearance in free animals, they are simple, soft, and unjointed, but they are developed by hundreds, as in the Asterias and Echinus: they manifest the principle of vegetative repetition to a remarkable extent when they are developed into symmetrical pairs of setigerous tubercles in the Anellides, and even when they first appear as jointed limbs in the Myriapoda; but as they become progressively perfected, varied, and specialised, they are reduced to ten in Crustacea, to eight in Arachnida, and to six in Insecta. We have just seen that the same law prevails in the introduction of the analogous cephalic organs of locomotion and prehension in the Mollusca. It is beautifully illustrated in the introduction of the organ of vision into the Animal Kingdom.—The numerous ganglions, nerves, and muscles, which the vegetative succession of the segments of the body and their locomotive appendages in the Articulata calls forth, have sometimes been adduced as invalidating the claims of the Vertebrata to be regarded as of higher or more complex organization; but when the law of irrelative repetition is rightly understood, the multiplication of similar parts for the repetition of the same actions is at once appreciated as essentially the more simple, as well as the inferior condition to the assemblage of less numerous parts in the same body with different offices, and with prospective arrangements that enable them to combine their different powers for definite ends.—*Inverteb. Anim.*, p. 364.

As an example of a special application of this most instructive generalization, we may refer to a passage (*ibid.* p. 346), bearing upon the once moot point of the relative superiority of the ordinary Cephalopoda to the Pearly Nautilus. Let us add that the same principle has been found equally applicable to the right comprehension of embryonic and larval structures as to those of mature animals—for, in an able Summary of the labours of Müller on the development of the Echinoderms, Mr. Huxley, F.R.S., thus writes:—

‘We have hitherto considered the various zooids of each form as complementary to one another, and all necessary to the perfect manifestation of the individual. But the law of *Irrelative Repetition*, long since established by Professor Owen, is illustrated here in the development of zooid forms, where they are not necessary to the manifestation of the individual.’

Unity of Organization. Parthenogenesis.—The Annales des Sciences Naturelles for June 1835 contained a much admired Memoir by Professor Milne Edwards on the Metamorphoses of Crustacea, which he sums up by saying: ‘These changes, whether

whether due to arrest or excess of development, seem to me to have all the same character, and to tend to withdraw the animal more and more from the normal type of the group to which it belongs.' The memoir had been communicated to the Académie des Sciences in 1833, and the reporters (MM. Duméril, Serres, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire) stated that it gives 'additional confirmation of the Law of Arrest of Development, as elucidated by M. Serres'—(and they might have added Professor Tiedemann)—'in his writings on the development of the brain—and on the remarkable analogy which exists between the permanent organization of different species of animals and certain transitory states of the human organization.' Glimpses of this generalization had occurred, as we have seen, to John Hunter, before the beginning of the present century; but it has since been very rashly extended and egregiously misapplied. Borrowed in this overdressed state from a foreign compilation of Physiology, it has been used here to give colour to an old idea of the origination of animals by progressive development and transmutation of species. Every well-observed fact has been shown to militate against this resuscitated Tellamedism: * but *vestigia nulla retrorsum* seems to be the motto of our famous though still unnamed *Vestigiarian*, through all the numberless editions of a work, the only real merit of which lies in its clever literary composition. The generalization, of which the French Academicians might, with more truth, have stated M. Edwards' Memoir to be an illustration, is the one which we have already quoted from the *Entwicklungsgeschichte* of Von Baer; viz. that 'special structures arise out of more general ones,' and that 'each particular organ is a modified part of a more general organ.' In an able summary of the views of Von Baer, Valentin, and other embryologists of the German school, given in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal (1837), it is the avowed object of Dr. Martin Barry to show 'that there is no such passage by the embryo of the so-called *higher animals* through the lower grade as would imply the possibility of an individual, at certain periods, laying down its individuality and assuming that of another animal.' These propositions, however, lacked the support and illustration of the special instances requisite to define the limits of their applications, and we consequently find, both at and after this period, much vagueness and occasionally much extravagance in the notions entertained and expressed as to the Unity of Composition of the classes of Animals, as well as of the representative states

* The theory subsequently adopted by and still vulgarly ascribed to Lamarck, was originally put forth by *De Maillet*, under the anagram of *Tellamed*.

of the embryo stages of higher animals and their parallelism with the mature forms of lower animals. In what sense they were understood by the more sober disciples of the Cuvierian school in France, at least as late as 1837, we may best learn from the eminent Professor of the Jardin des Plantes :—

‘ When the young individual begins to be developed in the germ, it is not, as might be supposed, the miniature of that which it will subsequently become. It does not yet resemble its parents, and it has neither the form nor structure which it will afterwards have. In fact, its organs appear successively, and they undergo during their evolution very remarkable changes. One may say, in a general way, that the totality [*ensemble*] of the organization of the embryo, as well as of each of its parts, viewed by itself, passes through a series of transitional states, which recall to a certain point that which exists in a permanent manner in other animals less elevated in the series. The Human Embryo, for example, presents at the first moments of its existence, only a rounded body, deprived of members, having some analogy of structure with certain very simple animals [*ayant quelque analogie de structure avec certains animaux très simples*], for one does not find in it either brain, or heart, or bones, or distinct muscles.’

The question here rises, to what species would M. Milne Edwards compare the Mammalian embryo cited? And he proceeds to instance one :—‘ The heart is at first like that of certain worms, only a simple vessel.’—With regard to the nervous system, he tells us that—

‘ It undergoes in developing itself a series of modifications still more remarkable than all those which we have adduced, and the transitory forms which we perceive in it have the greatest analogy with those at which the same parts are permanently arrested in the lower animals of the Zoological Series.’—*Elémens de Zoologie* (1837), p. 212-17.

The reader is left to infer or guess at the species alluded to, and he can only conclude from the order in which the animals are arranged in the *Elémens* that M. Edwards meant by ‘ lower animals’ those on a par with the ‘ worms’ cited in the comparison of the vascular System of the Human Embryo.

Referring again to the paper published at Edinburgh in that same year (1837) by Dr. Barry, we find him putting this question—(the *italics* are his own):—‘ Are we not then led fairly to the conclusion that all the varieties of structure in the animal kingdom are but modifications of essentially one and the same fundamental form?’ The reply, so far as could be gathered from contemporary writers, and those coming after, down to 1843, was in the affirmative. The doctrine of essential Unity of Composition throughout the animal kingdom was in the main generally accepted, but variously illustrated as analogies swayed different minds. In the diagram
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by which Dr. Barry endeavours to convey his idea of this 'fundamental Unity,' he states: 'the cross lines (arcs) indicate, at the points where they cut the curves, *corresponding stages of development*. It is in corresponding stages of development that resemblances occur.' The first of these lines, B, is thus made to indicate that the fully developed fish corresponds with the reptile three-fourths-developed, with the half-developed bird, and the one-third-developed mammal:—not that they are identical—the author expressly repudiates that conclusion—and accordingly draws the lines distinctly from each other; but the resemblances are indicated as recurring at these stages in the series above defined—(pp. 127, 134.)

In 1836, on the retirement of Sir Charles Bell, Mr. Owen was appointed Hunterian Professor, and it became his duty to bestow a deliberate study on the notions and propositions as to Unity of Composition and Embryonal Representation which then occupied and agitated the physiological world. In regard to the latter idea—which had indeed been enunciated by Hunter himself in terms hardly less general than those employed by M. Milne Edwards—we find the new Professor bringing it to the test of the appearances presented by the more important organs of Man as they successively come into view. Thus, in reference to the primitive vasiform condition of the Mammalian heart, Owen considers not only its structure, but its relative position; and, seeing that it is situated not above the nervous axis but *beneath* it, he tells us that he could not view it as a transitory representation in the human embryo of the vasiform heart of a Worm; but, on the contrary, as much more decidedly stamping the vertebrate character on the vermiform Mammalian embryo. So likewise with regard to the nervous system, he particularly calls attention to the fact that, from the period when its first lineaments are traceable, before any cerebral expansion is manifested, the dorsal position of the spinal chord in the Mammalian embryo—i.e. *above* not only the vascular trunks but the digestive viscera—distinctly marks the true vertebrate character of the embryo, and not the condition at which the nervous system is arrested in the *Vermes* or any animals below the Vertebrata. Such illustrations had been given—such definite expressions of the law of developmental conformity or affinity had been maintained by Owen in his different Courses—and indeed in the 18th Lecture of the very First Series (May 6, 1843) we have this clear statement:—

'As the insect must pass through the earlier forms of the *Articulate*, so must Man through those of the *Vertebrate* subkingdom. *The Human embryo is first apodal and vermiform; not, however, at any period an articulated*

articulated worm. The metamorphoses of the germ-cells in the spherical (hydatid-like) ovum, have laid down the foundation of the nervous system coeval with the first assumption of a definite animal form; and, by placing it along the back as a rudimental spinal chord, have stamped the vermiform Human embryo with the characters of the apodal fish. The development of the heart, of the vascular arches, of the generative organs, typify the fish and the oviparous reptile. But these stages are rapidly passed, and the special character acquired.*

Again, in closing that course, May 20th, the Professor says:—

'The extent to which the resemblance, expressed by the term Unity of Organisation, may be traced between the higher and lower organised animals, bears an inverse ratio to their approximation to maturity.' All animals resemble each other at the earliest period of their development, which commences with the manifestation of the assimilative and fissiparous properties of the polygastric animalcule: *the potential germ of the Mammal can be compared in form and vital actions with the Monad alone,† and, at this period, unity of organisation may be predicated of the two extremes of the Animal Kingdom.* The germ of the Polype pushes the resemblance farther, and acquires the locomotive organs of the Monad—the superficial vibratile cilia—before it takes on its special radiated type. The *Acalephe* passes through both the Infusorial and Polype stages, and propagates by gemmation, as well as spontaneous fission, before it acquires its mature form and sexual organs. The fulness of the unity of organisation which prevails through the Polytypes and larval *Acalephes* is diminished as the latter acquire maturity and assume their special form.‡ The *Ascidian Mollusks* typify more feebly and transiently the Polype state in passing from that of the cercarii-form ciliated larva to the special molluscous form. The *Gasteropods* and *Bivalves* obey the law of unity of organisation in the spontaneous fissions of their amorphous germ, and in its ciliated epithelium,

* This lecture was also printed in May, 1843. Next year M. Milne Edwards writes thus:—'C'est ainsi que l'embryon d'un mammifère, par exemple, ne présente jamais les caractères essentiels du type des Radiaires, des Mollusques, ou des Insectes; il peut, dans l'origine, être comparé à l'embryon de l'un ou l'autre de ces groupes avant que celui-ci ait reçu le cachet de sa classe, ou même peut-être à l'état permanent de quelques zoophytes inférieures, tels que les Amibes; mais dès qu'il fait un pas de plus, il se constitue comme animal vertébré. . . . Les Vertébrés ne représentent jamais un type quelconque appartenant, soit à l'embranchement des Mollusques, soit à la division des Animaux Aunelés, ou à celles des Radiaires. . . . Je suis loin de croire qu'il y ait jamais identité entre les germes d'animaux d'espèces différentes—mais il y a similitude—et cette similitude est d'autant plus grande qu'on remonte plus haut vers l'origine de ces êtres.'—*Ann. des Sci. Nat.* 1844, 3rd ser., tome i., p. 71.

† 'Je suis très porté à croire que tous les animaux, ou, ce qui revient au même, les germes dont ils doivent naître, affectent dans le principe une forme analogue, celle d'une cellule peut-être.'—*Ib.*, p. 71.

‡ If by chance any elderly reader does not at once recognize the *Acalephe*, let him call to mind the *Jelly-fishes*, *Sea-blubbers*, or *Sea-nettles* of the times when he swam about at Brighton. These living and floating, inviting but dangerous, transparencies were all ranged by Linnæus under his genus *Medusa*—multiplied by modern science into heaven knows how many genera. It is hard enough to define a species. Will any of the wise condescend to tell us what a genus really is?

by which it gyrates in the ovum; but they proceed at once to assume the molluscous type without assuming that of the Polype; the Bivalve retaining the acephalous condition, the Univalve ascending in its development to the acquisition of its appropriate head, jaws, and organs of sense.

' Thus all Mollusks are at one period like Monads, at another Acephalous; but scarcely any typify the Polypes, and none the Acalephes. In the Encephalous division we meet with many interesting examples of the prevalence of unity of organisation at early periods, which is lost in the diversity of the special forms as development proceeds. Thus the embryos of the various orders of Gasteropods are nudibranchiate; but only a few retain that condition of the respiratory system through life. The naked Gasteropods are at first Univalve Mollusks, like the great bulk of the class at all periods. The testaceous Cephalopods first construct an unilocular shell, which is the common persistent form in Gasteropods, and afterwards superadd the characteristic chambers and siphon. This simple fact would of itself have disproved the theory of evolution, if other observations of the phenomena of development had not long since rendered that once favourite doctrine untenable.

' Thus as we trace the development of the Molluscous animal, we find the application of the term unity of organisation progressively narrowed as development advances; for whilst all Mollusca manifest, at their earliest and most transitory period, a resemblance to the lowest or monadiform zoophytes, only the lowest order of Mollusca in the next stage of development represents the Polypes; and all analogy to the radiated type is afterwards lost until we reach the summit of the Molluscous series, when we find it illusively, though interestingly, sketched by the crown of locomotive and prehensile organs upon the head of the Cephalopods.

' In the great Articulated branch of the animal kingdom there is unity of organisation with the Molluscous series at the earliest periods of development, in so far as the germ divides and subdivides and multiplies itself; but the correspondence does not extend to the acquisition of the locomotive power by superficial vibratile cilia: the progeny of the fissiparous primitive nucleated cell begin at once to arrange themselves into the form of the Vibrio or apodal worm, while those of the Molluscous germ diverge into the polype-form, or into a more special type.—Unity of organisation prevails through a very great proportion of the Articulate series in reference to their primitive condition as apodal worms: . . . after which the exact expression of the law must be progressively contracted in its application as the various Articulata progressively diverge to their special types in the acquisition of their mature forms.—In the proper Radiated series itself we discern the same principle: the radiated type culminates in the Echinoderms; but the most typical forms, called emphatically Star-fishes, are pedunculated in the embryo state, at least in one family, and so far manifest conformity of organisation with the Polypes and the vast and almost extinct tribes of the Pentacrinites, before acquiring their free and locomotive maturity.—It will be found when we enter upon the consideration of the development

lopment of the Vertebrate embryo, that its unity of organisation with the Invertebrata is restricted to as narrow and transitory a point as that of the Articulate with the Molluscous series. Manifesting the same monad-like properties of the germ, the fissiparous products proceed to arrange and metamorphose themselves into a vermiform apodal organism, distinguished from the corresponding stage of the Insect by the Vertebrate characteristics of the nervous centres, viz., the spinal chord and its dorsal position, whereby it is more justly comparable to the apodal fish than to the worm.—Thus every animal in the course of its development typifies or represents some of the permanent forms of animals inferior to itself: but it does not represent all the inferior forms, nor acquire the organisation of any of the forms which it transitorily represents. Had the animal kingdom formed, as was once supposed, a single and continuous chain of being progressively ascending from the Monad to the Man, unity of organisation might then have been demonstrated to the extent in which the theory has been maintained by the disciples of the Geoffroyan school. There is only one animal form which is represented, permanently or transitorily, throughout the animal kingdom: it is that of the infusorial Monad, with the consideration of which the present survey of the Invertebrate animals was commenced, and which is to be regarded as the fundamental or primary form.—Other forms are represented less exclusively in the development of the animal kingdom, and may be regarded as secondary forms. These are the Polype, the Worm, the Tunicary, and the Lamprey; they are secondary in relation to the animal kingdom at large, but are primary in respect of the primary divisions or subkingdoms. Thus the *Radiata*, after having passed through the Monad stage, enter that of the Polype; many there find their final development; others proceed to be metamorphosed into the *Acalephe* or the *Echinoderm*. All the *Articulata*, at an early stage of their development, assume the form or condition of the apodal and acephalous worm; some find their mature development at that stage, as the parasitic *Entozoa*; others proceed to acquire annulations, a head, rudimental feet, jointed feet, and finally wings; radiating in various directions and degrees from the primary or fundamental form of their subkingdom. The *Mollusca* pass from the condition of the ciliated Monad to that of the shell-less *Acephalan*, and in like manner either remain to work out the perfections of that stage, or diverge to achieve the development of shells, of a head, of a ventral foot, or of cephalic arms, with all the complexities of organisation which have been demonstrated in the concluding Lectures of this Course. The *Vertebrated* ovum having manifested its monadiform relations by the spontaneous fission, growth, and multiplication of the primordial nucleated cells, next assumes, by their metamorphosis and primary arrangement, the form and condition of the finless cartilaginous fish, from which fundamental form development radiates in as many and diversified directions and extents, and attains more extraordinary heights of complication and perfection than any of the lower secondary types appear to be susceptible of.—pp. 368-371.

The minute researches concerning the ovum and germ in different

ferent classes of animals, which Owen pursued while preparing to lecture on Generation—those unwearied and microscopical studies, upon the stable foundation of which alone could such clear and definite propositions as to the higher generalizations of physiological science have been announced with confidence by such a man—that patient course of scrutiny led to the discovery of phenomena and conditions of phenomena, which, if of more limited application, are scarcely of less interest or importance. We are compelled, however, to confine ourselves to the Professor's observations on the mysterious multiplication of the *virgin* Aphides or Plant-lice. Cuvier states the fact as certain—but leaves it as he does the almost equally dark one of the generation of the Marsupial and Monotrematous Animals, without any attempt at explanation.* We have already shown how our Professor grappled with the latter question. His Lectures on the Invertebrates, and still more fully his later work 'On Parthenogenesis, or the Successive Production of Procreating Individuals from a single Ovum,' record his method of investigating and solving the problem of the '*Lucina sine concubitu*.'

The boldest scoffers at the mysteries of our religion, on the ground of their being opposed by the regular course of Nature, are invariably, we believe, persons whose own acquaintance with Nature is superficial and at secondhand. The contrast which the earnest and therefore humble student of Nature presents, is strikingly exemplified in the case now before us. The startling occurrence among the Aphides of propagation by a virgin and immaculate parent was observed and announced about a century ago by Bonnet and Réaumur; and, although credence was long withheld, the circumstance has not latterly been questioned by any—not even by those who, like KIRBY and SPENCE, still consider it to be 'one of the mysteries of the Creator that human intellect cannot fully penetrate.' Nor do we wonder at such a conclusion by our great entomologists, after so many futile hypotheses as are referred to in the Parthenogenesis. In this unpretending volume, however, the mystery is at last cleared up, with profound science indeed, but yet so as to be universally intelligible. The phenomenon—verified by many experiments at once exact and various—is shown to be dependent on a retention of part of the original germ-cells, or of their direct and untransformed descendants, within the body of the parent. The term 'germ-cell,' or 'derivative germ-cell,' is given by Owen

* 'Chaque société offre, au printemps et en été, des pucerons toujours aptères, et des demi-nymphes, dont les ailes doivent se développer; tous ces individus sont des femelles, qui mettent au jour des petits vivants sortant à reculons du ventre de leur mère, et sans accouplement préalable.'—*Règne Animal*, t. v. (ed. 1829), p. 227.

to the ultimate divisions or multiplications of the primary impregnated germ-cell, which take place prior to the combination and transformation of the germ-cells to form the tissues of the future embryo. The sum of the 'germ-cells' is the 'germ-mass.' The wonderful series of steps preliminary to the building up of the embryo, first noticed by Prevost and Dumas in the impregnated egg of the Frog,* and commonly called the 'cleavage process,' has since been shown to be common to the impregnated ova of all animals. Owen seems to have been the first who discerned the intent of the 'cleavage process,'—viz., as that by which the spermatogenic principle is distributed, in combination with the nuclear matter of the germinal vesicle, throughout the germ-mass—and pointed out the consequent relation of such inherited subdivision and combination of the spermatogenic principle to future developments of embryos in virgin parents. We are not aware, at least, that the meaning of the geometrically progressive division of the germ-yolk due to the generation by spontaneous fission of the germ-cells had been previously recognised, or had been a clear conception in any other mind.

As propounded in the 'Parthenogenesis,' it became, like other true hypotheses, capable of application far beyond the case originally contemplated. The progress of scientific research had added many other instances of virgin-birth analogous to that first noticed in the *Aphides*. Attempts had even been made to classify and generalize these phenomena; of which the Essay on Alternation of Generation, by Professor Steenstrup of Copenhagen, is a noticeable example. But even in this very ingenious work (a translation of which was published by the Ray Society), we seek in vain for an intelligible solution of the problem of the development of an aphid in the body of a virgin creature. When we find the writer endeavouring to explain the phenomena by stating 'that they take place agreeably with the law of alternate generation' (*generation's-wechsel*) 'by the vital powers and by means of the bodies' of the producing individuals; and by applying to certain of these (from whom he withholds the name of *Parent*) the metaphorical style of 'wet-nurse' (*amme*) and 'nursing generations,' we can regard such phrases only as indicating an imperfect knowledge of the organic conditions essential to these most curious reproducers.

We have to thank Steenstrup for [throwing much and unexpected light upon doubtful affinities and positions of species, by his descriptions of the marvellous phenomena of this class among the invertebrated animals; but it was reserved for Mr.

* Annales des Sciences Naturelles, 1824, pp. 110-114.

Owen, besides widening largely our examples, to bring out the whole question in a clear and scientific shape. By him the term 'metagenesis' has been invented to express the changes of form which one species undergoes in a series of successively produced individuals, extending from that developed from the ovum to that which becomes the imago or last perfected individual—in contradistinction from the term 'metamorphosis,' which he restricts to the changes of form undergone by one and the same individual. A partial knowledge of the strange phenomena of metagenesis might at first be mistaken for direct evidence of 'transmutation of species;' but in every case where the series has been traced out, the fertile ova engendered by the last perfect forms have recommenced the first step in the cycle of change, which is ever repeated in the same specific round.

The transition from absolute metagenesis, as shown in a succession of active, propagating individuals, to ordinary metamorphosis, is illustrated in the following remarks on what our author has termed the 'retrograde metamorphosis' in the Barnacles and certain singular parasites of Fishes: in which 'development would seem to have been at first, as it were, hurried forward at too rapid a pace, and the young parasite, starting briskly into life, ranging to and fro by the highest developed natatory organs we have yet met with, and guiding its course by visual organs, must lose its eyes and limbs before it can fulfil the destined purpose of its creation.' After giving the details as to the Epizoa, our Professor offers 'a few remarks on the real nature of these changes:—

'They are commonly spoken of under the same name as that given to the changes of insects, and perhaps they differ only in degree. The metamorphosis in all insects is attended with a casting off of a certain proportion of the precedent individual, called the "moult," or the new animal may be said to creep out of the old, from which the process is called the "ecdysis." With regard to the so called metamorphosis which issues in the succession of a fixed, blind, sessile, multivalve barnacle, to a free-swimming crustacean with pedunculated eyes, or in the succession of a rooted vermiform parasite to a natatory animal with articulated setigerous limbs;—when these phenomena are closely traced, they are seen to depend in a greater degree upon the action and coalescence of retained cells, than upon a change of form of pre-existing tissues. If the development of the ovum in the pedunculate ovarian sac of the low crustaceous external parasite of a fish be closely traced, the peripheral cells of the germ-mass are seen to combine and coalesce to form the smooth transparent skin of the embryo *Lernæa*, from which also tubular processes extend in two (*Achtheres*) or three (*Lernaocera*) pairs, including setæ which project from their extremities. . . . The formation of the new integument and of the new feet proceeds connectedly and contemporaneously;

contemporaneously; but the new parts are not moulded upon the inner surface of the old ones. The plastic force has changed its course of operation. A hinder segment of the body is added to the front one, which answers to the whole of the body of the first larva. If antennæ did not before exist, a jointed pair is now developed. Instead of two pairs of tubular setigerous limbs, three pairs of uncinated prehensile limbs are developed from the anterior or cephalothoracic segment, and as many pairs of articulated setigerous limbs from the abdominal segment. New muscles, new nerves, and new vessels are formed for the support and exercise of these various instruments. The outer case, and all that gave form and character to the precedent individual, perish and are cast off; they are not changed into the corresponding parts of the new individual. These are due to a new and distinct developmental process; rendered possible through the retention of a certain proportion of the unchanged germ-cells. The process is essentially the same as that which develops the cercariform larva of the *Distoma* within the gregariniform one, or the external bud from the *Hydra*, or the internal bud from the *Aphis*. It is a slightly modified parthenogenesis; and the phases by which the locomotive annelidous larva of the *Lernæa* passes through the entomostracous stage before retrograding to the final condition of the oviparous, limbless, bloated, and rooted parasite, are much more those of a *metagenesis* than a *metamorphosis*.

With respect to the class of Insects to which the term *Metamorphosis* appears to be more strictly applicable, we may remark that certain modifications of the generative functions have served as a basis for the classification of the hexapod insects, some of which, as the *Aptera*, are said to undergo no metamorphosis, and have consequently been called *ametabola*. Others, as the *Hemiptera* and *Orthoptera*, are described in entomological treatises as undergoing only a partial metamorphosis, and are called in like manner *hemimetabola*. The metamorphosis being more patent and conspicuous in the rest of the class, is admitted, said to be perfect or complete, and made the characteristic of the *metabola*. Mr. Owen, however, in his *Lecture on the Generation of Insects*, affirms that the divisions thus framed and stated are 'insufficient for the generalizations of the comparative anatomist, and, by that very defect, are evidently less natural than the orders in the Linnaean system;' and he proceeds to demonstrate that the degrees of difference in the amount and kind of change which takes place in the Insects that are defined, in the *Treatises of pure Entomology*, as undergoing respectively 'no metamorphosis,' 'half a metamorphosis,' and a 'whole metamorphosis,' are not such as to justify those expressions. As far as we are acquainted with such *Treatises*, they all pass from the description of the egg to that of the insect as it quits the egg, without any exposition of the nature of the changes by which the matter

matter of the egg is converted into the *larva*—as the embryo insect is termed in Entomology under whatever form it may emerge from the egg-coverings. This gap is filled up in the Lectures on Generation—the 16th being almost wholly devoted to a summary of the observations which have been made on the development of the insect *in ovo*, from which Mr. Owen deduces the principle that appears to associate harmoniously all the facts of the metamorphoses, the differential features of which had acquired, or seemed to acquire, undue prominence from the pretentious nomenclature affected by certain leading Entomologists. The interesting changes of the external parts and internal organs which attend the transformation of the silkworm to the moth are then detailed, and the Professor proceeds to discuss the long-mooted question of the essential nature of these changes.

Recurring to the principle of Unity of Organization, we have finally to consider his treatment of the idea with reference to the homologies of animal structures.

Archetype and Homologies.—Professor Oken's view of the head as being a second trunk, and consequently having vertebræ as well as limbs, seems to us to be one of the same order as that which he published in his earlier 'Essay on Generation' (1805)—viz., that 'all the parts of higher animals are made up of an aggregate of infusoria, or animated cells.' Science would have derived no more profit from the one, without the subsequent inductive demonstration of the segmental constitution of the skull by Owen, than from the other notion without the microscopical observations of Brown, Schleiden, and Schwann. It must be added that neither of the ideas originated with Oken. That of the organization of all the parts and tissues of organized beings from cells had been, in different forms and degrees, more or less distinctly advanced by Malpighi, Grew, Haller, Buffon, Treviranus, and others. The notion, again, of the analogy between the skull and the vertebral column had been expressed in a general way by Autenrieth, Jean-Pierre Frank, and Kiemeier. By Oken it was applied chiefly in illustration of the mystical system of Schelling—the 'all-in-all and all-in-every-part.' From the first to the last of his writings on the subject, 'the head is a repetition of the whole trunk with all its systems. The brain is the spinal chord; the cranium is the vertebral column; the mouth is intestine and abdomen; the nose is the lungs and thorax; and the jaws are the limbs' (see, for example, his *Lehrbuch* of 1843, p. 300). Spix, in his *Cephalogenesis*, presents the facts of Osteology, which are finely illustrated in the plates of that work, under the same transcendental guise; and Cuvier drily avails himself of the extravagances of these disciples of Schelling to cast ridicule on the whole inquiry into those higher relations

relations to the Archetype, which Owen has called General Homologies. 'M. Spix,' he says, 'makes of this bone, which I call *posterior frontal*, the scapula of the upper limb of the head; and M. Oken, according to the same mystical language, makes it the *merry-thought* (fourchette) of the upper limb of the head; for, it must be remarked, that the *Philosophy of Nature*, in pretending to find again in the head all the parts of the trunk, acts so arbitrarily, that each of those who would apply it employ these strange denominations in a different manner. . . . Cet *humerus de la tête* de M. Oken devient pour M. Spix le *pubis* de cette même tête, ou, pour parler un langage intelligible, un des osselets de l'ouïe.' (*Ossemens Fossiles*, 1824, v. part ii. pp. 75-85.)

With an antagonist so skilful in wielding the weapons of a severe and sarcastic logic against *à priori* guesses, it is no wonder that, after the formal discussions before the Academy of Sciences—which are summed up in the 'Principes' of Geoffroy St. Hilaire (1830)—Physiologists and Anatomists should accept as demonstrated the last and most clearly expressed convictions of Cuvier—viz., that the highest and most fecund Principle of zoological and anatomical Science, and that to which every other is subordinate, is the Principle of Final Causes—or, as Cuvier expresses himself, the 'conditions of existence, of the adaptation of parts, of their co-ordination for the role which the animal is destined to play in Nature.' (*Princ. de Phil. Zool.*, 65.) Well, indeed, might Cuvier call this principle fertile, since under his skilful tillage it had brought forth fruits which led to all his marvellous restorations of the extinct species of a former world. And great indeed must it have appeared, in contrast with the principle of *Unity of Organization*, as supported in opposition to that of *Teleology* by the loose declamation, inaccurate instances, and extravagant analogies of Geoffroy St. Hilaire. What, then, it may be asked, had Science gained by the labours of the so-called 'transcendental Anatomists' at the close of the career of Cuvier and Geoffroy? The answer will be found by consulting the ablest works of their successors—for example, the '*Lehrbuch der Zootomie*' of Wagner (1843, 1844); the '*Lehrbuch der Vergleichende Anatomie*' of Siebold and Stannius (1845); the '*Physiologie*' of John Müller; or the '*Outline of the Animal Kingdom and Manual of Comparative Anatomy*' by the learned Professor in King's College, London. By all these authors the principle of *Unity of Organization*, as applied and attempted to be illustrated by Oken and Geoffroy, is tacitly abandoned. By M. Agassiz it was directly opposed. The few who continued to set forth the vertebral theory of the skull restricted themselves to a servile reproduction of the ideas of

of Geoffroy, of Spix, or of Oken. M. de Blainville, in the prospectus of his last work (*Ostéographie*)—in reference to 'the great questions of Comparative Anatomy, which the German Organologists have comprehended under the term *Signification of the Skeleton*'—offers merely a passing allusion to the 'gross errors of some who have occupied themselves with these questions.' Such was the state of this problem at the period when it became the duty of Owen to prepare a Catalogue of the Osteological Collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields,* and to set forth his ideas of Comparative Osteology in the theatre of the Royal College.

His first labour was to test, by an appeal to nature, those conclusions which Cuvier had himself admitted relative to the existence in the skeleton of the lower animals of bones answerable to those in Man, and therefore determinable and definable by the same names. The determinations proposed by other anatomists—often conflicting, and contrary to those of Cuvier—were submitted to the same rigorous comparison. The relation so demonstrated between a bone—say the 'frontal' in Man—and the bone shown in this way to merit the same name 'frontal' in a Bird, Snake, or Fish, Professor Owen calls a relation of Special Homology; and the bones thus bearing the same names are 'homologues,' or namesakes. He first suggested the use of these terms in this clearly defined sense, and as contradistinguished from 'analogy' and 'analogous,' which he proposed to apply to the relations between parts in regard to their similarity of use or function: thus the wing of the *Draco volans* is *analogous* to the wing of a bird, but not *homologous* with it; whilst the fore-limb of a Sloth is homologous with the wing of the bird, but has not an analogous function (see his work on the *Invertebrates—Glossary*). The quest of Special Homologies dates from the foundation of Natural History as a science. When Aristotle discerned that what the wing was to the bird, the arm was to man, the fore-limb to the beast, and the fore-fin to the fish—he commenced the study. In Cuvier's time the comparisons could be carried out more in detail, embracing not only the instrument as a whole, but its parts; and the scapula or blade-bone, the humerus or arm-bone, the bones of the forearm and hand could be determined under the same names, in the fore-limb, from Man down to the Fish. So, when Geoffroy attempted to determine the same special homologies with regard to the parts of the hyoid arch, he really did no more, as Cuvier

* This Catalogue (No. 10 of our list) ought, we feel, to have been somewhere treated of in detail—but it must now suffice to say that it is perhaps of all the author's works the one of most signal importance for the anatomical student. It extends to about 1000 pages, and comprises nearly 6000 specimens.

said,

said, than add to the old and well-known bases of zoology. P. Belon, in the sixteenth century, had delineated side by side the skeleton of a Man and of a Bird, and had indicated the homology of their bones to a certain extent by corresponding letters.

The determination of the corresponding bones [from species to species having been carried out to an extent beyond that of any previous Homologist, Mr. Owen next entered upon the higher and more difficult question as to the Law or Condition upon which the relations of special homology depend. Cuvier maintained it to be subordinate to the law of 'conditions of existence,' *i. e.*, of teleology, or final causes. According to this view, the same or answerable bones occur in different animals, because they have to perform similar functions in them. To this Owen objected that bones obviously answerable or homologous by the characters of relative position and connexions are, in many instances, adapted, by modifications of size and shape, for totally different functions; and that the characters by which the homologies of the cranial bones—*e. g.*, those in Man—can be discerned in the foetal skeleton, become masked by the modifications superinduced thereon to adapt such parts of the skeleton for a function different from that to which the same moveably-connected bones of the skull are destined in the Fish. The numerous and loosely attached bones in the skull of the human foetus, it was affirmed, bear relation to and are destined to facilitate childbirth, by permitting a certain degree of yielding and overlapping. And this is, no doubt, a rightly recognized final purpose. But is it all that can be deduced from the facts? First, the coincidence of the multiplied points of ossification in number and place with the permanently separate cranial bones of the reptile and fish could not but raise other and deeper thoughts in the philosophic mind. Our Professor accordingly says:—

'The cranium of the bird, which is composed in the adult of a single bone, is ossified from the same number of points as in the human embryo, without the possibility of a similar purpose being subserved thereby, in the extrication of the chick from the fractured egg-shell. The composite structure is repeated in the minute and prematurely-born embryo of the marsupial animal. These and a hundred such facts force upon the contemplative anatomist the inadequacy of the teleological hypothesis to account for the acknowledged concordances expressed in this work by the term *special homology*.'

There remained, therefore, the clear conviction that those particular concordances must be partial 'manifestations of some higher type of organic conformity on which it has pleased the Divine Architect to build up certain of his diversified living works'

(Archet.

(*Archet. Vertebr. Skelet.*, p. 73). And here, then, he arrived at the grand question:—what might be that higher type or paradigm? No rational or feasible answer had been offered from any quarter. The 'Natur-philosophie' school, with its 'all-in-every-part'—its humerus of the head—pubis of the head—and other '*mystical jargon*'—(so deemed by Cuvier and common sense)—helped, like a will-o'-the-wisp, further to perplex and mislead the traveller of this dark region. Carus, who saw a vertebra in every bone, to whom the humerus was a lengthened-out body of a vertebra, and all the 'long bones' of the limbs were, like it, 'vertebræ of the third degree,' was no better guide. Geoffroy might work his arbitrary will on fish-skeletons, cut up the cranium into 'seven vertebrae,' each consisting of a body 'with four elements above and four elements below;' he might crowd all the viscera within a spinal column, as arbitrarily expanded for the purpose—turn the vertebral processes outside to make jointed legs, and, setting the so-modified rat to creep upon its back, belly upwards, convert it into a lobster; or, bending the body double, with limbs and tail stretched forward from the forcibly-associated head and rump, metamorphose the mammal into the cuttle-fish (*Philos. Zool.*, 1830, p. 35). But the same arbitrary will was powerless to repress, even among his admiring audience of the Jardin des Plantes, the smile due to such efforts of the warm-hearted enthusiast to coerce a stubborn Nature to his *Principes des Connexions*.

Our Hunterian Professor has grappled with this problem in a different spirit. He had been taught that Man must serve, before he can command or interpret, Nature. The first result of his study was the primary division of the bones of vertebrate animals into the endo-skeleton, exo-skeleton, and splanchno-skeleton; and the precise determination of the osseous parts which belonged respectively to the nervous system, the skin and the viscera. No common type could be discerned in the hard parts developed in and for the two latter systems of organs: that developed in the skin seemed, on the contrary, to be the seat of endless variety. A great step was gained by removing from the field of inquiry every part of the general skeleton of the vertebrate animal, save that primary division in which alone traces of a fundamental pattern were discernible. A deeper study of it proved the Archetype to be segmental. 'The natural arrangement of the parts of the endoskeleton is in a series of segments succeeding each other in the axis of the body: and certain parts of each segment maintain such constancy in their existence, relative position, connexions, and offices as to enforce the conviction that they are homologous parts,

both

both in the constituent series of the same individual skeleton and throughout the series of vertebrate animals.'—(*Archet.*, p. 81.) The typical segment is then defined, and distinct names are proposed for its elements or constituent parts. These are classified as 'autogenous,' or elements proper, which are developed from independent centres of ossification; and 'exogenous,' or processes, which shoot out of the elements. The vertebral elements form canals about a common centre, one above for the nervous axis, one below for the vascular centres and their developments, and one on each side, less constant, for particular vessels or nerves. Appendages diverge from these arches, and most commonly from the lower or hæmal arch. The chief modifications which the segments of the skeleton undergo in the trunk are pointed out, and by these the student is prepared to comprehend the nature of the greater, but not different, modifications which the primary segment or 'vertebra' undergoes in the head. These changes of form are traced out inductively, and illustrated by accurate figures of the parts in Nature as they are manifested successively in the skull of the Fish, the Reptile, the Bird, the Mammal, and in Man. The relation in which any single bone stands to the typical vertebra, as being demonstrably an element thereof, is called one of General Homology. The progressive steps in this arduous investigation having been announced by Mr. Owen in his Lectures for 1841 and subsequent years, the attention of Naturalists began to be recalled to the ideas which the authority of Cuvier had for a time almost banished from the science. The British Association deemed the subject of sufficient importance to call upon our Professor for a special Report on the moot question of the vertebral constitution of the skull. The general results of his study were accordingly stated to them at Southampton in 1846: at which meeting, he had the advantage of discussing both principle and facts with some eminent Continental Anatomists, most of them disciples of Cuvier, and prepossessed against whatever might seem akin to the transcendental notions of the school of Schelling. In a contemporary notice of this Report and discussion, we find the editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*—than whom no one knew better the prevalent views and feelings of the anatomical circles at that period—deprecating their too hasty rejection of ideas, some of which undoubtedly presented a startling aspect of novelty:—

'If such persons will go to Nature, and interrogate her by a careful and candid scrutiny of the various forms and combinations which she presents, with the real desire to ascertain whether there be a guiding plan, a unity of design, throughout the whole, or whether each organism is built up alone without reference to the rest—we are confident

fidant that they will find the former doctrine to be irresistibly forced upon them; and if, having adopted it, they will further inquire into the particular mode in which this plan is worked out and will follow the guidance of the distinguished Hunterian Professor in the examination of the cranial bones of fishes, we are quite certain that if they do not feel every probability of his general correctness, they will at least be unable to prove him in error on any important point. We speak this advisedly, after having been present at a long debate between Professor Owen and the greatest Ichthyologist of the present or other time, Professor Agassiz; in which we perceived that every objection which the latter could urge against the vertebral theory (to which he *had been*, though we doubt whether he *still can be*, a decided opponent), had been met by anticipation in Professor Owen's system, and that he was consequently able to afford a satisfactory solution of it.' (April, 1847.)

In 1848 Owen published his researches on this subject, with ample Illustrations, in his treatise 'On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.' The Introduction gives a general explanation of the principles and terminology of this branch of Anatomy: the first Chapter contains the elucidation of the Special Homologies of the bones, and handles fully the points on which the greatest diversity of opinion had previously prevailed. In this driest and most trying of the Homologist's labours, we would call special attention to the author's treatment of the parts of the temporal bone, pp. 24, 29, and 60, and of the much discussed 'opercular bones' in Fishes, p. 63. In the second Chapter we reach the higher question of the general relations or homologies of the skeleton, with a preliminary sketch of the successive glimpses which had been obtained of this principle by Kiemeyer, Autenrieth, Oken, Duméril, Spix, Goethe, Carus, Bojanus, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Cuvier, and De Blainville. The nature of the primal pattern or archetype on which the framework of all vertebrated animals is constructed is then unfolded, the inductive steps on which the conclusion is based are clearly narrated, and their comprehension facilitated by good figures. The interest of the work, for the general philosopher, increases as he proceeds, and he will probably derive most pleasure from the perusal of the third Chapter on Serial Homology. By this term the Professor expresses the mutual relation of corresponding parts of the different segments of the skeleton in the *same body*. Having demonstrated that every bone of the endoskeleton is an element or part of an element of one or other of the series of essentially similar segments or 'vertebræ' of which the whole endoskeleton consists, it follows that each well-determined element in one segment tallies or is homologous with the same element in other segments of the same body, just as it tallies with the

same

same element of the same segment in another animal body. When a vertebral element has been modified for some particular function it has usually obtained a *special* name, *e. g.*, Alisphenoid, in addition to the *general* name, as Neurapophysis, which is indicative of its elementary nature. The special name signifies the particular part of a particular segment, and it is applied to the same element or part in all vertebrate animals. But it cannot be applied to the corresponding elements of other segments, for these may be differently modified and may have received other special names. They are not, therefore, 'namesakes' or 'homologues,' but are, in the terms of Professor Owen's system, 'homotypes.' The alisphenoid of Man is the homologue of the bone so called in the lower animals; it is the homotype of the orbitosphenoid, the exoccipital, and all the other neurapophyses in the rest of the Human skeleton: and the latter relation is that which the Professor calls one of Serial Homology. Some of those serial or homotypal relations had been discerned by the older anatomists, especially in the bones of the upper and lower limbs; but without any idea of the general law from which both 'serial' and 'special homologies' flow: and Owen, after citing Vicq d'Azyr's 'Parallèle des Os qui composent les Extrémités,' adduces it as a striking instance of the then 'secret but all-prevailing harmony of the vertebrate structure which permitted the determination of serial homologies to such an extent in the parts of the diverging appendages, which are the seat of the greatest amount and variety of deviations from the fundamental type.'

We should also notice, in referring to this Chapter, the contrast between the treatment which some of the most assailable transcendentalisms of Oken and Spix have received at its writer's hands and those of Cuvier. Mr. Owen does not dismiss Oken's phrase applied to the *os tympanicum*, viz., 'the blade-bone (scapula) of the head,' by citing it as an instance of the mystical language of a soi-disant 'Natur-philosoph,' but strives to discover its latent meaning. He had attained to the demonstration that certain bones of the skull were the same vertebral elements as those which were modified in the trunk for the special service of the limbs: he saw, therefore, that they actually stood in the relation of serial homology with such bones of the trunk. The tympanic and stylohyal, *e. g.*, were, like the scapula and ilium, 'pleurapophyses.' Their special names had arisen out of the peculiar modifications of these 'rib-elements.' Any proposition as to their serial relationship could only be rightly expressed by means of the general terms: as, *e. g.*, that the 'tympanic' is a 'pleurapophysis' of the head. And Owen shrewdly asks whether

whether it might not have been some glimpse of this serial relationship that induced Oken, whilst aiming to show the repetition of the parts of the body in the head, to call the os tympanicum the 'scapula of the head,' the temporal bone 'the furculum of the head,' &c.: and whether these expressions, instead of being wholly mystical, might not be unintelligible merely from the erroneous or inadequate expression of a relationship actually existing in Nature; *i. e.* from the use of a 'special' instead of a 'general' term. It is thus, indeed, that every true and comprehensive theory gathers up the scattered ideas which had previously been thrown out, and lost, like detached beads, for the want of the thread requisite to string them in their right places. The work concludes with some remarks on the bearing of the discovery of the Archetype upon the ideas prevalent on the nature of Life and the Vital Principle, which further exemplify the power of generalization so characteristic of our Professor.

His industry in assembling, and capacity for mastering details are, perhaps, best manifested by the TABLES which form his Appendix. The first exhibits at one view the 'Synonyms of the Bones of the Head according to their Special Homologies.' In this the student may compare, at a glance, the conclusions to which Cuvier, Geoffroy, Agassiz, Meckel and other German Anatomists, and the type of Anthropotomists, Soemmerring, had arrived, and contrast them with the Author's. A second TABLE gives a similar view of the 'Synonyms of the Elements of the Typical Vertebra.' A third is devoted to 'The Synonyms of the Bones of the Head according to their General Homologies.' And this gives, truly, a remarkable picture of the luxuriance of the human imaginative faculty when not under the strict guidance of inductive subordination to Nature. Oken, Spix, Bojanus, Geoffroy, and Carus are the authors selected as the most original thinkers on this subject, and whose ideas may be thus at once contrasted with Owen's own conclusions. Finally he shows, in a very remarkably-conceived diagrammatic plate, the special, general, and serial homologies of every bone of the skeleton in Man and the four classes of Vertebrate Animals. Here the *Vertebrate Archetype*, so often accepted for the mere verbal and vague indication of a more or less inchoate abstraction—is placed bodily before our eyes in the same 'picture language' as that by which the type-skeletons of the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the beast are distinctly represented in one comprehensive field. By a careful examination of this plate alone, we venture to say, any one intelligently desirous to comprehend the structure of the bony frame-work of Man and the lower animals, would

would learn more, and more easily, than from any previous work on Comparative Osteology. Every bone has its number, and the tallying bone bears the same number in each skeleton. These numbers refer to a column of names of the bones. Thus the student, tracing the same bone by its number from Man to the Fish, learns not only its name, but its 'special homology.' The parts in the diagram of the Archetype bear the same numbers, and by reference thereto the student perceives to what vertebra or segment, and to what part of the segment, the bone belongs; he thus learns its 'General Homology.' And this knowledge is further and more readily conveyed by an ingenious artifice in the engraving: each vertebral element having its own peculiar mode of marking, like the metals and colours in Heraldry. By this means the 'serial homology' of the bones is readily traced in each particular skeleton. Supplementary figures are added to illustrate the nature and homologies of the limbs.

The conclusions to which Professor Owen had been led with respect to these organs of support and locomotion are some of the most original that we owe to him, and consequently no small difficulty was felt by the readers of his 'Archetype' in comprehending the full import of each proposition which conducted by brief but strictly connected logical steps to the demonstration of the essential nature of the organs of locomotion. To this subject, therefore, the author subsequently devoted a separate treatise—that 'On the Nature of Limbs,'—a work characterised, as Sir Charles Lyell might well say, 'by grand and comprehensive views,' and those views made intelligible by accurate figures of the various structures of the organs of locomotion, as modified for swimming, creeping, running, burrowing, and flying. The admirable adjustment of each of these modifications to the destined purpose had been skilfully exemplified by Sir Charles Bell in his volume 'On the Hand.' Mr. Owen carries on the investigation to the higher generalization of the facts observed. After a rigorous demonstration of the homologies, special, general, and serial, of the constituent parts of the limbs, traced, according to the Hunterian method of elucidating the animal organs, from their simplest to their most complex conditions, he says:—

'If we pause to take a retrospect of the ground over which we have been travelling, and consider the numerous and beautiful evidences of unity of plan which the structures of the locomotive members have disclosed,—evidences so little to be expected, *à priori*, seeing the different shapes and sizes of instruments adapted to such diversity of functions;—when also we find that besides the general conformity of structure in the limbs of different species, a more special parallelism could be traced between the fore and hind limbs of the same species, no
matter

matter to what diversity of office they might be severally adapted—a parallelism or “serial homology” demonstrable even to each little carpal and tarsal bone, from man down to the monodactyle horse,—the thinking mind cannot but be forcibly struck by such harmony, and be impelled with the desire to penetrate further, and ascend, if possible, to the higher law or generalization from which those harmonies flow.’

We concur with him in the belief

‘that the principle of final adaptation alone fails to satisfy the conditions of the problem. That every segment and almost every bone which is present in the human hand and arm should exist in the fin of the whale, because they were expressly required in such number and collocation for the support and movements of that undivided and inflexible paddle, squares as little with our idea of the simplest mode of effecting the required purpose, as the reason which might be assigned to the great number of the bones in the cranium of the chick, viz., to allow of the safe compression of the brain-case during the act of exclusion from the brittle egg.’

Recognising the justice of Bacon’s comparison of Final Causes to the Vestal Virgins—he fears not to pronounce that they are ‘barren’ and ‘yield no clue to the comprehension of that law of conformity of which we are in quest.’ But in thus plainly avowing to what problems in Physiology the principle of final causes, or ‘conditions of existence,’ fails to be applicable, Mr. Owen in no way depreciates the value and importance of teleology in the numerous cases to which it is applicable. His great aim has been to put an end to the old controversy so obstinately maintained on the presumption that a special adaptation of parts was incompatible with a common type of construction: and when he at length arrives at the clear conception of the archetypal plan of the Vertebrate structures, he associates it with, perhaps, as full a recognition of the teleological signification of the great principle as our finite capacities are able to attain to. ‘For it is certain,’ writes the Professor, ‘that in the instances where that analogy’ (of a machine) ‘fails to explain the structure of an organ, such structure does not exist in vain, if its truer comprehension lead rational and responsible beings to a better conception of their own origin and Creator.’ He thus develops a teleology of a higher order than that of Cuvier. Far from giving support to the transmutational, pantheistic, or any other forms of Atheism, the conclusions of the Homologist, being based on rigorous deduction from carefully-observed facts, furnish new arguments in support of the highest attainable truths. The Democritic philosophers had argued, as he says, that—

‘If the world were made by any Antecedent Mind or Understanding, that is, by a Deity, then there must needs be an Idea and Exemplar
of

of the whole world before it was made, and consequently actual Knowledge, both in the order of Time and Nature, before Things. But conceiving of knowledge as it was got by their own finite minds, and ignorant of any evidence of an ideal Archetype for the world or any part of it, they affirmed that there was none, and concluded that *there could be no knowledge or mind before the world was, as its cause.*

Plato, feeling the force of this argument, met it by a counter-affirmation, and opposed to it his doctrine of pre-existent ideas and paradigms. These, however, were but *à priori* guesses, profound indeed and brilliant, but illustrative of the genius that conceived them rather than of the actual nature of the world which that genius contemplated.

'Now, however,' says Mr. Owen, 'the recognition of an ideal Exemplar for the Vertebrated Animals proves that the Knowledge of such a being as Man must have existed before Man appeared. For the Divine mind which planned the Archetype also foreknew all its modifications. The Archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh, under divers modifications, upon this planet, long prior to the existence of those animal species that actually exemplify it. To what natural or secondary causes the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed, we are as yet ignorant. But if, without derogation to the Divine Power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers and personify them by the term *Nature*, we learn from the past history of our globe, that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea, under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arranged in the glorious garb of the human form.'

As in the case of the 'Nature of Limbs' so with regard to other more difficult problems of Homology, our author has, since the publication of his comprehensive work on the Vertebrate Archetype, devoted to them special Memoirs with more ample illustrations. The homologies of the atlas and dentata and of the cervical wedge-bones, discovered by Sir Philip Egerton in the neck of the Ichthyosaurus, are treated of in two Papers of the Annals and Magazine of Natural History. The strangely-modified thorax of the Chelonian Reptiles, forming the so-called 'carapace and plastron' of the Turtle and Tortoise, is the subject of an Essay in the Philosophical Transactions for 1849. The teeth of all classes of animals have been studied in the same point of view, and the limits with which they can be traced and determined homologically from species to species, are defined in a tract read to the British Association in 1848—in the Article *Teeth* often already cited—and in a Memoir on the Development and Homologies of the Wart-hogs (*Phaco-chærus*) in the Philosophical Transactions for 1850. In

this Memoir the Mammalia are divided into Monophyodont, or those that generate one set of teeth, and Diphyodont, or those that generate two sets. In the latter, which includes the major part of the class, Owen shows that it is possible to trace and determine each individual tooth, like each bone of the skeleton, from species to species. An abstract idea, therefore, may be formed of each tooth, and it may be signified by a symbol as well as by a name. He founds on this discovery a system of dental notation, just as he had previously proposed to indicate the bones by numerals—a system equally the fruit of the determination of their homologies. After exemplifying the advantage and convenience of such notations in other departments, the Professor concludes :—

‘In my work on the Archetype of the Skeleton, I have denoted most of the bones by simple numerals, which, if generally adopted, might take the place of names; and all the propositions respecting the centrum of the occipital vertebra might be predicated of “1” as intelligibly as of “basioccipital.” The symbols of the teeth are fewer, are easily understood and remembered, render unnecessary the endless repetition of the verbal definition of the parts, harmonise conflicting synonyms, serve as a universal language, and express the author’s meaning in the fewest and clearest terms. The entomologist has long found the advantage of such signs as ♂ and ♀, signifying male and female, and the like; and it is time that the anatomist should avail himself of this powerful instrument of thought, instruction, and discovery, from which the chemist, the astronomer, and the mathematician have obtained such important results.’

The Professor must regard with entire satisfaction the reception which these doctrines, new rather than revived, new at least in the best sense as being the results of strict induction, have met with from the Anatomical and Physiological world. Some few exceptions only illustrate the rule. Men disqualified for appreciating such points of correspondence as those which Homology demonstrates between the ‘basilar process of the occipital bone’ and the body of a trunk-vertebra, are apt to take credit to themselves for their ‘power of restraining the imagination.’ They stigmatise a Treatise which points out analogies of relative position and correspondences of development, and which thus elucidates the essential nature of an organ previously obscured by mere modification of form and proportion, as ‘an imaginative one.’ They call the intellectual labour concerned in its production ‘a hunting after resemblances and an overlooking of differences;’—as if it were not the true business of the observer of Nature to trace out her harmonies—and as if the giving their due value, and *no more*, to the prominent characters of size and shape, which first catch attention and too often arrest it, was overlooking them. But the

the generation who listened with applause to M. Cuvier's vague declamation against a mode of investigating the laws of organic structure which bears the closest analogy to the precise methods of geometry, is fast passing away, and all the active cultivators of physical study seem to be impressed with the conviction that Homology can alone elevate Anatomy, and with it Zoology, to the high position of the exact sciences. Such aspirations were once encouraged by Cuvier himself, whose subsequent hostile attitude was less against investigations into the Law of Unity of Organization than against those who, in his time, abused the name of Philosophical Anatomy by their extravagant modes of illustrating it. Cuvier, indeed, with an instinctive prescience, asks, 'Why should not Natural History one day also have its Newton?'—and the best proof of the reasonableness of that question we hold to be the success which has attended the last researches of Cuvier's English successor—justly styled by Humboldt 'le plus grand Anatomiste de son Siècle.'

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- ART. IV.—1. *The History of the Church of Rome to the End of the Episcopate of Damasus, A.D. 384.* By E. J. Shepherd, M.A., Rector of Luddesdown. 1851.
2. *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, accurate J. P. Migne. Tom. iii. (*Minorum Patrum a Tertulliano ad Cyprianum Opera*); tom. iv. (*S. Cypriani Opera Omnia*). Paris, 1844.
3. *A Library of Fathers.* Vol. III. *St. Cyprian.* Oxford, 1839-1844.
4. *Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus, Bischof von Carthago—nach seinem Leben und Wirken.* Von Dr. F. W. Rettberg. Göttingen, 1831.
5. *The Life and Times of Saint Cyprian.* By G. A. Poole, M.A. Oxford, 1840.
6. *A First Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian.* By E. J. Shepherd, A.M. 1852.

WE trust that in speaking of Mr. Shepherd we shall not use any language inconsistent with the respect due to a man of ability and learning, who has investigated a difficult subject with perfect honesty of intention and in entire independence of party. But some of his results are rather startling. He supposes that in the fifth century—

'partly from natural ambition, and partly, perhaps, from jealousy of the rapid advancement of the Prelate of Constantinople, who, under the shadow of the Court, was trampling upon the independence of the Churches

Churches around him, the Roman Bishops determined to avail themselves of their favourable position, and pursue a similar career in the West. . . . Precedents would materially assist them. But they had none.' And therefore, 'not only was ecclesiastical history largely tampered with, if not rewritten, if not even composed, but a series of documents, professing to relate to events in the previous centuries, were, perhaps even before the close of the fifth century, invented to supply this defect.'—pp. 124-5.

Mr. Shepherd then sets himself to clear away the fictions which were thus imposed on the world. He tells us that the epistle ascribed to Polycarp is spurious, and his story a fable (pp. 11, 21); that the account of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne is a baseless forgery (pp. 17, 18); that the story of a quarrel between Victor, bishop of Rome, and the Asiatic bishops, as to the time of keeping Easter, is a fiction (pp. 18, 19); that Irenæus' book on Heresies is interpolated (p. 206); that Tertullian's writings altogether are doubtful, and that the treatise *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum* is certainly not of the third century (pp. 520-2); that *Cyprian* is 'probably an imaginary personage' (p. 126); that *Dionysius of Alexandria* is little better (pp. 16, 32, 189-197); that the epistles and documents of the Cyprianic cycle are a set of clumsy forgeries; that the proceedings of Stephen, bishop of Rome, are as fabulous as those of his predecessor Victor (pp. 24, 27, 28, &c.); that the accounts of the Donatistic schism are not to be relied on (p. 47); that the story of Constantine's having referred the Donatistic question to certain bishops, and of the consequent Council of Arles, is a fabrication (pp. 38, 49, 50, 221-6); that the Councils of Nice and Constantinople were not general, but merely oriental (pp. 50, 349); that the Athanasian writings are forgeries (pp. 59, 164, 189, 191, 229); that as to the life of Athanasius himself, it is 'almost next to a miracle that such a mass of absurdity should have maintained its place in history' (p. 245); that Hosius, bishop of Cordova, was most likely 'altogether a mythic personage' (p. 341); that a multitude of councils during the Arian controversy—including that of Sardica—are imaginary; that the Life of Constantine ascribed to Eusebius is a forgery (p. 39), and that that writer's *History* and *Chronicle* are interpolated to such an extent as to be utterly untrustworthy (*passim*); that the works of Hilary of Poitiers are questionable (pp. 59, 164-189, &c.); that Optatus has been largely corrupted (pp. 524-5); that everything ascribed to Pacian is spurious (p. 173); that Jerome's *De Viris Illustribus* is so much interpolated as to be of no authority (*passim*); that his Dialogue against the Luciferians is a forgery (p. 166); that Epiphanius Against Heresies

Heresies is a forgery (p. 290); that Basil's treatise On the Holy Spirit and his Epistles are forgeries (p. 193, 214, 451); that Gregory Nazianzen's autobiographical poem is a forgery (p. 433); that the histories which pass under the names of Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret are all forgeries (pp. 68, 274).

Innumerable lesser documents are disposed of in the same way. The process is to be carried on through the later ages. Repeated hints are given that the next volume will demolish the credit of St. Augustine's controversial works. And, if Mr. Shepherd should bring down the story to the nineteenth century, there is reason to apprehend that, after exploding the myths of Pope Pius and Cardinal Wiseman, he will finish by proving his own book to be a forgery, and himself as fabulous as Hosius or Cyprian. Nay, even as to the period embraced in this first volume, we are told that there is much more of scepticism in reserve. While Mr. Shepherd's readers might suppose him to be a ruthless destroyer, delighting in the havoc which he makes, he has, by his own account, really been dealing with his subject in the tenderest and most conservative spirit. He declares that he arrived at his views 'very gradually—I may almost say, unwillingly' (p. vi.). When an overpowering conviction first compelled him to execute justice on a forgery, he was ready to cry out, like Nero when first asked to sign a death-warrant—'Quam vellem nescire literas!' And even now he tells us—

'I have been desirous to preserve as much as I could of the small remains of history which we possess; and I have therefore felt myself justified, even in cases where I entertained doubts, to speak at times without imputation of doubt respecting some things which pass unquestioned in history.'—p. vii.

We are fully sensible of the kindness intended in this condescension to our weakness; but for our own part we should have rather chosen to know the worst at once.

No one, we imagine, can go through the volume without sometimes feeling that the author's assumptions are a little strange. When, for instance, he decides (as very often happens) that a book or a letter must be a forgery because it is unworthy of the supposed writer's reputation, we begin to think how such a canon would operate on the literature of our own day. So, when we are told that two writings, professedly by the same hand, must be spurious because there is a difference of style between them, we cannot help wondering how Mr. Shepherd would deal with a certain Pastoral 'Given out of the Flaminian Gate,' and a certain 'Appeal to the People of England.' Again, when a book is pronounced to be forged because the alleged writer must have been old at the supposed date, and yet 'he
does

does not write like an old man' (p. 175)—it occurs to us that the most vigorous and spirited of living English controversialists is a prelate whose age is midway between seventy and eighty. So, when the existence of Hosius is denied on the ground that he is described as having taken a part in the Arian controversy at the age of from ninety to a hundred, our mind turns to a great master of early Christian learning who lately at *ninety-three* completed a new edition of a large and very elaborate work, enriched in the revision with additions from the latest sources, and within the last few months has given, at *ninety-seven*, a fresh proof of mental vigour and unabated interest in the literature of the day.* Again, when we read that a letter ascribed to St. Athanasius must be spurious, because 'it is a libel on his intellect,' being 'a piece of profane and vulgar fanaticism' (p. 276), we are tempted to ask whether Mr. Shepherd has seen certain recent Lectures delivered at the 'Oratories' of London and Birmingham, which are pretty generally thought to exhibit a tolerable allowance of 'profane and vulgar fanaticism,' and yet are undoubtedly the productions of 'a person of a high order of mind.' And to take one more instance—when the genuineness of a letter is denied on the ground that it speaks of the Apostle St. John as having worn on his forehead something called a *πέταλον*, and that this word has puzzled the commentators (pp. 199, 203, 215), we bethink ourselves of another old Greek letter, in which it is directed that women should have on their heads something which is styled *ἐξουσία*—a word which has caused infinitely more of perplexity than St. John's ornament—and we ask whether our author would reject *that* Epistle too, and class its alleged writer among 'probably imaginary personages.'

Very often objections are taken to statements when it is evident that, if the grounds of objection were removed, the alteration would give a pretext for equally plausible doubts of an opposite kind. Indeed Mr. Shepherd himself sometimes indulges in objections which are opposite to each other. In one page he complains that travelling is represented as too easy; in another, that it is too difficult. If a story is fully told, its circumstantiality is a proof of forgery; if it wants filling up in the details, its vagueness shows that it is forged, and that the forger lacked invention. Is an event spoken of very soon after the supposed date?—it is a fiction, since it could not have been generally known so early. Is it mentioned many years after?—then too it is fabulous; for, if the thing had really taken place, it must yet

* 'Reliquiae Sacrae. Recensuit notisque illustravit, M. J. Routh, S.T.P.' 5 vols. Oxf. 1846-1848.—'Bishop Burnet's History of the Reign of King James the Second—additional observations now enlarged.' (By Dr. Routh.) Oxf. 1852.

have been forgotten long before. If two books agree in their notices of the same subject, they were fabricated or interpolated in concert; if they vary, they were no less forged, but the forgers neglected to make them tally.

Mr. Shepherd cannot fancy it possible that there were any defects among the Christians of the second and third centuries—that any of them were inconsistent, or unreasonable, or ignorant, or inclined to superstition—that any of them wrote in a style offensive to his own severe purity of taste—that any bishops of Rome were disposed to be assuming—that eminent prelates ever used harsh language in denouncing their opponents—that any writer's memory misled him as to little matters of dates and historical order. He will not hear of anything wrong except the villany of the fifth-century Macphersons and Irelands, who have peopled Church-history with imaginary persons, and have stuffed the *Bibliotheca Patrum* with a mass of falsehood and nonsense. Little as he probably suspects himself of such weakness, he is as much an idealist on the subject of the early Church as the simplest young gentleman who ever took his creed from Littlemore.

Although, however, even a cursory reader must be struck with some such difficulties as those which we have mentioned, the author's assertions of his own correctness are so positive, and the book presents such evidences of labour and acuteness, that we are not justified in setting it aside without some more particular examination. But how is this to be managed? The field is so large—the questions raised are so many and so intricate—that a review cannot afford space for a full discussion of the subject; nor, indeed, is it reasonable to expect that a reviewer should afford the time necessary for so laborious an investigation. We have, therefore, restricted ourselves to one part of the work—the Essay on St. Cyprian. This may be examined within a moderate compass, and without greatly tasking the reader's patience; while on the other hand we presume that Mr. Shepherd himself would not object to our choice of it as a specimen. He supposes this part of his case triumphantly proved; he insults over Cyprian as if he were clearly no better than an ecclesiastical Phalaris; he seems to put the dissertation forward as especially conclusive and important, since he places it first among his 'Proofs and Illustrations'—giving it precedence over those which relate to the earlier subjects of Polycarp and Irenæus, Victor and the Quarto-decimans.*

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* Mr. Shepherd has lately published a Letter to Dr. Maitland on the Cyprianic writings. This pamphlet (which is announced as the first of a series) is little more than a popularized specimen of the matter contained in the 'History.' We do not find

At the outset of our inquiry we must notice an extraordinary delusion which runs through the whole of Mr. Shepherd's essay—the idea that the writings connected with the name of Cyprian are in their bearing favourable to the pretensions of Rome. Our author takes much credit to himself for independent study of his documents; but we are very sure that, in this instance, independent study would never have led him to such a conclusion. Nay more; the meaning which he attaches to the words of Cyprian and his correspondents is one which very few even among Roman Catholic writers would venture on. We have to deal with the extraordinary case of an Anglican clergyman, strongly opposed to Romanism, who sees in these writings an extreme Roman sense which no reasonable Romanist would acknowledge—which even ultramontane writers in our own day give up as untenable—which is only to be found in the audacious and antiquated school of Baronius!* In truth the Cyprianic writings have always been regarded by Protestants as among the strongest supports of the historical argument against Rome; the late Paris editors—whose opinions are certainly free from all suspicion of liberalism—acknowledge the fact, and endeavour to explain it away:—

'Whence,' *they* ask, 'comes this praise, unworthy of so great a man as Cyprian? Whence this unhappy celebration of him? It is from his conflict with Pope Stephen. Hence it is that Neoterics have brought their studies to bear on him, and have expended on him so much of their labours; hence the splendid Oxford edition of his works [by Bishop Fell, 1683]; hence the unwearied diligence of Pearson, Dodwell, Rigault, Routh, Marshall, Poole, and Matthies.'†

And the learned editors go on, with very indifferent success, to relieve the Saint from such discreditable admiration.

This brings us to a matter connected with Mr. Shepherd himself. He speaks in his preface (p. v.) of the Cyprianic writings as having 'floated down the broad stream of history, if not unsus-

find that it at all affects our argument, and therefore have not thought it necessary to take much notice of it, our article having been in type before the Letter appeared. We may as well mention here that Chevalier Bunsen's elaborate work on 'Hippolytus and his Age' (4 vols. 1852) does not (as might perhaps have been expected) contain any reference to Mr. Shepherd's arguments.

* On this point there is a mischievous passage in the 'Letter,' where Mr. Shepherd is speaking of the martyrdom to which he exposes himself by assailing the writings ascribed to Cyprian. 'The High-Churchman, if an Anglican, reads in them episcopacy, through an apostolical succession, as the only channel for Christ's gifts to his Church; if a Romanist, he reads further, and sees that this episcopacy, to be such a channel, must be in communion with the Roman see' (p. 5). Can Mr. Shepherd name a single Anglican writer—whether 'High-Church' or of any other party—who (if he mentions Cyprian in connexion with the Romish controversy) does not maintain that the Cyprianic writings are decidedly opposed to the pretensions of the Papacy?

† 'Patrologia,' ed. Migne, vol. iii. col. vii.

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pected, yet, as far as I know, unchallenged ;' and then he adds on his margin :—

'It is a curious fact, that, after I had written this page, I received a letter by this morning's post, informing me of a note of Mr. Poole, in his *Life and Times of Cyprian*, in which he mentions a Raymund Missorius having attributed the Letters of Cyprian and Firmilian (I suppose the Letters confined to the question of Rebaptism)—to the Donatists of Africa. I am not aware that until to-day I ever heard of Raymund Missorius ; and I regret it, as I should have been glad to have seen his objections. The idea of a Donatist origin to these letters had, however, already passed through my mind, and been rejected.'

Now we do not blame Mr. Shepherd for having omitted to look at Mr. Poole's book—which does not profess to be anything more than a popular account of St. Cyprian, drawn up without any view to historical criticism ; but the fact is, that the impugner of the letters on Rebaptism, far from being unknown to all mankind except Mr. Poole, is mentioned by almost every one who has written on the subject of Cyprian within the last hundred and twenty years. If, for example, our author had thought fit—as might have been not unnatural in a gentleman engaged on the history of the early Church—to refresh his acquaintance with Mosheim's Commentaries '*De Rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum*,' he would have met with a rather significant account of his predecessor in scepticism—to the following effect :—

'The story of the controversy on the baptism of heretics affords the clearest possible proof that, although the bishop of Rome held the chief place among Christian bishops, his power was in this age very small, and his sentences were very freely set at nought and rejected. Hence the Romish writers in general confound everything relating to it, and, partly by empty conjectures, partly by violent interpretations of the ancients, endeavour to prevent the truth, which is abundantly plain, from striking our eyes and understandings too strongly. One of these writers—well knowing that such arts, although they might hinder the truth, yet could not destroy and extinguish it—thought to cut with Alexander's sword this knot which the advocates of the papacy were unable to untie—I mean *Raymund Missori*, a Franciscan, who, in a quarto published at Venice in 1733, attempted to show that the letters of Firmilian and Cyprian against Stephen, and some others, were forged by the Donatists of Africa.'—pp. 535-6, ed. *Helmstadt*, 1753.

We learn from other sources that the genuineness of Firmilian's letter (although not of any others) had been questioned by the Jesuit Christian Wolf, in the end of the seventeenth century ; and that Missori has been followed by Tournemine, another Jesuit ; Molkenbuhr, a Franciscan ; Morcelli, author of '*Africa Sacra* ;' and

and Hebermann. Schröckh (*Kirchengesch.*, iv. 321-2) and Gieseler (*Lehrbuch*, i. 396, ed. 4) treat the attempts of these writers as unworthy of the serious refutation which has been bestowed on them by Sbaralea, Walch, and others; the Paris editors, while they evidently wish the objections valid, yet cannot venture to think them so (*Patrologia*, iii. *Præf.* xvii.); and the venerable President of Magdalene is so excited by their barefaced audacity as to exclaim in indignation, 'Quidni Deum deprecari meæ animæ, ne sit in futuro sæculo cum tam iniquis et improbis sophistis?' (*Routh, Scriptorum Eccl. Opuscula*, i. 260, ed. 2.) The only one of the dissertations with which we are acquainted is that by Molkenbubr (reprinted in the Paris *Patrologia*); and it we have no hesitation in characterising as a string of irrelevant and trumpery cavils. But, whatever be the merits of these treatises, it is important to observe that hitherto the attempts to get rid of any part of the Cyprianic writings have been exclusively the work of *Romanists*.*

Although we have given Mr. Shepherd credit for honest intentions, and fully believe that he started with no thought of conducting his case improperly, we must remark that an unfairness of tone runs throughout his representations of facts and documents. Sometimes he tries by outrageous exaggeration to throw an air of improbability over statements which in themselves are quite free from everything of the kind; sometimes he seeks to attain the same end by the use of ludicrous language and illustrations; and on such a subject the clumsy banter of these attempts is as little creditable to his taste as to his wit. Then, again, his translations can never be relied on. He does not quote the original passages, as he might have done without greatly adding to the bulk of his volume; and when any pains-taking reader searches them out elsewhere—which very few readers *will* do—it is continually found that by misconstruction, omission, determination to make nonsense, or some other such means, a turn has been given to the English version which makes it very suitable for Mr. Shepherd's purpose, but utterly disguises the real meaning. For instances of these practices we refer to the extracts which will be given in the sequel of our article—extracts which, as having been made

* In his doubts as to Tertullian, however, Mr. Shepherd has been preceded by the father of German Rationalism, Semler, who supposed the works ascribed to that writer, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus to have been forged at Rome for the purpose of discrediting certain *Gnostic* sects. The theory appears to have taken no root in Germany, and is very fully exposed by the late Bishop of Lincoln in his work on Tertullian. It is curious enough that Semler considered the writings attributed to Irenæus unworthy of him (*Kaye on Tertullian*, p. 175), while Mr. Shepherd, who often uses a like argument as a proof of spuriousness, speaks of these as proving Irenæus to have been 'a very able man and a good man' (p. 204.)

without any view to the exhibition of the author's unfairness, will better convey an idea of the manner in which it is mixed up with his whole argument than if we were in this place to single out any number of especially flagrant examples.

Mr. Shepherd begins by telling us that, 'until the middle of the third century, there is not the least trace of any intercourse between the bishops of Rome and Carthage; indeed we scarcely know anything of either church;' that 'during the short interval between A.D. 250-258 the two churches are seen in the closest possible intimacy;' and then again, until the middle of the fifth century, 'there is not the slightest fragment of any intercourse between these two sees.' (pp. 127-8.) Here we must take a general exception to the reasonings from improbability which occur in almost every page of the book. A Greek poet observed long ago that 'it is most likely that unlikely events will happen.'

τάχ' ἂν τις εἰκὸς αὐτὸ τοῦτ' εἶναι λέγει
βροτοῖσι πολλὰ τυγχάνειν οὐκ εἰκότα.*

And every one must have met in his own experience with incidents, coincidences, and connexions of things which, if they occurred in a novel, would be regarded as wildly improbable. Mr. Shepherd himself has furnished an example in a passage already quoted, where he tells us that, when his work was so far advanced at press that he could not benefit by the information—on the very day when he had stated in his Preface that, in so far as he knew, the Cyprianic writings had hitherto been unquestioned—he received a letter informing him that they had been questioned by 'a Raymund Missorius.' Nobody, we imagine, will doubt the truth of this; but how, we ask, would our author have dealt with such a story if he had found it in the writings ascribed to St. Cyprian?†

To return to the particular improbability which is here alleged—we should like to know what Mr. Shepherd supposes the state of things to have really been. He does not, we presume, deny the existence of Rome and Carthage in the times of which he treats; or the greatness of these cities; or that there was a frequent communication between them;‡ or that the language of educated

* Agathon, ap. Aristot. Rhet., ii. 24.

† It is superfluous, certainly, to ask that question. We see how he deals with an exactly parallel story as to St. Hilary of Poitiers, p. 295: Hilary, it is said, was just on the point of setting 'certain persons' down as heathen men and publicans, when, 'at this critical moment a packet of letters arrived,' &c. Mr. Shepherd at once assumes that the story is a manifest fable.

‡ We have assumed rather too much here. In the 'Letter' Mr. Shepherd begins an argument thus: 'If the mutual intercourse between the two cities is not likely to have been great (we have no evidence that it was)' &c., p. 8. Has Mr. Shepherd looked

educated persons in both was the same; or that there was a Christian church in each. The supposed improbability is therefore reduced to this—that, while there are no extant records of any intercourse for a long period on each side of Cyprian's episcopate, there *are* preserved to us documents which show that these two chief churches of the west were in active intercourse at a time when all Christians would naturally have been drawn together by the first outbreak of *general* persecution,* and when a schism originating at Rome involved the Carthaginian church in its consequences—the see of Carthage being then filled by a man of eminent character and ability. We must say that the antecedent unlikelihood of this does not appear to us very overwhelming. Mr. Shepherd's statement that 'we know hardly anything of either church' will surely go far to account for our knowing little or nothing of their intercourse with each other. Moreover, there *are* notices of earlier communications between the churches (although, indeed, the bishops do not personally appear), in the histories of Tertullian and Praxeas; and as to the want of *later* communications, let it be observed that this is no part of the story as commonly told, but is the result of Mr. Shepherd's own destructive process, applied to the Donatistic schism and the Council of Sardica.†

Mr. Shepherd makes himself vastly merry about the alleged frequency of correspondence within the eight years from 250 to 258. 'Ships,' he says, 'must have been in constant readiness to convey messages; nay, so urgent is the intercourse, that Cyprian makes a clerk on the professed ground of carrying his letters to Rome. They seem as busy on the Mediterranean as ants on a gravel walk'—(pp. 127-8). As to the affair of the clerk, it seems to be very sufficiently explained by Cyprian's statement (*Ep.* 29)‡—that, since clerks were usually employed for conveying such letters,—(a practice of which we have traces a century and a half earlier, in

looked for such evidence? Considering the relative position of the cities, and that Rome received immense supplies of corn from Africa, the natural presumption is that Carthage had more of intercourse with the capital than perhaps any other city in the empire.

* It will be remembered that the persecution under Decius was the earliest which can be described as *general*.

† Mr. Shepherd says in his 'Letter' (p. 11), 'The references [from Carthage] at Rome and Arles [in the Donatistic controversy] are not, in my sense, intercourse between the Churches.' We do not see what his argument gains by narrowing the definition of *intercourse*. The official intercourse of formal letters, notifying elections of bishops and recommending members of one church to the other, may be taken for granted, since it was an undoubted part of the ecclesiastical system in those days. That which makes the case of Cyprian an exception to the usual state of things is the existence—or rather the preservation—of letters belonging to another class.

‡ For the sake of uniformity with Mr. Shepherd, we follow Bishop Fell's numbering of the Epistles.

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the Epistles of St. Ignatius)*—and since the Carthaginian clergy were at the time so scattered that those who remained at their posts were fully occupied by their ordinary duties—he somewhat anticipated the season for advancing two persons to ecclesiastical offices for which they had been already designed. And as to the frequency and facilities of communication which draw from Mr. Shepherd such repeated displays of humour, let it suffice to say that the order of the letters and events has been investigated by Bishop Pearson—no less eminent as a chronologer than as a theologian;—that in his scheme there is ample room for all that is stated to have occurred; and that, while some of his details have been questioned by later writers, yet neither he nor they—although all alike unacquainted with the powers of the ‘Great Western Express’ (p. 251)—appear to have had any feeling that the incidents with which they had to deal were too many for the time allotted to them.

Another general observation is premised (p. 128) by way of discrediting Cyprian’s writings: viz. that the distinctness with which they exhibit the whole system of church-government is in startling contrast with the want of definiteness on such points in earlier writers—Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement, and Origen—(*Ignatius* is significantly omitted). In so far as this objection relates to those orders which were in the Church from the beginning, the simple answer is, that in Cyprian the subject leads to the frequent mention of orders and offices, and in the other writers it does not. As to the inferior orders—it is, we believe, generally agreed that these were introduced or settled in the third century; that the first mention of a *reader* is in Tertullian (*De Praescr.* c. 41); that the earliest notice of sub-deacons, &c., is in Cyprian’s letters, and in that from his contemporary Cornelius of Rome to Fabius of Antioch, given by Eusebius, l. vi. c. 43 (which our author, of course, pronounces a forgery). No one has yet been struck by any improbability in the notion, nor has Mr. Shepherd fixed the time at which *he* supposes these orders to have originated. To the objections that ‘all seems of long standing—an old established system’—that on ‘the first announcement in ecclesiastical history of the name of such a church-officer’ as a *sub-deacon*—‘he is not mentioned as a novelty’—we reply that our own experience may show us how soon novelty wears off in such matters. Would any one think it necessary in this year 1853 to speak of a *vice-chancellor* as a novelty? or a *revising barrister*, or a *county-court judge*, or a *railway-director*, or *navigator*, or *stoker*, or an *honorary canon*, or an *ecclesiastical commissioner*, or a *poor-*

* Dodwell, *Dissertat. Cyprianicæ*: t. i. § 16; Tillemont, *Mémoires*: t. iv. p. 79.

law guardian? Yet all these are of the last forty years—most of them of the last twenty. Would Mr. Shepherd have thought better of the letters if the novelty of sub-deacons and acolytes had been stated, and the functions of these officers had been formally explained in them?

We now proceed to the details of the correspondence.

It opens during the persecution under Decius, A.D. 250. Many of the Carthaginian Christians, on being put to the test, had consented to sacrifice to the heathen deities, so that

‘Cyprian positively makes a melancholy jest about it. He says, “They ran to the market-place of their own accord; of their own will they hasted to their [spiritual] death; as if they always wished it, as if embracing an opportunity to which they had all along been looking. How many, whom the magistrates put off at the time through press of nightfall! and how many who even entreated that their undoing might not be delayed!” (*De Lapsis*, 8). ‘I ask the reader,’ says Mr. Shepherd, ‘to exercise his own judgment, and think whether a Christian prelate, especially such an one as Cyprian is represented to have been, would or could have so described his own people, however unworthy their conduct.’ (p. 130.)

The reader will probably be somewhat surprised at this appeal. We therefore explain that we have taken the liberty of substituting the late Oxford version of the passage for that given by Mr. Shepherd; and that whatever may seem unbecoming in the words which our author (in his *book*) ascribes to Cyprian is entirely owing to his own mistranslation.*

When the danger was over, those who had disowned their faith wished to be readmitted to the communion of the Church; and this Mr. Shepherd speaks of as a ‘surprising inconsistency.’ (p. 130.) The rector of Luddesdown must have been unusually happy in his experience of mankind, if any such inconsistency seems incredible to him. We presume that in some future volume he will pronounce the English Reformation a fable, on the ground that some persons who had been Protestants under Edward are said to have carried faggots and to have gone to mass in the reign of Mary, and yet after all to have returned to their Protestantism on the accession of Elizabeth!

At every step our critic meets with improbabilities—

‘As Cyprian objected to receive [the Lapsed], they went to the few martyrs and confessors, and procured from them letters requiring

* ‘They showed such readiness—it must have been an opportunity long desired by them—that, even when the pagan magistrate wanted to close the day’s performances, the African Christians would not allow him to retire. So eager were they to abjure Christianity, that they could not wait till the next day.’—p. 130. We must add that in Mr. Shepherd’s ‘Letter,’ p. 9, the passage is correctly translated, and the charge of improper jesting disappears!

Cyprian to readmit them into the Church. In some cases he was allowed a previous examination as to their repentance; in others, the order was peremptory—even in this form, “Admit A. B. and all belonging to him.” [*Communicet ille cum suis. Ep. 15.*] The granting of pardon to the penitent lapsed is stated to have been a martyr’s prerogative, out of compliment to him, and from a notion that his wishes must avail in heaven. These letters, Cyprian says, were given by thousands; there was even a trade in them. I leave these statements also to the verdict of common sense.’—pp. 130-1.

Common sense would probably reply that such practices were very unreasonable and unscriptural; but that we must not on that account deny their existence. The custom of pleading the letters of martyrs in abatement of penance had been mentioned by Tertullian half a century before (*Ad Martyres*, c. 1; *De Pudic.*, c. 22) and is supposed to have arisen at least as early as the middle of the second century.* It is surely not difficult to conceive the feelings which originated such a privilege; nor are we inclined to reject the Cyprianic letters because they represent it as in course of time depraved by corruptions:—which, be it remarked, the writer denounces as such—as alike novel and pernicious.

Cyprian had withdrawn from the persecution, and Mr. Shepherd is disposed to lay much stress on the circumstance that we are not informed as to the name of his retreat—an omission which appears to us insignificant, and by no means unnatural. (p. 131.) On this the Roman clergy wrote to their brethren of Carthage (*Ep. 8*). ‘They state that Crementius, a sub-deacon, had been sent to them by the Carthaginian church, *certâ ex causâ*, and from him they had learnt of Cyprian’s retirement.’ (p. 131.) It is apparently implied that in Mr. Shepherd’s opinion the sub-deacon’s mission must be imaginary, because the reason of it is not stated. But here again the translation is in fault.† The words *certâ ex causâ* evidently relate, not to Crementius’ visit to Rome, but to Cyprian’s withdrawal from his see; and it is not said in the original letter that Crementius had been *sent* by the Carthaginian church but—that he had *come* from it to Rome. It would seem that he went on his own business, or, at least, not on a mission from the ecclesiastical authorities of Carthage; that he was not charged with any letter, as a messenger of the church would probably have been, but that (as the word *didicimus* intimates ‡) he gave an *oral* report of Cyprian’s flight, which made an unfavourable impression on the Roman clergy—who had just seen their own bishop martyred, and, during the vacancy of the see,

* Tillemont, iv. 69, 70; Mosh. ‘De Rebus Christ.’ 490.

† The original is as follows:—‘Didicimus secessisse benedictum papam Cyprianum a Crementio subdiacono, qui a vobis ad nos venit, *certâ ex causâ*.’

‡ Rettberg, p. 77.

were much under the influence of the rigid party which afterwards formed the Novatianist schism. They therefore wrote a letter in which Mr. Shepherd (p. 132), after Baronius, supposes them to assert for themselves, as Romans, a right to order all the churches upon earth, whereas to common eyes it seems merely to say that it is the duty of the whole clerical body to watch over the flock of Christ.*

'Cyprian,' says Mr. Shepherd, is represented as being exceedingly hurt at their letter to his clergy, and, as it had no subscription, to have doubted of its genuineness. He therefore immediately sent it across the Mediterranean again, with a letter requesting satisfaction on that point (Ep. 20); and then follows the usual drollery about the time requisite for such a proceeding. But—not to speak of points in the epistle which our author has omitted to mention†—is it incredible that Cyprian may have taken this way of hinting to the Roman clergy that their letter, written on imperfect information, was not altogether proper, and may have intended so to give them an opportunity of withdrawing or explaining it? (Retberg, p. 79.)

After this are noticed two letters which passed between Celerinus, a confessor of Rome, and Lucianus, a Carthaginian confessor. Mr. Shepherd, with an exaggeration which is meant to be humorous, says that from these 'the reader might imagine the two churches one family. Every one seems to know every one.' (p. 133.) Surely it is not impossible that some Roman Christians may have known some of Carthage. At this rate, what is to become of those Apostolical epistles which end with greetings from members of one church to members of another far more distant than Carthage was from Rome? Celerinus would seem to have had ample means of knowing how things were at Carthage; he mentions that sixty-five Carthaginian confessors had lately arrived at Rome (Ep. 21); nay, he was himself most likely a native of Carthage or connected with it, since we afterwards find him in Africa, receiving ordination from Cyprian. (Ep. 39.)

Passing over some small doubts which do not require a refutation, we come to the notice of a letter said to have been written by the Roman presbyter Novatian (Ep. 30) in the name of his brethren. It will be remembered that Novatian soon after founded a schism—his distinctive tenet being the denial of reconciliation with the Church to those who had lapsed in persecution. This letter, then, says our author, 'probably had two objects—one, to injure his character, by assuming that when he became a

* See Baluze, not. in loc.; and Pearson, 'Annales Cyprianici,' p. 24, col. 2.

† As to Cyprian's remarks on the questionable appearance of the Roman letter, see Dodwell, 'Dissert. Cypr.,' ii.

schismatic he changed his views from interested motives; and the other, to insinuate Roman supremacy.' (p. 135.) As to the first of these, we may remark that the change ascribed to Novatian was, at the utmost, not from a lax to a strict view, but from one degree of strictness to another—the only case in which the letter itself allows of reconciliation being that of penitents on their death-bed; and that writers of the class with which every schismatic or reputed heretic is a hero—such as Mosheim and Neander—deny that Novatian was guilty of any real inconsistency at all. As to the 'insinuation of Roman supremacy,' we can only admire the extraordinary licence of mis-translation which produces it. The letter, we are told, 'opens to this effect:—

'Although a mind conscious of having done its duty is satisfied with the approbation of God—[solo Deo—God *alone*—]—and neither seeks the praise, nor fears the blame, of others; still, they are deserving of double honour who, *feeling conscious of God's approval*, desire also that their conduct should be approved by their brethren.'

Now the Latin of the words which we have marked by italics is—*Cum conscientiam sciant Deo soli debere se judici; i. e.*, 'although they know that they are bound to submit their conscience to God *alone* as their judge.' After such distinct and repeated acknowledgments that Cyprian was independent of any human judgment, we might allow the remainder of the passage to stand as in Mr. Shepherd's translation; but for the sake of correctness we prefer quoting from the 'Library of the Fathers:—

'That you, brother Cyprian, should do this, is no wonder, who, according to your innate modesty and diligence, have wished us to be found not so much judges as partners in your counsels; that we, while we approve what you have done, might share the praise with you, and be partakers of your counsels, because we concur with them. For we are all thought to have laboured together, wherever we are found united in the same agreement of censure and discipline.'—*Cyp. Epistles*, p. 62.

Instead of a claim of supremacy, we are unable to discover anything here except thankfulness for Cyprian's courtesy, and desire to act in conformity with his measures as to the treatment of the Lapsed.

'All these letters,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'Cyprian is then supposed to send to Carthage with an order that every facility may be given to foreign bishops, presbyters, and deacons, who may chance to be at Carthage, to copy them. But what had foreign bishops to do at Rome and Carthage in this time of fiery persecution? And why should the Roman clergy have been so angry with Cyprian for a temporary concealment in the neighbourhood of his people, and so friendly with these foreign and Italian bishops who had entirely deserted their

flocks? Flight in the time of persecution was episcopal ignominy.—p. 136.

Flight, even in a bishop, was not necessarily ignominy; in some cases it was regarded as the most proper course;* and among the bishops who adopted it, not from fear but in obedience (as they believed) to scriptural precept, were Polycarp, Gregory of Neocæsarea, Dionysius of Alexandria, and, in the next century, the great Athanasius. If, however, it *were* disgraceful, how could a forger have thought of representing his hero as fleeing? But on reference to the letter we discover no such state of things as Mr. Shepherd represents. The words are—‘*If any bishops, &c., should be present, or should arrive.*’† The heat of persecution was over; Cyprian evidently contemplates not refugees who were known to be then actually at Carthage, but possible visitors of other kinds. There is, therefore, no ground for representing this letter as inconsistent with that on Cyprian’s retirement.

Next is noticed a letter from the Roman clergy to Cyprian (*Ep.* 36), in which they mention one Privatus, a deposed African bishop:—

‘As respects Privatus of Lambese, you have, according to your custom, made us acquainted with what troubles you—[“*Nunciare voluisti*”—“you have *been pleased* to make us acquainted”—a slight, but not insignificant, difference.] We all ought to watch over the body of the whole church, whose members are distributed throughout every province. But before your letter had arrived, we had not been deceived by his cunning. For when previously Futurus, one of the party, wished fraudulently to obtain a letter from us, we knew who he was, and we did not give it.’

‘What,’ asks Mr. Shepherd, ‘was the object of this mysterious letter, for which Privatus had sent to Rome, but which he had failed to obtain? No doubt it was meant that the reader should gather from this notice that Privatus had made an appeal to Rome for a reversal of the African decision; that Cyprian, having heard of it, had written to deprecate such an interference; and that the Roman church, knowing the character of the appellant, had not granted the letter.’—p. 137.

To all this we answer that the Romanist editors of St. Cyprian put no such meaning on the passage; indeed we cannot imagine how Mr. Shepherd—even according to his own loose and inaccurate translation—can reconcile the idea of a Roman claim to the right of reversing African decisions with the language of the sentence in which the writers assert the duty of *all* to watch over the *whole* church. Even Rohrbacher—a living ultramontane histo-

* See a note in the Oxford translation of Cyprian’s Treatises, p. 159.

† ‘*Si qui de peregrinis episcopi, vel presbyteri, vel diacones presentes fuerint vel supervenerint.*’—*Ep.* 32.

rian, the popularity of whose loose compilation does no credit to the church of Tillemont and Fleury—even this writer—unscrupulous as he usually is in reproducing all manner of obsolete fallacies and fictions—can make no more of the matter than that—‘On voit ici une nouvelle preuve de l'intérêt que mettaient dès lors les hérétiques mêmes aux voyages de Rome pour y obtenir quelque faveur’ (*Hist. Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*, ed. 2, vol. v. p. 432).^{*} The letters which Privatus attempted to get were evidently, as Tillemont (iii. 30) says, ‘*lettres de paix*,’ i. e., letters of communion with the Roman church, of which he might make use elsewhere. Cyprian had put the Roman clergy on their guard against him; and for thus ‘watching over’ their church they thank him in words which have been strangely misinterpreted as expressing an assumption of superior jurisdiction.

After a vacancy of sixteen months, the see of Rome was filled by the election of Cornelius. Two African bishops were present; ‘it is not exactly said that it was their duty to go, but,’ in our author’s opinion, ‘it is a very suspicious-looking proceeding.’ (p. 138). In truth, this simple act of communion might as well be said to prove that Cyprian exercised a superintendence over the Roman church, as that he acknowledged any authority in it. The new bishop soon reports to his brother of Carthage the reconciliation to the Church of some confessors who had joined Novatian in his schism. Any communication of this sort from Carthage to Rome is interpreted by Mr. Shepherd as a token of subjection; any from Rome to Carthage, as an assumption of superiority. He tells us that Cornelius—

‘even sends the information off to Cyprian, the very same evening, of the Synod. . . . Ships were always ready, and the wind was always fair.’ [A curious inference from the statement that Cornelius had been obliged to make haste in order to catch an opportunity!] ‘And, as he puts down word for word the language of the schismatics on their return to unity, I suppose there is some meaning in it, more, perhaps, than is at first sight imagined.’—p. 139.

As the words were evidently a prescribed form, we see no great unlikelihood in the bishop’s recording them. The conclusion is this—‘We are not ignorant . . . that there ought to be one bishop in the Catholic Church.’ And Mr. Shepherd remarks—

‘In spite of all the twistings of commentators, I suspect that there

^{*} Of this *Universal History*, which extends to twenty-eight volumes, Paris has already given two large editions, and both have been pirated in Belgium. Moreover, the author mentions in his Preface, p. vii., that an English translation is in progress, ‘faite par un ministre Anglican devenu prêtre Catholique, l’Abbé Brown-Barris.’ We have met with no other notice of this translation, and are quite in the dark as to the English Abbé.

is some meaning in those expressions which will be more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury.

The writers who take the side of Canterbury, however, are not Protestants only. We may name Baluze (*not. in loc.*); Dupin, (i. 158); Tillemont, (iii. 460); and even the late Paris editors, who give the explanation, '*In Catholicâ ecclesiâ, hoc est, in unaquaque ecclesiâ*' (*Patrol.* iii. col. xxxiii.). To say that there was but one *bishop* in the whole Church would surely have been rather too much; besides that the question was not whether the Roman bishop were superior to others, and the source of their episcopacy, but whether Cornelius or Novatian were rightful bishop of Rome. The meaning of the words obviously is, either '*in a Catholic church*' (which is favoured by the Greek of Cornelius' letter to Fabius—*ἐν καθολικῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ*—*Euseb.* vi. 43), or '*in the Catholic church of a particular place.*' But Mr. Shepherd will not give up his Baronius!

One Felicissimus had formed a schism at Carthage, and now set up Fortunatus as bishop of that city in opposition to Cyprian. 'The pseudo-bishop,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'had been consecrated by a party of African bishops, all of whom, either for crimes or heresies, had been excommunicated at Carthage, and one of them also at Rome' (p. 140). As it had been expected that five-and-twenty bishops would share in the consecration, and as there were eventually only five, we cannot think it incredible that these—the most desperate of their party, and that the party of laxity—were persons such as are here described. The new bishop sent an envoy to announce his election at Rome—a 'rather bold' step, no doubt, as our author says, but yet nowise inconceivable—more especially if we consider that Cornelius belonged to the more lenient of the Roman parties, and that there is reason for supposing him to have gone further in the way of lenity before than after his late elevation, so that, while his policy as bishop was not yet very clear, the laxer party at Carthage might have had some grounds for expecting to meet with sympathy from him. Cornelius at first repelled the envoy, but, on a threat that the letters of Fortunatus should be publicly read, he was induced by a regard for the peace of his Church, to temporise in some way which is not particularly described. We need not point out the extreme improbability that a Roman forger would have invented such an incident.

* 'Cyprian,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'in [the 59th] letter replies, but, instead of saying—What right have you to interfere in an African quarrel, or to receive any letters from Carthage except from me?—he expresses great distress at Cornelius's conduct, and enters upon a proof that he is the true bishop of Carthage . . . all which implies, that there

there was an authority vested in Cornelius to enter upon the question, whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage. . . . We are told, moreover, that Cyprian had sent the names of all the orthodox bishops to Cornelius, that he might know to whom to write.—p. 141.

Now the fact is, that Cyprian remonstrates with Cornelius in the strongest manner; that, far from acknowledging any supremacy in Rome, he takes him to task for having by his weakness lowered the dignity common to the whole episcopal order; that he protests most forcibly against the carrying of any cause out of the province to which it belonged.* The only authority acknowledged in Cornelius is the right, which every Catholic bishop had, to ascertain the title and the orthodoxy of those with whom he was to communicate. The names of the orthodox bishops were forwarded to him, because the opposite schisms of Novatian and Felicissimus had both intruded their bishops into Africa;—and the purpose of this was not only that the bishop of Rome alone 'might know to whom to write,' but that he and others of Cyprian's colleagues might know with whom to communicate, either by writing to them or by receiving their letters (§ 9). In the case of Marcian (which will be noticed hereafter), we find Cyprian desiring his brother of Rome to report to him the name of the new bishop of Arles, that he might know to whom to write and to direct his brethren:—namely, in giving the 'letters of peace' by which Christians were recommended to the members of any church which they might visit (*Ep.* 68).† This may help to explain the purpose of such correspondence; it will hardly be construed as a claim of supremacy for Carthage over either Rome or Gaul.

Such being the main purport of the 59th Letter, it is not to be interfered with by the terms in which Cyprian incidentally magnifies the church of Rome, when, in a strain largely savouring of his old calling as a professor of rhetoric, he denounces the audacity of the schismatics in seeking communion with a church which was the very type of unity—a church founded by the chief of the Apostles—and whose orthodoxy had been celebrated by St. Paul himself.

The later letters of the collection relate to the manner of

* Baronius has very hard work to get over this.—Ann. 255, § xxi.

† In his pamphlet Mr. Shepherd again and again dilates (*e.g.*, pp. 20-22) on the improbability of the 'important epistolary intercourse' which the Cyprianic writings, according to his view, represent as having been carried on 'not only between the Roman bishop and the individual African bishops, but also between the Italian and African bishops generally.' The improbability entirely disappears if we consider that the 'epistolary intercourse' usually consisted of nothing more than ecclesiastical passports issued to travellers. When a see was contested by rival bishops, it was, of course, necessary that the orthodox bishops of other places should know to which of the rivals such passports ought to be addressed.

admitting

admitting into the Church converts from heretical or schismatical sects. Cyprian maintained that such persons ought to be baptised, unless they had formerly received regular ecclesiastical baptism; while Stephen, then bishop of Rome, held that baptism administered in heresy was valid, and that converts who had been so baptised required only imposition of hands for admission to Church-communion. The controversy which arose in consequence has generally been regarded by Romanists as a difficulty, and by Protestants as a decisive proof that in Cyprian's days the see of Rome had no superiority over other churches. 'If,' says Mosheim (*De Reb. Christ.*, p. 541), 'any one, after reading the language held by the Africans to the bishop of Rome, can still maintain that the Roman prelate in that age had any power or jurisdiction over other bishops, such a person must either be beyond measure obstinate, or vehemently in love with opinions imbibed in his childhood.' What would the learned Chancellor of Göttingen have thought of an Anglican divine who supposes not only that these letters favour the papal pretensions, but that they were manufactured for the sake of enforcing them?

Mr. Shepherd's first objection to this part of the correspondence is, that some letters from Stephen are represented as lost. This is, however, the less to be wondered at, since several of the extant letters are wanting in many manuscripts. And, if there *must* be a theory to account for the non-appearance of those from Stephen, Bishop Pearson's supposition—that they have been destroyed out of regard for the Roman bishop's reputation*—is far more plausible than Mr. Shepherd's insinuation that the forger was too dull or too lazy to invent them. Our author continues—

'Many synods were held, and one synodal letter is sent to Stephen, containing two decrees, which they had made. These are, in reality, the forty-fifth and forty-sixth of the Apostolical Canons.'—p. 142.

The identity is not quite clear to us; at all events, although it might be a very good argument against the pretended apostolical origin of the canons, it is none against the genuineness of the Cyprianic epistles.

'Although,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'Cyprian maintains his right of private judgment in his diocese, still there are angry insinuations about a *bishop of bishops*, and expressions like the following are now and then seen:—

"Reason, and not custom, should prevail. Peter, whom the Lord chose first, and on whom he built his Church, when Paul was disputing with him afterwards on circumcision, did not claim more than he

* '*Annales Cyprianici*,' p. 54. Mosheim gives the same explanation, '*De Rebus Christ.*,' p. 541.

ought, or arrogantly take upon himself to say that he was the primate, and that he ought to be obeyed by more recent Apostles; nor did he despise Paul because he had been previously a persecutor; but he yielded to truth and reason, setting us an example."—*Ep.* 71.

What *is* to be said to a gentleman who sees in this passage an admission of Roman supremacy?

'But,' we are told, 'the important letter of this controversy is one from Firmilian, bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia, a man second to none of his day. It is represented that he is of the same opinion with Cyprian; and that Cyprian had sent a deacon to him, all the way from Carthage, with a letter—and this, the 75th in the series, is his reply. It reads exactly as if it was one of Cyprian's; but the writer, I suppose, intends to account for that by saying that he had read over Cyprian's letter so often that he had got it by heart, and that there was no harm in saying the same thing twice over. Moreover, as Cyprian's deacon was in such haste to return home, owing to the approach of winter—(after a journey from Africa to Cappadocia the rest of a day or two might have been thought but reasonable)—he really could only say what first came into his head. But he adds some facts, very much indeed to the purpose; namely, that Stephen had boasted of the place of his bishopric, of his succession from Peter, on whom the Church was built, and that Stephen had excommunicated him and crowds of Churches around him.'—pp. 143-4.

Mr. Shepherd certainly deserves the praise of originality. So little has the real meaning of the letter been understood by those for whose benefit he supposes it to have been forged, that the first Romanist editors to whom it became known suppressed it; and that others, although they could no longer withhold it when it had once been published, openly justify the original suppression, and regret the indiscretion which had allowed so mischievous a document to get abroad.* Even Baronius had not the ingenuity to penetrate into the true construction; and Rohrbacher can make nothing better of the letter than to say that Firmilian writes like a man beside himself. 'Quant au pape,' says the ultramontane Abbé, 'il en parle avec l'emportement d'un homme qui ne se possède plus: il le traite d'aveugle, d'insensé, de Judas, d'hérétique, et de pire qu'hérétique: avec cela, il lui reproche la colère, lui recommande l'humilité et la douceur!'—(vol. v. p. 477.)

Mr. Shepherd has also been the first to perceive the improbability of the story that Cyprian, finding himself drawn into a disagreement with the great church of the West, thought it well to look for support from the Eastern churches, which were

* See Pamelius, in Migne's '*Patrologia*,' iii. 1153; and compare Daillé, '*De Usu Patrum*,' ed. Genev., 1656, p. 84.

already embroiled with Stephen on the same account;* that he chose the most eminent of the Asiatic bishops as the person with whom he should open his communication; that, as was usual in such cases, he sent the letter by one of his clergy; and that this deacon, having left Carthage after the breaking-up of a council held in the beginning of September, was somewhat pressed for time that he might return from Cappadocia before winter set in—although it is clear enough, from the statements in the letter, that he enjoyed more than *one or two* days of rest at Casarea.

The likeness of style between Firmilian's letter and the others had, indeed, been before observed; but editors and historians have been content to suppose that it was translated by Cyprian, or under his superintendence; while at the same time they have found indications of its original language in some remaining traces of Greek idiom.†

As to Stephen's boasts and claims, we wish we could find room for the passages in which Firmilian deals with them, but shall content ourselves with the quotation already made from Rohrbacher, as giving some idea of the Asiatic bishop's uncere- monious style. We must, however, notice the very misleading language which Mr. Shepherd uses here and elsewhere on the subject of excommunication. He tells us (p. 144) that 'Stephen *excommunicated* crowds of Churches'—that his predecessor Victor 'had already by implication *excommunicated* at least some three or four of the Apostles'—namely, in his dispute as to the time of Easter with some Orientals, who professed to ground their practice on apostolical authority. Such statements are repeated over and over; it is said at p. 186 that 'there are no events of the ante-Nicene period to be compared with these in importance if they be true,' since 'on their truth or falsehood rests the independence of the churches;' and the same remark in substance recurs elsewhere.

No doubt excommunications in the style of the later Popes would have been events of vast importance if they had taken place in the period to which Victor and Stephen belong. But in reality the Roman bishops of those days made no Hildebrandine pretensions, and the term *excommunication* gives a very exaggerated notion of their proceedings. They did not pretend to separate the churches which they censured from the body of Christ, or to deprive them of the ministrations of grace; they

* That the quarrel with the Asiatics began *before* that with Cyprian, see Maran's *Life of Cyprian*, in Migne's 'Patrologia,' iv. 161; Mosheim, 'De Rebus Christ.,' p. 539; Walch, 'Hist. der Ketzereien,' ii. 350; and Schröckh's 'Kirchengeschichte,' iv. 324.

† See Maran, in Migne's Cyprian, p. 163; and Rettberg, p. 188.

only exercised a right which belonged alike to every church—the right of breaking off religious intercourse with churches whose tenets or practices they disapproved.* It is said that in the Paschal controversy Victor renounced communion with the Orientals, and endeavoured to draw other bishops into the same course, but that through their refusal, which in some cases was accompanied by severe remarks on his conduct, the attempt was foiled.† And so it was in the case of Stephen. He cut off (or threatened to cut off) certain churches from his communion; and, besides the scandal of such a breach, it must have been a great practical inconvenience for the objects of his censure to be thus separated from the church of the imperial city; but the separation was from the local church of Rome only, not from the whole catholic body.

‘It is difficult,’ writes Mr. Shepherd, ‘to say what was Cyprian’s own fate in this controversy. To have excommunicated a bishop they were going to martyr would have been a strong measure; but to doubt that the bishop of Rome could not [?] have excommunicated him, would have been worse, if not absurd. . . . And therefore it is left an open question.’—p. 144.

The bishop of Rome *could*, no doubt, have excommunicated Cyprian, in the only sense which that age ever thought of; and Cyprian could have done the like by the bishop of Rome; but a forger would hardly have left the event ‘an open question.’ Cyprian, in fact, outlived not only Stephen, but his successor Sixtus; and from the mention of the latter by Cyprian’s contemporary biographer as ‘bonus et *pacificus* sacerdos,’ it is inferred that peace was restored between Rome and Carthage without for the time interfering with the practice of either church.‡

Mr. Shepherd proceeds to consider the relations of the Roman church with those of Spain, France, and Asia Minor. We need not, however, concern ourselves with the last of these heads, as the section on it is merely a repetition of the Firmilian story, with the witticisms about the length of the journey, its uselessness, and the messenger’s impatience.

First, then, as to Spain. Two bishops of that country, Basilides and Martial, had been deposed for grave offences, and successors had been canonically appointed to their dioceses. On

* See Mosheim, ‘De Rebus Christ.,’ pp. 447, 538.

† ‘Neither Irenæus nor Polycrates,’ says Mr. Shepherd, ‘express any doubt as to the power and authority of the Roman bishop to interfere abroad. Irenæus respectfully remonstrates; Polycrates [leader of the Eastern Quartodecimans] says, “Who cares?” but the illegality of such proceedings is never even hinted at. The prelate could issue his mandate, only there might be then, as now, persons who would disregard it.’ (p. 202). Surely the saying, ‘Who cares?’ and disregarding a papal mandate, are pretty strong denials of the Pope’s right to issue such documents.

‡ Tillemont, iv. 160, 161; Gieseler, ‘Kircheng.’ i. 397. Cyprian and his African brethren had always disclaimed the idea of prescribing to others.

this,

this, one or both applied to the bishop of Rome—not (as our author supposes, p. 146) for a mandate of restoration, but for an acknowledgment of them as being in communion with him,* which they naturally regarded as an important help towards recovering their sees. The application was successful. The Spanish church was disturbed by Stephen's proceedings, and requested advice from Cyprian, who thereupon summoned a council. The result may be given in Mr. Shepherd's words:—

‘Cyprian writes a synodal reply (*Ep.* 67), in which he says that they had done very right; that Stephen, through ignorance of the facts, had done very wrong; and that they must resist the invasion.’—pp. 146-7.

This does not look much like an evidence of Roman supremacy. If the idea of appealing at all in that age were not absurd, the affair might be described as an appeal from Rome to Carthage, and a peremptory overruling of the Roman decision by the African synod. Baronius seeks for comfort in a conjecture†—the futility of which is shown by Baluze (*Patrol.*, iii. 1021)—that the object of the bishops who asked for Cyprian's judgment may have been to take it with them to Rome as a recommendation of their cause—whereas it really does not appear that they applied to Rome at all. Pagi (*in Baron.*, ed. *Mansi*, vol. iii. p. 47), while he questions Pearson's chronology, has not a word to say against the Anglican bishop's inferences as to the bearing of the case; and Rohrbacher is driven to find a solution of its difficulties in supposing that Cyprian may have been *deceived* by the successors of Basilides and Martial! (vol. v. pp. 467-8). But our new historian takes a very different view:—

‘Stephen is blamed, but no doubt is uttered as to his right to interfere. There would have been no blame if its exercise had been justified by circumstances. Here, however, he was employing it in favour of two men utterly unfit for the episcopate. The reader will therefore see a reason for the composition of these letters as respects Spain.’—p. 147.

Cyprian, we allow, did not deny to Stephen that same power of interference which he himself exercised. But what a far-sighted artist must the forger have been, who, in order to enforce the doctrine of Roman supremacy, represents the Pope as employing his authority in favour of a bad cause, and therefore

* This appears from Cyprian's words:—‘*Etsi aliqui de collegis nostris exstiterint [namely, Stephen], qui deileam disciplinam negligendam putant, et cum Basilide et Martiali temere communicant, conturbare fidem nostram res ista non debet.*’—See Dupin, i. 163; Casaubon, ‘*De Libertate Ecclesiastica*,’ in *Hicken's 'Treatises*,’ iii. 209, ed. Oxf. 1848; and Gieseler, i. 367.

† ‘*Verisimili quidem et vehementi ducimur conjectura*,’ *Ann.* 258, § V.

as defeated in his attempt—leaving the average reader to draw for himself the conclusion which has eluded so many acute and interested commentators—that if the cause had been right, the Papal supremacy would have been acknowledged!

Let us now look to Gaul.

'Marcian, bishop of Arles, had adopted Novatian's tenets. This had given offence to Faustinus, bishop of Lyons, and his suffragans; and they had sent a synodal letter to Stephen, giving him the information, and apparently desiring that he would procure his deposition. For some cause not stated, Stephen is said to have taken no notice of it; they therefore wrote once and again to Cyprian, saying that they had told Stephen, but he had paid no attention to their letter, and, I suppose, urging Cyprian also to write to him. The letter of Cyprian to Stephen is preserved [*Ep.* 68;] in which, *having told him that it was the duty of all bishops to interfere,** he urges him to send a very plain and peremptory letter to the province and people of Arles, as well excommunicating Marcian as ordering them to appoint a successor; and then begs him to let him know who is appointed.'—p. 148.

On this we have to remark, that the application of the Gaulish bishops to Stephen was not for the purpose of procuring Marcian's deposition, as if by the authority of Rome, but that they might obtain assistance in enforcing their own resolutions, which, as Arles was a metropolitan see, they were not of themselves strong enough to execute. And an application to Rome was especially natural in the case of a person whose offence consisted in adhering to a schism formed in opposition to a late bishop of that very church.† Here again, as in the Spanish case, recourse is had from Rome to Carthage—not, indeed, as if the African church were of higher authority, but on the supposition that it, like the Roman, was entitled to deliver an independent and an influential opinion. Marcian had defied his Gaulish neighbours on the ground that he had not been excluded from communion by the bishops of other churches; Cyprian, therefore, suggests to Stephen that the excommunication of Novatian involved that of all his followers, and consequently that Marcian must not be suffered to insult the whole episcopal body by such pretences. And for this purpose it is that he desires his Roman brother to write *plenissimas literas*—not 'a very plain and peremptory,' but a *very full* letter—one going into the details of the case—not for the purpose of excommunicating Marcian, but declaring him to be already notoriously excommunicate, and on that ground desiring the church of Arles to proceed to a new election. He maintains in the strongest

* The *italics* are our own.

† Barrow 'On the Pope's Supremacy,' p. 218, ed. 1700; Rettberg, p. 151; 'Library of Fathers,' vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 217.

terms the equal right of all bishops to take such a part in watching over the universal Church; but he naturally desires that Stephen should be the more immediate organ of communication with the clergy and people of Arles—as being much nearer and much better known to them than the bishop of Carthage, and, moreover, as best able to declare to them with authority the excommunication of the *Roman* schismatic and his adherents.

Here again Mr. Shepherd is left in company with Baronius—almost alone. Pearson (p. 48) animadvertes strongly on the Cardinal's misrepresentation of the affair; Pagi contents himself with criticising Pearson's chronology (*In Baron.*, iii. 49); Rigault (*in loc.*) and Dupin (i. 177), liberal Gallicans, are against the Pope; Baluze, a Gallican of a higher school, keeps the mean between Protestants in general and Mr. Shepherd.

Our author follows up his criticism on the letters by an examination of the external evidence for them. His first objection is, that St. Jerome's translation of Eusebius' *Chronicle* has been interpolated with notices of Cyprian and Victor; these, it is argued, must be later than Jerome, because *he* professed only to add matters 'relating to the Roman history,' and to take them 'from Tranquillus and other illustrious historians' (p. 153). In truth, however, Jerome does not describe his additions as relating *only*, but *chiefly* (*maxime*), to Roman history; and nobody but Mr. Shepherd would suppose that he meant to debar himself from inserting notices of ecclesiastical as well as civil matters in the West which Eusebius—whether from ignorance of them or from a regard to the taste of his oriental readers—had omitted.*

Next, we are told that Eusebius' *History* is interpolated wherever it mentions Cyprian; and then follows a very remarkable theory as to the chapter mentioning him in what is styled 'the Album of the interpolator'—*viz.* St. Jerome's book *De Viris Illustribus*. 'It is,' says the writer of that chapter (c. 67), 'superfluous to give an idea of his mind or genius,† since his works are clearer than the sun (*sole clariora*).' To us it does not seem at all impossible, as Mr. Shepherd supposes, that Jerome himself should have written thus, considering such a description needless in the case of a particularly well-known author. But we beg to commend to our reader's consideration the following ingenious suggestion:—'As the peculiar works which this writer wished to introduce had not yet been seen, it was perhaps a prudent mode of ushering them into notice.' (p. 163.) That is to say, a forger, who assumed the name of St. Jerome, wishing to palm off on the world certain forgeries

* In comparing Mr. Shepherd's extracts with the '*Chronicle*,' we have observed several inaccuracies which we have not room to mention in detail.

† So Mr. Shepherd, p. 162, translates 'ingenii indicem texere.'

bearing the name of an imaginary Cyprian, describes this fabulous person as universally celebrated, and his works as 'known wherever the rays of the sun fall!' (p. 176.) Let us imagine a simple-minded student of those days reading the interpolated Jerome—wondering that he had never before heard of Cyprian or his works—asking everywhere for a sight of these renowned compositions—and everywhere receiving for answer that nobody else had ever heard of them. If the chapter in question was the work of an interpolator, why should he not have characterised his Cyprian, and given a list of the pseudo-Cyprianic treatises? Or, if these were not yet ready, why should he not have put off his interpolation until they were?

After this, the Life of Cyprian ascribed to his deacon Portius is set aside as 'a manifestly spurious work' (p. 164)—although Gibbon—no over-credulous critic—regards it as certainly genuine (ed. Milman, 1846, vol. i. p. 557). Next, Jerome's Dialogue against the Luciferians is condemned, because it is assumed to be impossible that he should have mentioned Cyprian in any of his genuine works. Then Pacian's works are disposed of in like manner (pp. 173-6). If we do not controvert the objections in detail, it is assuredly not from any idea of their soundness.

We next come to Optatus, bishop of Milevis, who wrote against the Donatists about A.D. 364—375. As this father, in the book where he argues against the Donatistic practice of rebaptizing proselytes, makes no mention of Cyprian, and as it appears that in St. Augustine's time, thirty years later, the Donatists relied much on Cyprian's authority for their practice, Mr. Shepherd infers that the Cyprianic writings were unknown to Optatus (pp. 176-7). We are, then, required to suppose that during that interval of thirty years between Optatus and Augustine, forgeries bearing the name of Cyprian were imposed on the African Church; that not only were these works received and acknowledged with reverence, but—by a process far surpassing the most marvellous feats of 'electro-biology'—the Christians of Africa, clergy and laity, learned and unlearned, were brought to believe that this 'probably imaginary personage' was one whom they had heard of all their lives—who had been bishop of Carthage only a hundred and fifty years before—that they had always regarded him as the chief glory of their Church—that they and their fathers had been accustomed to keep his festival—that there were among them churches dedicated in honour of him—in one of which Augustine's pious mother had prayed as her son sailed away to Italy, only eight years after the completion of Optatus's work! (*Aug. Confess.*, lib. v. c. 8.) This, at least, is the present appearance of the theory, although hints are given that the name

of

of Cyprian is to vanish from Augustine's pages* on the publication of Mr. Shepherd's next volume. Of that volume we hope in due time to form an opinion; but we shall not wait for it to form our opinion of the essay before us.

The difficulty as to Optatus may, we think, be solved in this way:—Optatus was not likely to mention Cyprian's arguments for rebaptism, unless they were alleged by his opponents; while the Donatists of his day were unwilling to appeal to Cyprian, because they dreaded that his forcible sayings as to unity might be turned against them.† And when the Donatists of the next generation, having brought themselves to consider the favourable side of Cyprian more than the other, ventured to allege his authority, they were met by Augustine, as might have been expected, not only with a refutation of his views as to rebaptism, but with a reference to his doctrine of ecclesiastical unity.

On the whole—the result of Mr. Shepherd's researches among the writers of the period between the usual date of the Cyprianic writings and that which he would assign to them, may be thus summed up:—that Cyprian is mentioned wherever we might reasonably expect to find mention of him, and in some places where it would not be expected; and that our author considers the absence and the mention of his name alike fatal—the one as proving that the writers had never heard of him—the other as evidence of forgery or interpolation.‡

One other argument must be noticed:—

‘These letters consist of one from Novatian, two from the Roman clergy, two from Cornelius, the Roman bishop, one from Celerinus, a Roman confessor, and a reply of Lucian to Celerinus; one [qu. two?] from the Roman confessors;’ four from various Africans; ‘one from Firmilian, bishop of Cesarea in Cappadocia; and the rest from Cyprian himself. That is to say, there are twelve different writers, and they belong to three different parts of the globe, Italy, Africa, and Asia Minor. Yet I will venture any character for acuteness that the reader may kindly attribute to me, upon the truth of the following statement—that all the letters were written by one and the same individual, although some two or three are a little disguised.’—pp. 178-9.

* The frequency of its occurrence there may be in some measure estimated from the fact that the articles *Cyprianus* in the Benedictine Index to St. Augustine—which relates to such works only as the editors supposed to be genuine—would fill nearly three pages and a half of the Quarterly Review.

† Cyprian is, indeed, mentioned in Optatus, ‘De Schism. Donat.’ i. 19 (and possibly elsewhere); but Mr. Shepherd assumes that both the mention of his name, and some language which resembles his, must be interpolated.—p. 525.

‡ Some further samples of anti-Cyprianic mania are to be found near the end of the volume (pp. 520, 521), where the testimony of Lactantius (*Inst.*, *Div.* v. 1) is set aside without any intelligible reason, and the letters in which St. Jerome mentions Cyprian are pronounced to be spurious.

This is a somewhat delicate matter, on which it is not every one who can be admitted to give an opinion. Supposing, however, that all the letters *are* much alike, the case would not be without a parallel. We lately heard a committee-man of a venerable and excellent society complain that all its correspondents, from Rupert's Land to New Zealand, wrote in exactly the same style; and the like might be instanced in other cycles of formal and official correspondence. If, too, the style of the Cyprianic epistles does not vary with the persons, it *does* vary according to the subject, from plain matter-of-fact statement to eloquent declamation; and this is at once a far more natural variety than the other, and one much less likely to have been attempted or attained by a forger. But we have quoted the passage chiefly for the sake of pointing out the exaggeration which it would probably convey to the reader's mind. What differences might we not expect from 'twelve different writers' in 'three different parts of the globe'! Yet, on examination of the list, it will appear that, as Firmilian's letter is an African translation, the number of those which might be expected to present 'lingual peculiarities' distinct from the rest, is *seven*, or (if Celerinus was not an African) *eight*—including one of six lines from the Roman confessors, which our author has overlooked; and even of these some are admitted to be 'a little disguised.' And yet, because in the remaining four or five there is no strongly marked difference of style, Mr. Shepherd stakes his character for acuteness on the supposition that *all* the letters came from 'one and the same individual!'

We cannot afford room for a further examination of Mr. Shepherd's details: but we believe that the answer to such of his arguments as we have left unnoticed is either implied in the preceding remarks, or will readily suggest itself to any reader who, without being frightened by the very unusual dogmatism and assumption of the author's tone, will exercise his own judgment as he peruses the essay. And now we proceed to make some more general observations.

First, then, we may ask, *Could* the forgers of the fifth century have done the work which Mr. Shepherd ascribes to them? 'The Barbarians,' he says, 'like a swarm of locusts, were spreading over the empire. Peace and her handmaids, civilization and literature, were leaving the nations. The Jeromes, and Augustines, and Chrysostoms had no successors. In short, darkness was fast covering the earth' (pp. 274-5). In such times, indeed, clever impositions would have been likely to find an easy reception; but where was the ability to execute them? Could such an age have produced men capable of forging the writings ascribed

ascribed to Tertullian—so remarkable for strange stormy earnestness, so individual in character and thought and language—or those which pass under the names of Cyprian, Athanasius, Augustine, and the rest?

What a depth and compass of design are attributed to the Cyprianic forger! Not only does he imagine a number of fabulous persons, and invent for them a series of adventures; but, knowing that his brother romancers are apt to make *all* their incidents bear on the plot, he gives his fiction a look of nature by throwing in many which have nothing to do with the main story. An ordinary novelist might have set up Novatian in opposition to Cyprian, but we see a master's hand in the superfluous additional rivalry of Felicissimus; we see it too in the story of the plague at Carthage—in the letters about the redemption of captives—about the care of the poor—about a player who, after having become a Christian, endeavoured to get a livelihood by giving lessons in his old profession—about the contumacy of a deacon towards Rogatian—about the suspicious practices of professed virgins—about clerical executorships—about the use of water in the Eucharist—and other matters, all beside the leading subject of the correspondence. And no less is it to be seen in the repetition of Cyprian's views on baptism to one person after another—Jubaian, Quintus, Pompey, Magnus—a repetition rather wearisome to the reader, but intended (no doubt) by the forger to suggest the notion of so many independent correspondents, each by himself applying for a resolution of his difficulties. Add to this the skill and labour bestowed on the Cyprianic Treatises—which are of at least equal bulk with the Epistles, while only a very small portion of them relates to the supposed object of the forgeries; for, although Mr. Shepherd makes hardly any express reference to these Treatises (except the *De Lapsis*), we presume that he does not deny them a common origin with the Epistles, and would reject the one class as well as the other. The forgery is alike ingenious and elaborate.

But add to this that the intention was to favour the papal claims, and our admiration of the artist's skill will be vastly heightened. 'Supposing the letters to have been written with the object of asserting a Roman supremacy,' says our author, 'that object could hardly have been more skilfully and less obtrusively attained' (p. 145). The attainment, indeed, is so very unobtrusive that it has hitherto eluded even those who were most concerned to discover and to display it. The forger does not go directly to work as a vulgar performer might have done. He begins by representing the Roman see as *vacant*; and, when it is filled

filled by one bishop after another, he represents Cyprian as treating with them on terms of perfect equality. He makes Cornelius weak, and Cyprian reproves him; he makes Stephen neglectful of his duty, and Cyprian admonishes and overrules him; he makes him violent and arrogant, and Cyprian and Firmilian boldly resist him. Whether wrong (as in the case of the Spanish bishops) or right (as in the question of re-baptism), the Pope is always represented as beaten; but, says Mr. Shepherd, all this is meant as evidence of Roman supremacy;—if he is beaten, it proves that he had a right to beat!

These, we rather think, are devices beyond the invention of any forger. And we must ask whether a forger would have been likely to insert in Cyprian's own story incidents such as the withdrawal from his see, the hardly accountable length of his absence, the seeming inconsistency (as some consider it) in his treatment of the lapsed, the retirement and reappearance of his last days? Would a forger have left it to be disputed what were precisely Stephen's views as to baptism—whether he acknowledged all heretical baptism whatsoever, or agreed with the later Church in its limitations of this principle? Would he have left it uncertain whether Stephen only threatened to renounce communion with Cyprian and the Orientals, or actually carried out his threat—and what was the end of that affair? Would not some traces of the *fifth century* appear in the language? Would a forger of that time have represented the position of bishops as it is exhibited in the letters, where the bishops of Rome and Carthage do nothing without consulting their clergy and people? Had not the power of the Roman bishop advanced beyond the point at which it appears in these documents?—and, if so, would not a forger of the fifth century, writing in the Roman interest, have brought it up to at least the current notions of his own time? Would he not have blamed the presbyter Novatus for having a wife, as well as for kicking her during her pregnancy?—and the bishop Martial for having children, as well as for burying them in a heathen cemetery? Would he not have introduced much more of the supernatural? The tone of the earlier part of the fifth century in this respect may be understood from the *Lives of St. Martin by Sulpicius Severus* and of *St. Ambrose by Paulinus*. We find these saints curing blindness, dumbness,

* See pp. 73, 74 of 'A Manual of Ecclesiastical History from the First to the Twelfth Century,' by the Rev. E. S. Foulkes, Oxford, 1851—an unpretending work, which appears conscientiously executed, and likely to be useful, although the author hardly comes up to the present state of knowledge on his subject. German writers, who must have a theory for everything, regard the story of Cyprian as that of a grand struggle between the episcopal and presbyterial powers, in which the bishops came off triumphant. It would be easy to state objections to this theory; but we mention it as a proof how very remote Mr. Shepherd's view is from all ordinary apprehensions.

leprosy—ejecting devils—raising the dead. Weapons aimed at them fly aside—or the assassin is palsy-struck. The Archbishop of Milan discovers by revelation the bodies of martyrs, which work an abundance of miracles; angels are seen whispering sermons into his ear; devils bear witness to his orthodoxy; demoniacal possession befalls those who oppose him. The Bishop of Tours has frequent conferences with angels, departed saints, and devils; he multiplies oil, raises and lays tempests, makes men and beasts remain fixed without the power of motion; angels heal him when wounded, and aid him in destroying heathen temples; he delivers himself by prayer from fire and from the effects of poison; he arrests a tree in the act of falling on him, and compels it to take another direction; he calls up the shades of the dead; the invocation of his name silences a furious dog, and preserves from shipwreck; parts of his dress cure diseases; even the straws on which he had slept a night cast out devils. Is it to be supposed that, if the Cyprianic writings were forgeries of an age which was accustomed to such tales as these in saintly biography, the manufacturer would have contented himself with a few intimations of the future in visions, and a few instances of judgment on persons who had denied the faith?

The only passages that have even the slightest appearance of favouring the Roman views are those which speak loftily of St. Peter, and of the church which that apostle had founded. Some of these are almost certainly interpolated; one, and perhaps the most celebrated, in the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, has words which are wanting in most MSS. Baluze followed Bishop Fell in rejecting them, and so the passage was printed before his death, which took place while his edition was in the press; but the Benedictines, on whom the completion of the work devolved, cancelled the leaf, and, while they preserved in the notes Baluze's reasons for omitting the words, restored them in the text for the sake of uniformity with other French editions.* As to passages of this kind in general, it is obvious that the presumption is *against* the genuineness of language tending to the exaltation of Rome, inasmuch as in the ages to which the MSS. belong there was no temptation to erase such language, while there was a strong inducement to insert it. But, if we admit all that appears in the text to be genuine, the passages in question contain no recognition of Roman supremacy; as Mr. Shepherd would have clearly seen, if he had applied to the Cyprianic writings the same reasonable system of interpretation by which he explains the meaning of some other Fathers in the concluding section of his book. Cyprian was, indeed, penetrated

* *Propterea, quod servata fuerunt in omnibus editionibus quæ in Gallia ab annis centum et quinquaginta prodierunt.*—*Not. in Cyp. de Unit. Eccl.*, § 4.

with the idea of ecclesiastical unity; without the unity of the visible Church he can admit no communion with Christ, no participation of grace, no hope of salvation. He regarded St. Peter as the type of apostleship, and the Roman church as the representative of unity—deriving from its founder a symbolical character; but the primacy which he recognised in St. Peter and in his church was no more than a primacy among equals. In this sense he throughout spoke and acted. He allowed Cornelius or Stephen no other authority than that which he claimed for every member of the one universal episcopate, '*cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur*' (*De Unit. Eccl.* c. 5).

Mr. Shepherd speaks of his '*History*' as presenting 'a true picture of the position of the Roman in the Universal Church during the first four centuries' (p. 124). We can discover no picture of any kind. The author has effaced that to which we have been accustomed; but in its stead he gives us only a blank canvas. We very much wish that Mr. Shepherd *had* stated distinctly his idea as to the position of the Roman church in those ages. Does he really suppose—as seems to be the most natural inference from this work—that the churches of the third century were all unconnected with each other? Or that the church of the imperial city, which even in St. Paul's days held constant intercourse with those of the subject countries, had in the meantime become isolated, and dropped all communication beyond the circle of its own members? Or that a church placed like that of Rome could have avoided gaining a certain precedence and influence? Carthage had in its degree such a precedence in Africa, Alexandria in Egypt, Antioch in the East. It certainly does not appear to us that the Cyprianic Epistles at all overstate what would have been the natural and necessary effect of the Roman bishop's position, even if he had not been regarded as the successor of that apostle who first received the promise of 'keys of the kingdom of heaven.' The influence which Rome has in these letters is one willingly allowed so long as it does not interfere with the rights of other churches; but when it attempts to encroach, it is firmly resisted, and is reduced within its proper bounds. And even the highest pretensions of Stephen belong to an entirely different grade from those which we are accustomed to associate with the papacy.

Before concluding, we must briefly notice some self-gratulating expressions of Mr. Shepherd's. 'I have endeavoured,' he says, 'to make my proofs as *popular* as I can, and to free them as much as possible from what would be *repulsive*' (p. 6). 'I have felt that I am not writing exclusively to *men learned in ecclesiastical history*; I have therefore endeavoured to address my objections as much as possible to the reader's *common sense*, which,

when in possession of the *requisite information*, is the critic to whose judgment I defer' (p. 126). The acquirements of readers who can need *some* of the information which is given must be very scanty indeed. Is it, then, fair to set before persons who are unacquainted with the very elements of the subject, and who have neither the will nor the power to investigate it properly, conclusions which involve the whole early Church in a charge of enormous fraud? Is it fair to do this in a style and tone which, however little fitted for gaining any legitimate popularity, may fill the mouths of a certain class of readers with vulgar and nonsensical jokes on a very serious and important matter?—The addition of one more to the volumes which may be mischievous in this way is, however, of comparatively little moment. The more real and lasting evil of this production will be on the opposite side—as telling in favour of Rome. There will be no need to deal with it as Mr. Shepherd supposes that other books have been dealt with—to suppress the genuine copies, and send forth a forgery under the same title (p. 274); it will serve the cause of Rome far better as it is. If Mr. Shepherd's view as to Cyprian prevail, Romanists will find themselves relieved from a very embarrassing set of documents, while the theory of 'Development' will soon contrive to make up for anything that they may lose by the demolition of the Carthaginian martyr; if it be rejected—(which is the only result that we can suppose possible)—they will be able to retort on the English Church the reproach to which they have themselves been laid open by the attempts of the Missoris and the Molkenbuhrs. They may plausibly tell us that the Cyprian writings are clearly against us—since a learned Anglican, seeing that those writings are more favourable to Rome than even Baronius had imagined, has taken the desperate step of declaring Cyprian 'probably an imaginary personage,' and his history and correspondence a 'miscalled religious novel' (p. 159).

The effect of such solid arguments against Rome as are contained in other parts of this performance will be altogether neutralised by the unreasonable scepticism of the essays on Cyprian, Stephen, Victor, and Dionysius of Alexandria. If these are to afford our measure of Mr. Shepherd's talent for research, we cannot hold out to him any hope that posterity will class him with the celebrated German who reconstructed the early civil history of Rome, or with the great English scholar who exploded the imposture of Phalaris. He must take his chance of being remembered hereafter in company with the unquestionably erudite and ingenious Jesuit Hardouin, who *proved* that the works of the so-called classics were, with a few exceptions, fabricated for bad purposes in the course of the middle ages.

ART. V.—*Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian.* Edinburgh. 8vo. 1853.

ALTHOUGH this writer has chosen to adopt fictitious and fantastic designations for himself and his associates, his book is in substance, we believe, an authentic account of real persons and incidents. His name is Giovanni Ruffini—a native of Genoa, who, ever since he succeeded in effecting his escape from his native country after the abortive attempt at revolution in 1833, has resided chiefly (if not wholly) in England and France, where his qualities, we understand, have secured him respect and regard. In 1848 he was selected by Charles Albert to fill the responsible situation of ambassador to Paris, in which city he had long been domesticated as a refugee. He ere long, however, relinquished that office, and again withdrew into private life.

He appears to have employed the time of his exile in this country to such advantage as to have acquired a most uncommon mastery over the English language; the present volume (we are informed on good authority) is exclusively his own—and, if so, on the score of style alone it is a remarkable curiosity. But its matter also is curious. He reveals a personal history which, though he himself deduces no practical lesson from it, may naturally, we think, suggest a very instructive one. A conspirator from his youth upwards, he gives us a singularly clear and, we doubt not, a just picture of the conspirator's life.

‘Have you ever been near to one of those stage-decorations, the effect of which is so striking at a distance, and seen how on a close view the illusion vanishes, and you have nothing before you but gaps, misshapen blots, and strokes seemingly thrown about by chance? So, to a certain extent, it fares with a conspiracy. Seen from a distance, and viewed as a whole, nothing more striking and full of poetry than the mighty compendium of so many wills and forces moved by one spring, and working its way in the dark, through difficulty and danger of every description, towards the noblest and most legitimate of conquests, that of liberty and independence! But if, from the contemplation of this whole, you descend to observe the details—farewell poetry, and hail to very commonplace prose! How much egotism, how much littleness clogs the springs of this multifarious machinery! Verily, I assure you, the path of a conspirator is not strewn with roses.’—*Lorenzo Benoni*, pp. 380, 381.

The story, if we throw aside certain romantic episodes (part of the author's disguise), may be told in a few words. He was born in the beginning of the century, the third son of a harsh and negligent father (by profession an advocate but of no great eminence),

eminence), and of a mother gentle indeed and affectionate, but a mere cipher in the management of her own family. Consigned at the age of seven to the charge of a covetous old uncle, a canon in one of the cathedral towns of the Riviera between Genoa and Nice, he was scantily instructed in the rudiments of grammar by 'a tall, lanky, sallow-faced, half-starved young Abbé,' at the rate of three pence an hour. The inhospitable abode of the reverend Canon was rendered still more intolerable by the stinginess and morosity of the dominant housekeeper. At eight years of age, after having incurred by some trivial offence the punishment of solitary imprisonment, with a bread and water diet, for twelve days, he makes an attempt at escape, and, on being retaken, he is recalled to Genoa by his surly father, and placed at school, from whence he passes in due course to the university. In both seminaries he distinguishes himself by his rapid progress, and forms acquaintances which exercise a great influence over his future fortunes. He dwells on the period with a minuteness of detail which may not be devoid of practical interest for ourselves at this particular time, much occupied as we are with schemes of educational reform. At School, neither the separation of the boys into small divisions, nor the constant presence of an usher, prevented systematic tyranny. At the University, the total absence of a tutorial establishment, while it relieved the student from wholesome restraint, did not guard him against either the wanton caprice or the furious bigotry of superiors. In truth, the various mistakes and errors in education which our author, sometimes involuntarily, exposes, go far to explain the present disorganisation of the peninsula. The insurrectionary movement of 1821 finds him still at his university. In all the recent tumults of the continent, the political working of the professorial plan of no discipline has been too clearly illustrated; everywhere the juvenile academicians have figured as the most active and zealous revolutionists. Several of these lads—'to their honour be it spoken,' says our author—had essayed to overturn the monarchy at Turin by provoking a street riot; a similar scheme was detected at Genoa, and both universities were for a time closed. The abortive insurrection was followed by the worst consequences. Authority, hitherto mild and indulgent, began to act under the influence of a too general distrust and suspicion;—but the people, though now not unjustly irritated, too soon afforded a full justification for the severity of the Government.

The main interest of the volume lies in the apparently, though, we confess, somewhat unaccountably candid minuteness with which it exhibits the existence of an Italian conspirator, its
futility,

futility, its childishness, its duplicity, and the stage-tricks by which an attempt is made to elevate it; and curious especially are the author's revelations as to the early development of his own chosen 'friend, philosopher, and guide'—Mazzini. It was at the university that he became acquainted with that genius, whom he calls *Fantasio*, and their intimacy commenced in a squabble with the police, in which the officials (of course) behave with equal injustice and meanness, and the students with the spirit of Harmodius and the moderation of Aristides. *Fantasio* from henceforth becomes the recognized oracle and the great instigator of every movement. We refer our readers to the description of this celebrated person at p. 189. It is too long for insertion; if not greatly heightened by the recollections of friendship, the hero of it must have sadly changed since those young days; but even then he seems to have adopted the true republican maxim that not only does the end justify the means, but that vice and virtue change their nature in proportion as they advance or impede 'the cause'—a name by which he designates democracy all over the world, and revolution in Italy. The habits and companions of Ruffini were not long in exposing him to doctorial censure. He was rusticated, though innocent of the precise crime imputed to him; and the period of inaction thus forced upon him seems to have been employed in exciting a naturally morbid temperament by an injudicious course of reading and by encouraging a mystical devotion. On finally leaving the college, with a degree in civil law, he applied himself nominally to the paternal calling—but seriously to the profession of patriotism alone;—while his father worried him by his eagerness for clients, he was more congenially occupied in corresponding with a variety of clubs, and contributing his best endeavours to the wider spread of disaffection.

Such exertions, no doubt, had their share of effect; but it was principally the ultimate triumph of the insurgents in Greece—(a triumph facilitated, with such short-sighted selfishness, by the various potentates of Europe)—which turned all the idle youths of the theatres and the coffee-houses throughout Italy into rebels and revolutionists. Nor need we be much surprised at the enthusiasm of these boyish newsmongers, who attributed the whole discomfiture of the Ottoman arms to the proper prowess of the sons of Hellas, and thought the example admitted of direct application. Mazzini was far too skilful not to avail himself of the spirit thus stimulated—though he must have been too sharp not to know how completely the *res gestæ* had been mistaken.

'Are we not,' he would say, 'twenty-four millions of men? Are we less intelligent, less brave than the Greeks? Read the history of

of our own times, and you will see of what Italians are capable when well directed, and commanded—you will see the miracles of valour achieved in Spain, in Russia, everywhere, by our Italian legions. Is the foreign yoke which weighs upon us less heavy, less degrading, than that which crushed the Greeks? Do we bear it with greater patience? What, then, is wanting to enable us to do what the Greeks have done? Nothing, but that we should understand each other. We want a Hetaireia, that is all.'—*Ib.* p. 223.

Our author had now almost avowedly abandoned every thought of a legal career. He, among other schemes, transferred himself for a season to Tuscany, where he did his best to establish a political journal: but that affair entirely failed—and, returning home in redoubled bitterness, he looked round him for some fresh speculation of the same sort. Meanwhile he felt an eager desire to be formally enlisted in the ranks either of some new revolutionary society of the highest class, or the already famous one of the Carbonari. Our readers are probably aware that the sect so called arose in the kingdom of Naples during the last few years of the French occupation. Some patriots escaping the vigilance of the police, and some felons escaping the severities of the law, having fled to the mountains and disguised themselves as *preparers of charcoal*, bound themselves together by an oath to achieve the regeneration of their country: many recruits soon joined the infant association, and its numerous affiliated lodges were designated by the name, still allusive to its origin, of *Vendite* (sales). It was the Carbonari, Signor Ruffini informs us, and not existing abuses—as certain English politicians assert—that brought about the revolutions of Piedmont and Naples in 1821:—and 'a halo of sombre poetry' (adds our autobiographer) 'surrounded those exceptional beings who waged perpetual war against the throne and the altar, in spite of the scaffold and the thunders of the Vatican.' He soon fixed his views on admission into an association whose destiny seemed so sublime—a sign from whom, he says (p. 253), would set the whole continent on fire—and whose members he regarded with sentiments little short of idolatry. If he dashed thus heedlessly into the revolutionary vortex it was not without friendly warning of the dangers he incurred. 'Uncle John' (a cautious bachelor, who had made money in trade, and was by much the longest head in the connexion) had of late seemed to interest himself a good deal about his nephew, was frightened by some indications of his rash views, and lectured him very seriously:—

'Analyze society,' he said, 'and tell me where you see that spirit of self-sacrifice which regenerates nations. Look at our nobles.

The

The old men sulk at the Government; do you think it is from the love of liberty? Pahaw! they do so because they would like to hold the reins themselves. The young ones think only of their horses and their mistresses. The middle class is eaten up by selfishness; each individual man is engrossed by his office, or his counting-house, or his clients—all, in general, by the rage for making money. The people are ignorant and superstitious—it is not by their own fault, to be sure, but they are so—and therefore the slaves of the priests, those born enemies of all progress. The people hear mass in the morning, and get drunk at night, and think, notwithstanding, that all is right with God and their conscience. What then remains? A certain number of young men, crammed with Greek and Roman history; enthusiastic, generous—I do not deny it—but perfectly incapable of doing anything but getting themselves hanged. Absence of virtue, my dear boy, is synonymous with impotence. The mass is rotten at the core, I tell you. Suppose, for a moment, that you could make *tabula rasa* of that which exists—what would you build with such materials? An edifice which rests upon decayed rafters is faulty in its foundations, and will crumble with the first shock. The evil is at the very root of society.

Progress comes of itself; Providence wills it so. There are, in the moral world, as well as in the physical, mysterious principles at work unknown to ourselves, and even in spite of ourselves. Thanks to this latent working, things are better to-day than they were a hundred, or even fifty years ago—and fifty years hence you who are young will see still further improvement. One must take present evil with patience, and give time leisure to do its work. Let each in his humble sphere try to become better, and render better those around him. There, and only there, lies the corner-stone of our future regeneration. As for me, my dear friend, when, in the first shop into which I may happen to go, I am only asked the fair price, or thereabouts, of the article I go to buy, I shall consider my country to have made a more important conquest than if it had given itself all the institutions of Sparta, and of Athens into the bargain.—pp. 224-6.

Uncle John preached to the winds; but, though we have therefore abridged his sermons, we must deal more reverently with the hopeful nephew's account of his actual initiation into the brotherhood of the Carbonari. After a long probationary delay, he is summoned to the shrine from a masquerade, and it is in the characteristic costume of a domino that he pronounces his vows. Of course he is conducted to the spot blindfold:—

My eyes were now unbound, and I found myself in a vast chamber, rather richly than elegantly furnished. A huge fire burned in an enormous chimney, and a heavy lamp, with an alabaster globe, shed a mild, soft light around. There was a thick, dark red carpet upon the floor; a wide drapery, in flowered damask of the same colour, hung in rich folds at the upper end of the room, and probably concealed an alcove. We were five persons in the room; the two who had been my escort,

two others, equally shrouded in black dominoes—apparently those who had followed us—and myself. The tall black domino, who appeared to be the chief, and whom I shall henceforth call the President, placed himself in an arm-chair; the two last comers seated themselves on his right and left, and the domino dressed as a woman behind him. The President then motioned to me to advance, which I did, and there I stood facing the four men, and in front of the alcove. After a short pause a kind of examination began. It was the tall domino who spoke, and he always addressed me in the second person singular.—“What was my name, christian name, and age?”—I told them.—“Did I guess the purpose of my presence there?”—I believed I did.—“Did I persist in the intention of entering the confraternity of the *Good Cousins*?”—I did with all my heart.—“Had I formed a clear idea of the terrible duties that I took upon myself? Did I know that, as soon as I should have taken the solemn oath, my arm, my faculties, my life, my whole being, would no longer belong to myself, but to the order? Was I ready to die a thousand times rather than reveal the secrets of the order? Was I ready blindly to obey, and to abdicate my will before the will of my superiors in the order?”—Of course I was. If I had been told to open the window and throw myself out of it head foremost, I should not have hesitated.—“What claim had I to enter into the brotherhood of free men?”—I had none save my love for my country, and my unalterable determination to contribute to its liberation, or to die in the attempt. As words to this effect gushed forth, hot as lava, from my inner soul, I saw, or thought I saw, the curtains of the alcove gently move. Was it an illusion, or was there some one hidden behind? I did not dwell upon the circumstance, for what signified a mystery more or less in this great mystery? The examination having been brought to a close, the President made me kneel down, and repeat the form of oath, which he pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, dwelling with emphasis on the phrases most pregnant with meaning. This done, he added, “Take a chair and sit down; you may do so now that you are one of us.” I obeyed. A name of adoption was then chosen for me, and some mysterious words and signs, by which I could make myself known to my brethren of the order, were imparted to me, but with an express injunction not to use them except in cases of necessity.—“I must now,” added the President, “give you some explanations and directions. You now belong to the first grade of the order, which, however, is only a stage of probation. You have no rights, not even that of presentation; you have only duties, but these will be easy. Keep your secret religiously, wait patiently, in a spirit of faith and submission, and hold yourself ready for the moment of action. In due time you will know the *Vendita* of which you are to form part, and the chief from whom you will have to receive direct orders. In the mean while, if there are any orders for you, they will be transmitted by the cousin who has presented you, and whom you already know. The order to which you belong has eyes and ears everywhere, and from this moment, wherever you may be,

be, whatever you may do, it will see you. Bear this in mind, and act accordingly. The sitting is at an end." Here the President rose, and through the beard of his mask kissed me on each cheek and on the mouth. All present did the same. I had a certain sum to pay, destined to the poor and infirm among the brethren; my eyes were once more bound; and we went out. The way back was shorter than it had been in going, but quite as irregular. "We will separate here," said the voice of the tall domino as we stopped; "pursue your way without looking back; this is the first act of obedience that I require of you."—pp. 266-9.

The ceremony of initiation, which seems to have been conducted with more simplicity than our neophyte had expected, was the critical moment of his social as well as political existence. The 'thick curtain drawn over the alcove' which he had observed to move while he was under examination, did, indeed, as he had suspected, contain an interested spectator of the scene. The sister of the President—a noble, and the owner of the house—was concealed behind it. She, a beautiful creature of eighteen, the widow of a wealthy Marquis, is in the book called *Lilla*. The fair Marchesa gazes with extatic enthusiasm on the comely youth—for our author favours us with a full account of his own personal advantages—and very soon afterwards contrives to make acquaintance with him: her passions are of ultra-Italian violence—and their abrupt and tumultuous alternations are the mainsprings of the hero's subsequent adventures. How far the story may have been embroidered it would be idle to speculate:—but the leading circumstances, apparently so irreconcilable with all probabilities, can scarcely, we should suppose, be referred to the category of mere fiction.

The long-prepared outbreak of July, 1830, triumphant in the extrusion of the legitimate dynasty of France, raised the hopes of the disaffected throughout Italy. In proportion, however, as they grew less cautious, the police agents became more alert, and the attention of Government was fixed on their proceedings. This was indeed inevitable. The Genoese conspirators, no longer confining their meetings to the garret of Mazzini, or the bench of some affiliated wine-seller, now ventured upon exhibitions on a larger scale, and requiring more elaborate machinery. One of these scenes is so truly characteristic of the persons and their country, that, in spite of its length, we feel bound to give it as it stands.

'Fantasio was ready, armed to the teeth, and we set out arm in arm. From the Acquaverde, where Fantasio lived, to the bridge of Carignano is a pretty good distance, but it did not appear long to us, so earnestly were we discussing impending events. We laid down our plan of campaign, and solemnly engaged, whatever might happen, to keep

keep together, and not be separated in the affray. The night was just such as conspirators could wish, dark as pitch, and pretty cold for the season. As we came upon the bridge of Carignano, some notes from an accordion were heard. The melancholy modulations took me quite by surprise, and had a singularly powerful effect upon me. A chill ran through me from head to foot. Fantasio pressed my arm. The accordion was the instrument adopted by the Good Cousins to transmit signals to a distance. We made towards the point whence the sounds proceeded, and found a man wrapped in a cloak, with whom we exchanged some words of recognition. The man bade us follow him. We took to the left of the church of Santa Maria, and passing through a little lane came to a solitary open square space, where once stood the palace of Fieschi. Here we were told to stop, and had to wait some time. The retired and secluded spot was well chosen for the occasion. "It seems that we are the first," whispered I to Fantasio, seeing no one. "Look to the left of the square," answered Fantasio, "and you will see that we are not alone." And in truth, by dint of straining my eyes, I did think that I distinguished on the spot to which he pointed some human forms. "This square is very small," observed I, "and if the convocation is general, I do not know how it can hold us all. Have you any idea of the number of Good Cousins in Genoa?"—"Thousands and thousands," answered Fantasio; "but it is probable there may be partial convocations at several points." Our guide, who had vanished, now reappeared, and desired us to follow him onwards, which we did. A movement towards the left of the square took place simultaneously among the living shadows scattered about, till, at the word "halt!" from our guide, all stopped. There were four small distinct groups, including ours, standing at short distances from each other—in all, fifteen persons. I counted them, but without being able to recognise individuals wrapped in cloaks, and in the shade of night. A short pause. Twelve began to strike at the church of Carignano, close by. With the first stroke, a tall figure, hitherto concealed in a dark corner, rose to view, like a ghost from underground, and pronounced in a hollow voice the following words:—"Pray for the soul of — of Cadiz, sentenced to death by the high Vendita, for perjury and treason to the Order. Before the twelfth stroke has died away, he will have ceased to live." The clock tolled slowly on. The echo of the last chime was still vibrating when the voice added, "Disperse!" and each group moved off.—pp. 274-6.

The author seems pleased and comforted in announcing his belief that this was a mere display of melodramatic mummery;—mummery enough we grant—but the scene was nevertheless part and parcel of a serious and deliberate attempt to establish a despotic tyranny over men's minds by the degrading influence of fear. A similar system has justly been censured as the greatest blot in the ancient government of Venice; to it, in truth, the universal ultimate degeneracy of that

that once glorious Republic has been generally, we believe rightly, attributed. In fact, we must say, what the author had before his eyes could never have been represented by any candid observer as mere mummery. Assassinations were frequent. Targhini and his accomplice, whose final fate at Rome Signor Farini commemorates, had in a particular instance been appointed the executioners of the Society; they left their victim for dead, but he recovered, and identified the pair. Among their papers were found the minutes of the mock trial, in which, with reckless insolence, they had affected to give the formality of a legal execution to their intended murder.

To return to our Genoese regenerators. The critical moment had passed—the conspirators had not availed themselves of their opportunity when it was offered. The great old powers of the Continent, recovering from their first panic, were on the alert, and the French monarchy of July was not less sincerely, though more secretly, anxious to put down the revolutionary spirit, than had been the monarchy of the Restoration. The Piedmontese Government became alarmed; numerous arrests took place, and, amongst others, those of Signor Ruffini's elder brother and of Mazzini himself; the papers of both were seized, and convincing proofs were found of their guilt. Mazzini owed his liberation to a punctilious love of justice in the reigning king; our readers will be amused at the tone in which our author treats the royal scruples:—

Charles Felix, then upon the throne, hearing that a prosecution was going on against some Carbonari, was seized with a childish curiosity about the matter, and desired his Minister of Grace and Justice (as we have it) to lay a report of the business before him. Happily the king had a smattering of jurisprudence, of which he liked to make a show, and a taste for legal forms. It was even said that in his youth he had studied law and been received LL.D. On examining the documents, the circumstance of there being only a single witness did not escape his observation, and he felt scruples on the subject. To remove them he named a commission of three learned and eminent magistrates, charged to examine the documents, and to decide whether there was ground for prosecution, and, if so, to determine before what court the trial ought to proceed. To this measure Fantasio and the others owed their salvation. The commission, after long examination and consideration, pronounced that there was no ground for proceeding against the prisoners.—p. 340.

This merciful decision was, however, accompanied by a sentence of banishment—in the form of a passport and a permission to travel. It was now that Mazzini established his head quarters at Marseilles, and there openly conducted the business of that general conspiracy against social order which was crowned with
such

such a portentous—though not permanent—combination of triumphs in 1848. The autobiographer, remaining at home, speedily became one of his regular agents—nor does he make the least attempt to disguise the nature of his matured designs:—

‘According to Fantasio, the spirit of the age required that all political associations should rest upon some decided principle, and have an avowed creed. Secret societies had hitherto been contented with proposing to themselves as their final aim liberty in the abstract, without considering or determining what form of government would afford the best guarantees for its establishment, gradual development, and duration. It was high time to put an end to this vague misty state of things, high time to put forward a creed and a banner—which of course could be no other than a republican one.’—p. 369.

‘The adoption of a republican creed met with few, if any, objections. If there was to be a creed, it was a necessity, acknowledged even by the partisans of constitutional monarchy, that it should be the Republican. Representative monarchy lacked a plausible candidate for the crown of Italy.’—p. 376.

The Italian patriots then, as a body, became republicans, not by choice merely but by necessity! We do not enter on that theory—but one thing is undeniable. It is the knowledge that the ‘reformers’ are in fact Republicans that deters all ‘moderate men’ from joining the ranks of Reform; while these ‘moderate men,’ too apathetic or timid to follow an independent line, content themselves with a temporising policy, which they hope will screen them from danger, whatever may be the ultimate result of the contest. Other causes might be adduced for the ‘ill-luck’ of ‘rebellion’ at this period—though, perhaps, none is needed when the leaders exhibited so little of courage or enterprise. The Genoese liberals regarded their Piedmontese fellow-subjects with a most unmitigated aversion; for sufficiently intelligible reasons such sentiments were veiled or disavowed by a few so-called *philosophical* partizans—but it was thoroughly understood on all sides that any active co-operation of the people, if it was ever to be expected, could only be obtained by the promise of Genoese supremacy within the territories of the ancient State, and the complete ejection, once and for ever, of the intrusive royalty of the House of Savoy:—

‘The hostile feeling between the Genoese and Piedmontese could be traced very far back, and had its source in the endless feuds which had existed for ages between the Piedmontese monarchy and the republic of Genoa. So when the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, with one stroke of the pen, struck the proud Republic from the map of Europe, to give it up and incorporate it with the kingdom of Piedmont; its old and mortal

mortal foe, the national pride of all classes smarted cruelly, and the Piedmontese were looked upon in the light of intruders and usurpers.'

Our autobiographer denounces with exceeding indignation the severity of the punishments inflicted, and the immorality of the means of discovery employed by the Sardinian Government of 1833 (p. 415). We do not intend to undertake its defence. But why, we would ask him, why does he expect that the 'holy cause' should have the exclusive monopoly of poisoned weapons? Even after an interval of twenty years he details at great length, and apparently with high satisfaction, the secret means that were used by his Society to undermine the Government; he boasts the vast number of the conspirators, their inexorable purpose, their fearful oaths, their many acts of underhand cruelty, their seduction of the troops, their treacherous introduction of agents and spies into every department of the state; the bench, and even the confessional, filled with them; domestics everywhere bribed; officers of the army, diplomatic agents, even the personal servants of the King—all engaged in one common plot to betray the trust confided in them; and yet all his indignation is reserved for the 'immoral Government,' which had to defend itself against this dark and complicated conspiracy! We are astonished that so acute a writer should not perceive that he pronounces the acquittal of the Government, even should none of his allegations respecting it be overcharged. Does he suppose that those who arrogate to themselves exclusively the talent and virtue of the country can renounce everything in the nature of old-fashioned morality without lowering the standard of public opinion—and that the cause of 'tyranny' alone is to be defended with perfect good faith and childlike simplicity? Will not such Societies necessarily be watched by spies—their proceedings, when detected, be visited by summary punishments?—and, though the Government may have used unjustifiable means to trepan prisoners into confessions, can our author, after the events of 1848, entertain any doubt of the insincerity of the conspirators, and their readiness to betray each other?

In fact, however, had the plot been as extensive as he represents, its success must have been complete; but at the period of which he treats, and even at present, we give the mass of the Piedmontese credit for a strong instinct of loyalty towards the illustrious race that has so long reigned over them, a sincere attachment to the church, and a general distrust of schemes of organic change.

The personal history of the writer (as here narrated) is fast drawing to a close. Every day brought some fresh arrest—he could

could not but anticipate his own. After passing a few days in the agony of terror, which he describes very vividly, he effects his escape—not without the intervention of many friends, one of whom is Lilla, his aristocratic mistress, and another, her rival, his housemaid, Santina—both of whom he declares to have been strictly platonic throughout their whole *liaisons* with him—and who equally, at the last moment, compromise his safety and endanger discovery:—the *Marchesa* (who had had a serious quarrel with him) by an ill-timed exhibition of repentance—the simpler damsel by an obstinate endeavour to associate herself in his flight. He, however, evades all these various dangers, shakes himself free from the importunate fair ones, and finally consigns himself to the guidance of a veteran smuggler, who engages to carry him into France. The sinister look of one of the crew seems to have overpowered what reason his previous anxiety had left him, and, in a sort of delirium of fear, he insists on landing within the precincts of the Piedmontese territory—from which, however, after a medley of new difficulties thus unnecessarily incurred, he finally reaches safety and protection in Provence. All this part of the story is given with very remarkable effect; and, as to the gentleman's own main adventures at least, we do not suspect any interpolation of fanciful details.

We have already told all about M. Ruffini that we had heard on apparently good authority. It is whispered, we are aware, that, though not openly compromised in any of the very recent commotions of his native peninsula, he has in fact taken an active share in some of them: but this is mere rumour; and we should hope his earlier experience must have been sufficient to keep him aloof from enterprises so utterly desperate and contemptible.

ART. VI.—*Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre, et le Continent.* Par le Comte de Ficquelmont. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris, 1852-53.

THE name of Count Ficquelmont on any title-page must needs excite general curiosity; and undoubtedly political opinions deliberately announced under that name are entitled to the respectful consideration of all journalists. We might have been expected accordingly—and we in fact designed—to call attention to his first volume on its appearance early in 1852; but we were diverted from our purpose by Lord John Russell's abrupt dismissal of Lord Palmerston, and the rapidly ensuing catastrophe of the Premier by whom he had been so unceremoniously ejected. We were unwilling to dwell at such a moment on past grievances;

ances ; we trusted that a better era had opened on our policy, and that amicable, *really* amicable, relations would be renewed with our ancient allies. We had not anticipated so short a career for the Derby government—still less so speedy a return to office of Lord John Russell's noble victim and executioner. His situation seemed quite isolated. Insulted by the Whigs, and triumphing in his revenge over them, he was not included among those who rallied round the representative of his original party—while he evidently scorned the Radicals who had so uniformly extolled his diplomacy. But 'politicians neither love nor hate' (so says Dryden, who had seen a good deal of the class); and Lord Palmerston, at all events, can forgive, when forgiveness opens the doors of the royal cabinet. It is true his post is no longer the same; but his name could hardly figure again in a Ministerial list without re-awakening alarm and jealousy among powers naturally inclined to be our friends—and in other quarters hopes and schemes directly opposed to our gravest interests. We, therefore, think it prudent no longer to delay noticing statements and opinions respecting the recent Foreign Policy of England which have been placed before the European world under the authority of this distinguished name.

The Count de Ficquelmont was born in Flanders about the year 1780, while that province yet formed a part of the Austrian empire. In the revolution with which the century closed, he adhered to his hereditary sovereign; he entered early into the diplomatic service, and resided for many years at Naples as envoy. In 1847, when the discontents in Lombardy justified serious apprehension, he was despatched to that district with the title of Imperial Commissioner. His mission, however, was not successful; nor, indeed, was it possible it should be so. His powers did not suspend those of the local authorities. The dignity of Viceroy belonged to an uncle of the Emperor. The civil and military departments were distinct, and no very cordial understanding united their respective chiefs. The provincial councils, both of Venice and Milan, had assumed an unwonted tone of defiance; even the clergy were hostile; the newly-appointed archbishop of Milan had shown himself more anxious for his own personal popularity than for the cause of peace and order; and the mischievous enthusiasm for Pius IX. was at its height, sanctifying the cause of rebellion with the name of religion. M. de Ficquelmont was still in Lombardy when the revolution broke out at Vienna; he was then summoned to the capital to take the office of principal minister on the resignation of Prince Metternich; and this most difficult position he held till compelled to

abandon it at the command of a street rabble, headed by the students of the University and its tipsy professors.

M. de Ficquelmont begins with the undeniable fact, that the melancholy events of 1848 were not unannounced:—

‘I shall not do the honour to that party which so loudly proclaims itself revolutionary of attributing exclusively to it all the convulsions which still threaten Europe with a total disorganization, civil and political. It is an enemy which had long before declared open war, and even begun the campaign; and if a signal success attended its efforts in 1848, was it not because it was permitted to choose its own time and its own field of battle; because those outworks were abandoned to it which should have been defended; and because it was permitted to introduce its agents, both secret and acknowledged, into the heart of the very citadel itself? Was it not because its bold, persevering, and energetic attacks were opposed by a resistance purely passive, its torrent of words by the silence of a misplaced dignity, and its sophisms by arguments long out of date and discredited?’—vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

In every country on the Continent the premonitory symptoms of a convulsion had been manifested; and the temporary success of the agitators is to be attributed to the neglect with which these monitions were regarded, rather than to the dexterity of their management. We have no desire to enter into a wholesale defence of the systems by which the different states had been governed; but—in candour it must be admitted—there never was a period of greater general prosperity than that which immediately preceded the outbreak. We may safely assert that never had the moral and physical wellbeing of the people engaged more of the attention of princes and ministers. In proportion, however, as authority exhibited the spirit of conciliation, the popular demands increased in audacity; and it was at the very moment when a considerable amount of self-government seemed likely to be conceded everywhere, that all Europe was shaken by consentaneous explosions which menaced civilization itself with an eclipse.

The democratic party, which had been much elated by previous success in Switzerland, was intoxicated by the easy demolition of Louis Philippe in France. Every province in Italy was ripe for revolt. Germany, North and South, had become madened with the spirit of revolution. Russia barricaded all her frontiers—especially of course in the Polish quarter—and wisely eschewed any contact with the agitated world beyond. England alone at this time, having at last settled the only internal question of urgent interest, enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity. Never had she occupied so commanding a position; the destinies of the Continent seemed placed under her safeguard. To maintain this

lofty

lofty position no exertion was called for; to forfeit it required much. To stand cautiously aloof, to give the example of a strict adherence to existing obligations, and to exact no less from other powers, was all that was needed to become the arbiter of the dispute, and probably the pacificator of Europe. Lord Palmerston's name stands at the head of Count Ficquelmont's titlepage, arraigned as the culprit by whose mistaken policy this high position is lost to his country, and its consequent blessings to all Christendom:—and it is to the consideration of this policy, which Count Ficquelmont rather hastily confounds with the cause of constitutional government, that these volumes are principally directed:—

‘It has been repeatedly asked throughout Europe, both by governments and people, how it has happened that an English minister, in obvious opposition to the fundamental principles of constitutional government, should follow a course of policy evidently arbitrary, since it is full of contradictions; evidently violent, because it has excited so many complaints; regardless of all fixed principles, because it proclaimed principles or violated them at pleasure?’

‘Such is, in fact, the manner in which Lord Palmerston has directed the policy of England. In order to understand him, we must examine his past career, and ascertain how far it has qualified him for the part he has chosen to play. He unites in himself the double nature of the two parties which for two centuries have disputed the government of England with each other. The oscillatory movement which necessarily resulted from this was more or less rapid, according to the length of time that each of those parties kept possession of power. This movement, personified in the double nature of one and the same individual, has gained a degree of rapidity which was modulated by the mobility of his own mind, and which must necessarily take the character of revolution—by revolution I mean, effecting by violence and prematurely those changes which time works more surely and more safely, if prudently waited for.’—vol. i. p. 200.

We are far from agreeing on all points with M. de Ficquelmont. He on every occasion does ample justice to Lord Palmerston's talents;—but, entirely assenting to that opinion, we must regret some notions frequently coupled with its expression:—that, for example, of attributing his every act of petulance and meddlesomeness to a systematic plan of advancing English interests by the degradation and ruin of our political and manufacturing rivals. Had Count Ficquelmont lived in a constitutional country amidst the excitement of parliamentary warfare, he would better have understood the personal feelings which an English minister almost always mixes up with his political principles, and the extent to which party tactics influence his public conduct. The events that preceded the downfall of Lord Derby's Government,

and the formation of Lord Aberdeen's, furnish too abundant proof of the power of such influences; but as we could not ourselves have foreseen such an example as those circumstances exhibited, we cannot be surprised that a foreigner should not have exactly divined it. Nevertheless the slightest attention to the career of Lord Palmerston ought to have convinced an observer of less acuteness than Count Ficquelmont how little the policy of that noble Lord could have been formed on public grounds.

Early introduced into social and political life by Tory patrons, his name, during a long series of years, was entirely identified with their cause and interests. While holding subordinate posts under Lord Liverpool, he acquired that knowledge of business and that facility in the despatch of it, which all parties alike recognise: and perhaps M. de Ficquelmont is right in tracing to that same education the still higher and more remarkable qualities which he has ultimately developed:—

‘He has inherited,’ the Count says, ‘the grand combinations of this school, its active courage, and the art of opposing its enemies, both by means of foreign alliances and by exciting the enthusiasm of the people. All these means were employed at that time for the purpose of strengthening the monarchical principle.’—p. 201.

During the early period of his career all those talents for debate which he has since exhibited lay dormant—unsuspected possibly—at all events never stimulated—by his official superiors; not improbably (under such circumstances) unsuspected by his intimate and equal friends—nay, even, it may be, by himself. Perhaps a feeling of mortification at supposed neglect and injustice may have afterwards sharpened his long-suppressed eloquence, when placed in opposition to his original party, and inspired a tone which not seldom contrasted a good deal with the courteous placidity of his ordinary deportment.* It is certain that, while Count Ficquelmont regards his Lordship as a cold abstraction of national principles—meaning, in fact, a set of mean, selfish bigotries supposed to be universally dominant among us—the relics of English Conservatism seem to agree in considering him to have been less guided by public considerations of any sort, and more influenced by caprice, by whim, by personal feeling, than any minister who in recent times has directed our national policy.

We are surprised that Count Ficquelmont should attribute to Lord Palmerston the error of supposing that the commercial interests of England can be promoted by the impoverishment of

* Though Lord Palmerston commenced his long tenure of office in 1809, when in his twenty-fifth year, he did not enter the Cabinet till he joined Lord Grey's Government in 1830.

other countries. Indeed Lord Palmerston's speech, quoted at p. 137, would be enough to prove that he is not so mistaken. During the disastrous years of 1848 and 1849 the exports were materially diminished, and this diminution was ascribed by every statesman, every merchant, and every shopkeeper in London, to the disturbed state of the continent. Count Ficquelmont, it would seem, argues that, because England engrossed the commerce of Europe during the last war, while her navies swept the seas, she must necessarily desire another war, or a condition of things as nearly as possible resembling war. All this is utterly unjust; we are quite aware that our foreign monopoly at that period did not equal our present share of the commerce of peaceful Europe; we also know that it was mainly our own unnatural expenditure which then gave an unnatural stimulus to trade; and, the Count may rely on it, we know moreover that the feverish excitement which he describes us as anxious to keep up, unites the disadvantages of peace and war, and is destructive to all commerce. But to this subject we shall have occasion to return: let us now pass to another count in the indictment.

'To his *propagande* of constitutional government he adds the diplomatic protection which he grants to all English concerns, schemes, adventures—of what nature soever they may be. We can add nothing to what has been already said with so much eloquence in the two English Houses of Parliament to prove how much this protection occasionally exceeds the limits of constitutional law. There justice was rendered to that Roman pride—"*civis Romanus sum*"—with which he desired to inspire every Englishman. A foreigner has not, it is true, the right to speak as an Englishman, or to attempt to appreciate the feelings of another people. I have no intention, therefore, to attack Lord Palmerston as he has been attacked by Lord Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, and his other opponents. It is not with what England thinks, but with what she does, that we have the right to concern ourselves.'—p. 133.

We all remember with what facility the Englishman formerly visited every part of Europe; with what alacrity he was received at the frontier; how carelessly his baggage was examined; how quickly his passport restored! No consular agent had dared to invest Italian rebels with the character of British subjects. That quality was alone sufficient to recommend the traveller to special indulgence, and, if any little dispute arose, large allowances were made for his proverbial hastiness, and his attributed insular peculiarities. But how complete is the change! He is now received with suspicion—and, after a reluctant admission, incivility awaits him at every turn. Every newspaper we take up teems with complaints. Artists are imprisoned for using their sketch-books, pious missionaries are expelled with ignominy, and harmless youths,

youths, for awkwardly pressing on a military procession, are sabred in the public streets. Nor are the feelings and manners of the traveller himself less changed. There are not wanting those who are willing to provoke a quarrel in the hopes of receiving a *compensation*, or to gratify an imperious temper, or perhaps a morbid love of newspaper notoriety. At least, such is the opinion in many parts of the Continent; and if the allegation is not altogether true, it is repeated and believed, and undoubtedly tends to increase mutual distrust and ill-will.

‘No individual established in a foreign country can be relieved from the obligation of obeying the laws of that country during the period of his residence. If he commits a crime, he can be tried only by the tribunals of the country. The capital he may employ in enterprises in the country must necessarily be subject to its laws. To pretend that this should not be so, would be to assimilate civilized communities with those which have not yet adopted for their guidance the principles of good sense and equity recognized in the now ancient fabric of European International Law. But let us put aside the question of law; I willingly leave that for professional pens. What I insist on as a now incontrovertible fact, is the utterly despotic character of that modern policy which is based solely upon the insulated interests of commerce, and which claims the right of supporting every English merchant as the representative of “the commercial city,” demanding for him all the privileges of diplomatic agents.

‘Could the peace of the world be by any possibility maintained, if every minister for foreign affairs insisted on mixing up the honour and dignity of his Sovereign and Nation with every commercial affair that might arise—with the pecuniary claims and pretensions of every merchant established among foreigners?’—p. 134.

This question was treated fully, and with all his usual skill, by Lord Palmerston in the course of ‘that solemn feast’ given by the Reform Club to celebrate his victory over the Grecian Government in the House of Commons. This ‘after-dinner speech,’ as M. de Ficquelmont observes, had—(the composition of the party considered)—all the weight of a parliamentary statement. He therefore quotes some of the sentences which found so congenial an audience under that gorgeous roof:—

‘With regard to this country, it is hardly necessary to observe that the first duty of every minister charged with the conduct of its foreign relations is to preserve intact its rights, its honour, and its dignity. It thus becomes his duty to protect our fellow-citizens in whatever country they may happen to be. Gentlemen, we are essentially a travelling, investigating, and commercial people. There is no part of that ocean which occupies so vast a portion of the globe but bears our vessels and our merchandise on its bosom. There is no country, far or near, savage or civilized, in which Englishmen are not to be found, drawn thither by motives of health or of pleasure, of science or of commerce,

commerce, or with the nobler design of spreading the light of religion in countries not yet converted to Christianity. Gentlemen, I maintain that our fellow-citizens, whoever they may be, have a right to suppose and to know that they are placed under the watchful safeguard of their country, and that the arm of England will protect them from injury, or that, if injury be done to them, that arm will be sufficiently powerful to obtain reparation for them.'—pp. 136, 137.

We can hardly be surprised that Count Ficquelmont should pronounce such an engagement beyond the power of man to fulfil. He understands by this language—and we do not see what other interpretation to give it—that Lord Palmerston claims exemption for his fellow-countrymen from the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the territory where they reside, and insists on their title everywhere, and in all circumstances, to enjoy the broad imperial protection of the English laws, interpreted by himself, and carried into effect by the agents of the Foreign Office, backed by the whole naval and military power of the nation. Upon no other grounds can we account for his sending the Mediterranean fleet to the Piræus (a circumstance to which M. de F. makes frequent allusion) to demand a compensation for Don Pacifico's torn pillow-cases, and Mr. Finlay's disappointment in a building-ground speculation.

It appears to us that the only effectual method of protecting our travellers and securing for them the kindness and hospitality of foreign nations is to show respect and consideration to all peaceful foreigners who visit our shores—but, first and foremost, to extend to them in all cases the full protection of the British Government. While Lord Palmerston avows a purpose to exact for his countrymen from foreign governments a larger scope of individual procedure than is conceded to the natives themselves, and insists on placing them under British jurisdiction, what has been his own conduct when the laws of hospitality and humanity were violated within a few streets of his own official residence? No one can have forgotten the assault upon the aged General Haynau—an assault, it is well known, prompted and paid by exiled rebels against an ancient ally of the British Crown, his brave devotion to whose service was that veteran's sole crime in the eyes of the outlaw-assassins. When complaints were laid before our then Foreign Secretary, the plaintiff was calmly referred to the ordinary tribunals, from which he was assured he might count on receiving all consideration and just redress. A cruel mockery when addressed to an old man who could not appear in our streets without a manifest risk of his life! *

Count

* This detestable outrage, M. de Ficquelmont may rest assured, was regarded with as general abhorrence here as it could be among the most loyal of Austrian subjects; and

Count Ficquelmont mentions, not without something of malicious satisfaction, several instances in which the English Government has submitted to an affront from a powerful State which would have been resented from a weaker one. Such occurrences are little flattering to our national pride;—but, alas! they are the inevitable consequence of pursuing too far the doctrine of ‘protection,’ and the practice of intermeddling. When a mere trifle has raised a dispute between two powerful nations, the angry correspondence which arises is little likely after all to produce immediately a desperate conclusion. Common sense, public opinion, ministerial prudence, revolt against breaking the peace of the world to settle differences so insignificant that their very existence is unknown to the great majority of either people. The least obstinate of the parties will at last give way, and bears all the ridicule which should attach not to the termination but to the commencement of such a quarrel. But the chance of great ultimate evil is not the less serious. The condition of international law imperiously demands attention. Far too much is left to the discretion of diplomatic agents, who have it in their power to disturb the amicable relations between great States, and to tyrannise mercilessly over the weak. Since the present laxness of theory on these subjects came into fashion the most extraordinary cases of interference have occurred. Some remarkable instances have fallen under our own observation. In the opera-house of a certain capital, which we will not particularise, there was produced a new ballet, at which the propriety or prudery of the Sovereign took offence, and the performance was prohibited for the future. The French ambassador (who shall also be nameless), on hearing this prohibition, was highly indignant; it was an insult, he said, to his own Sovereign, who had not only permitted the representation, but had repeatedly honoured it with the attendance of himself and his family—nor would he be satisfied till the order was revoked, and another representation given at which he exacted the appearance of the King and all his house. In another capital, an individual of the same nation, whose conduct had been such as to banish him from all respectable society, and who had offended against the laws of the state, was not only protected by his minister from punishment, but was actually obtruded into the very palace of the Prince to whom his mere presence in the country was an insult. Both the envoys in question, we have little doubt, congratulated themselves upon the

and it is most deeply to be regretted that unoffending Englishmen have since been subjected to ill-usage abroad, on the absurd presumption of their approving what they could only lament and condemn.

energy

energy and spirit with which they had maintained the rights of French citizenship and the dignity of French diplomacy.

While the *liberal* statesmen of this country rival the presumption of the French, by making such large demands for the immunities of British citizens abroad, Count Ficquelmont complains that they treat with utter contempt the remonstrances of other powers, whose rebellious subjects have found an asylum here, and here continue their machinations with unabated audacity.

‘The exile of every age has toiled unceasingly for the ruin of his native country. Upon no principle of equity, therefore, can governments reciprocally bound by treaties of peace give any other character to their hospitality beyond that of a haven always open to the shipwrecked wanderers. Is it compatible with the interests of a sincere and lasting peace that exiles should be permitted to form themselves into societies—holding public meetings with the express object of disturbing the tranquillity of the states from which they have been expelled—maintaining communications, open as well as secret, with the disaffected still at home—the whole system carried on with all the paraphernalia of regular agencies and affiliations, far and near, the levying of contributions from the fear of the timid no less than from the sympathy of the discontented?’

‘No government has the right to constitute itself a court of appeal in favour of persons condemned by the tribunals of the countries to which they belong. Is liberty to be made the palladium of rebellion, and of all the crimes which follow in its train? Would not this be to avow the maxim, whose memory is written in blood—“rebellion is the most sacred of duties?” Do not such sentiments carry anxiety and terror into every breast?’—pp. 240-242.

It is obvious to all that those most eager for the protection of the refugees, the express advocates of peace, are endeavouring by every provocation they can offer to goad the various foreign governments into hostility, and to render that war inevitable which they affect to deprecate. It is notorious that associations have been formed in London for the subversion of dynasties with which England is at peace; that arms have been purchased and loans proposed; ‘central committees’ have issued orders from England, and Messrs. Mazzini and Kossuth have established, and preside over, ‘boards of regency’ for the Roman States and for Hungary, and farther, for the promotion of revolution in every part of the world. Lord Palmerston himself is now a convert to our doctrine—good and well—yet we cannot dismiss the recollection that in a debate which occurred only at the beginning of last year, on the expediency of an alien bill, he roused the applauding laughter of the grave and reverend senators, by his clever exposure of the absurd suspicion ‘that these unhappy refugees,

fugees, unable to pay for their daily subsistence, should send money and arms to their different countries;’ adding, with facetious emphasis, ‘that as for the loan proposed to be raised *here*, not one farthing had been paid on its account into the hands of the London bankers.’ No one indeed supposed that ‘the penny subscribers’ cared one penny about Kossuth or the Hungarian refugees; of course, the whole affair was merely a part of the system of agitation. It was an idle taunt and deliberate insult to Austria, discreditable to our own sense and discretion, and not beneficial to the rebels. Still less could it be apprehended that a *liberal* sympathy with Kossuth and Mazzini would under any circumstances open the purse-strings of British capitalists:—the revolutionary exchequer would be empty indeed if it had no other resource. But it is now plain that it has other resources. Lord Palmerston’s recent seizure (as Home Secretary) of arms and gunpowder is the best answer to his arguments when holding the Foreign Seals—but we must confess that, even in his former phasis of responsibility, we could hardly believe him so ignorant of the affairs of countries in which he showed such readiness to play the part of arbiter, as not to be aware of the vast advantages accruing to the refugees from the circulation of the Mazzini notes in Italy. Did he never find time to read the foreign newspapers? Did he never receive, or read, despatches on this important subject from any of his agents throughout the Peninsula? Need we tell him that Mazzini, and other ringleaders excluded by name from the general amnesty, devised this issue of *notes payable on the re-establishment of the Republic*—not principally in the hope of obtaining funds for fresh revolts—(their recent harvest in Italy had been a plentiful one)—but much more with the design and purpose of compromising as many individuals as possible with their governments, and by multiplying punishments to widen and exacerbate discontent? It was in vain that the Imperial functionaries issued stern proclamations: agents were despatched to every part of the Peninsula, provided with these notes, and instructed to present them for payment to persons well disposed towards the revolutionary cause, or, more frequently still, to those who were lukewarm—if not secretly hostile—but who were more fearful of offending the vindictive exiles than of disobeying the legitimate authorities. Considerable sums were raised by these means, and the Government found itself obliged to enforce the heaviest penalties against the agents and abettors of the traffic. Sentences of death were pronounced in some cases against the former, and were occasionally executed, though more frequently commuted for lighter punishments. Delations were frequent; and, if the exiles

exiles are not much belied, they were themselves very often the secret informers against their own agents, in pursuance of the scheme for reciprocally exasperating the governors and the governed which is developed by Mazzini in his ever memorable intercepted letter (see *Blue-Book—Affairs of Rome*, 1849, p. 223), and to promote which this issue of notes was so dexterously contrived. Our readers will observe, if they turn to the foreign intelligence of the daily newspapers, how frequent even still are the trials and punishments for conspiracies provoked by foreign emissaries. On all occasions will the friends of the revolution endeavour to represent these punishments as the vengeance for participation in the last insurrection; but what costs another impudence of mendacity? In fact, the penalties in question have invariably been incurred by criminal acts perpetrated since its termination.

The recent outbreaks at Milan and in Romagna were both of them wholly excited by tools of the revolutionary committees sitting in London. M. Kossuth, from the security of his lodgings at Bayswater, incites the Austrian soldiers to desert their colours and join the ranks of the rebels; while Sig. Mazzini, with better knowledge of the country and the cause, employs that mysterious agency by which the secret societies spread terror and guilt and to which alone we can attribute the foul assassinations with which the tumult commenced. We rejoice to find that Lord Palmerston disavows his former *protégé*, and surely, after that, private English gentlemen (if any such there were) who acted on an honest belief in the worth of Kossuth, must now blush for the countenance they afforded him! If he and his Italian compeer were sincere enthusiasts, though they would not be the less dangerous, they would, as individuals, be infinitely more respectable. We believe them both to be mere speculators in ambition, coolly calculating on the folly and imprudence of mankind; without a spark of true zeal for the cause they advocate, but, in promoting it, utterly careless of human life. It may be that Mazzini in stirring up this insurrection was not aware of the change that had taken place in the minds of the Italians; it is more than probable that the vanity of Kossuth may have blinded him as to the sentiments with which he is now regarded by the Hungarian soldiers to whom his proclamation was addressed; but neither could be ignorant of the hopelessness of the attempt, and of the certain death to which they doomed their dupes. Sig. Mazzini, on his failure at Rome, was saved from capture by an English passport and the quality of English subject with which he was so invested. It was the remonstrances of Lord Palmerston that procured the release of Kossuth from Turkey. Both these
acts

acts of interference were defended—and indeed have been extolled—on the plea of humanity. We will not pause to inquire what claim of gratitude our country can establish among the victims of Milan and their surviving friends. In the name of patriotism these unfortunate men have been hounded to certain death, while both the arch-conspirators—Mazzini again saved by reception into a British ship—still live in security and comfort, to plan fresh mischief—we wish we could add, unaided by fresh marks of British sympathy.

Most of the foreign exiles who have visited our shores have come uninvited and remained unnoticed—but these two ring-leaders seem to have been marked out as the objects of special consideration. How unworthily these honours were bestowed we were always aware—but we do not think that their former admirers are entitled to tax them with ingratitude or breach of hospitality. It was because they were rebels that they were received with favour. Lord Palmerston himself had spoken of their cause with decided approbation—nay, of a large portion of their efforts as *holy*. M. Kossuth, to do him justice—though his style and tone have been somewhat varied, to meet the tastes of different audiences—has on no occasion shrunk from the open avowal of his designs. They who affect any doubt on the matter do so in spite of multiplied declarations of his fixed devotion to the purpose of expelling the House of Hapsburg and establishing a republic in Hungary. He held the same language in Turkey when Lord Palmerston negotiated his liberation; he repeated it in France and America after that event, when he appealed to the sympathies of the ‘liberal’ party throughout the world. Could he *then* dream that his schemes would be disapproved by Lord Palmerston, and any cabinet including that statesman? We think it is he who may boldly tax his former protector with inconsistency. On the other hand, we are sorry to add, the present cabinet by no means followed up its first show of vigour with becoming constancy, and we doubt if any other object has been attained, except proving to our troublesome guests with how much facility our laws may be violated and our feeble government insulted.

Let us be understood. We would gladly extend hospitality and protection to all exiles who, having been guilty of political offences in their own country, are obliged to seek shelter in ours—so they are resolved on conforming to our laws and leading an in-offensive life; but it is preposterous that we should give to strangers a licence which is not extended to our own fellow-subjects. Sooner or later, for the peace of the world and the general interests of humanity, this principle must be acknowledged;

ledged; and we would gladly see the proper steps taken at a time when we might expect credit for acting upon conviction alone—not under any meaner influence. To an Alien Bill—the remedy usually proposed—Lord Palmerston objected that it was never granted for the benefit of foreign countries, but simply for the preservation of our own. It is exclusively for our own sake that we have ever desired it. The hour may come—nay, may not be far distant—when England will have cause to regret having made enemies of the greater part of the civilized globe. But in truth Lord Palmerston's distinction has no meaning. An Alien Bill is, in difficult cases, the only method of enforcing on refugees an obedience to the laws of England; nor can it signify whether they are infringing those laws by conspiracies against the English crown, or by carrying on a private warfare against some friendly State. If the Alien Bill, as formerly framed, were thought too sweeping a measure, its operation might be limited to the case of those who had been formally tried and convicted, before a Court suitably constituted, of overt acts of hostility towards a foreign government in alliance with us. In practice, probably, the knowledge that such a power existed would supersede any necessity for its exercise:—at all events, the Government would be responsible for the exercise of this as well as every other trust; and it seems indeed plain enough that the chief objection of ministers to accepting it is the fear that its exercise might *possibly* lead to unpleasant discussions with our own 'un-excised unhired' radicals.

If we could ever have entertained a doubt of the expediency of this measure, recent events would have convinced us. Is it not absurd to refer a plaintiff to statutes notoriously inoperative, and to a system of trial which, as to political charges in times of popular excitement, has been found utterly ineffectual? Can we plead such circumstances as these to our offended neighbours, smarting under recent and bitter injuries? Would they not be justified in replying—If such be the necessary consequences of the present state of your legal institutions, why do you not amend them, or at least arm your executive with discretionary powers? As matters stand it is impossible, it should seem, to fix the responsibility of a document signed by the name of the writer, and promulgated by his authority; nay, if a magazine of arms and a powder manufactory are discovered, a doubt may be started as to the use of the first, and it is impossible to give such a definition of the last as to satisfy a Jury—or even a Judge. Should a small state venture to reply by such quibbles to the remonstrances of a powerful one, it would only draw down more immediately the punishment of its duplicity and folly; and is it not

not beneath the dignity of a great nation to advance arguments which can only be received by those who dare not attempt to confute them? Let us either boldly avow the purpose of promoting revolution in every part of the world, and proclaim a general quarrel with social order; or let us revise our code so as to afford us the means of restraining the conspirator, and of punishing the insolent perturbators of the public peace.

But to return to the principal charge in Count Ficquelmont's indictment. Lord Palmerston arrogates for England 'a mission' totally unrecognised hitherto by any of our Constitutionalists. He has ventured to say:—

'When we see nations alive to the ills they have to endure, reasonably, with calmness and moderation, endeavouring to ameliorate their condition, they are at least entitled to our sympathy. And should other powers, influenced by different feelings, interfere to check the development of liberty, I feel convinced that the English government will always receive the cordial support of the people, should it determine on throwing the weight of this country into the balance, and endeavour to restore the equilibrium.'—p. 138.

What the noble Viscount meant by 'sympathy,' or his more usual phrase 'moral support,' we will not pause to inquire. It is of little consequence whether we understand the intrusion of insolent advice on foreign governments struggling with disaffection, or the appointment of dignified functionaries to rove from place to place and hold encouraging communications with the disaffected. But as to the practical sense, or upshot, of our late 'sympathy' and 'moral support,' there can be no doubt. As the Italian objects of our benevolence too well know, it amounted in their case to the frothy flattery of perilous attempts, whose partakers, in the day of discomfiture, found no shield against the severities they had provoked. That such consequences were far from being desired by Lord Palmerston we are entirely persuaded: but how he should not have foreseen them baffles our conjecture. In the rest of the passage quoted there is a very curious intermixture of sweeping rules and apparently sly reservations. When, however, we recall the noble Viscount's repeated applause of the Hungarian insurgents, and compare the doctrine here laid down as to the duty of rescuing any meritorious body of reformers from the interference of a *foreign* power on behalf of their own sovereign, it seems impossible to doubt that Lord Palmerston's official magniloquences must have proved to him the subject of rather humiliating meditation when the Russian Emperor so effectually 'checked the development' of Magyar democracy.

We were never among the alarmists. We could not think so ill of any civilized nation, or of any Sovereign not utterly de-
mented,

mented, as seriously to apprehend the sort of piratical attack with which it was the fashion to threaten us; but had Napoleon III. ever entertained ideas so monstrous, recent events must (for the moment at least) have changed the current of his views. The Eastern question involves difficulties and dangers in which France must take her share with the rest of Europe. The governments of England and France at this time appear sincerely united in their opposition to the Emperor Nicholas; but who can guarantee the constancy of our new ally, should circumstances arise which might offer strong temptation for a change of policy? In Austria we had an ally united to us, not by caprice and 'sympathy,' but by the enduring ties of mutual interest. This ally it has been the object of the Whig policy during the last five years to mortify, insult, and weaken. The first result of this unprovoked hostility was to throw Austria into the arms of Russia, and to compel her to contract a debt of gratitude from which she can never perhaps be absolved; and our subsequent protection of the Hungarian refugees provoked a quarrel between her and Turkey at a moment when prudence demanded the closest understanding between them, and thus converted an ancient friend into an irritated, offended enemy, and, by depriving the feeble Sultan of the support which had so often stood between him and destruction, afforded to Russia facilities which the most astute of governments was little likely to misappreciate.

Whether that government has committed its character by any advantage actually taken of a state of things so unwisely and unnecessarily brought about—whether or not the two great powers of the West, immemorial rivals *inter se*, have now at length coalesced against the most important ally left to one of them, in consequence of his having flagrantly infringed the principles and regulations of justice, equity, and the Law of Nations:—this is a question which hardly any contemporary journal finds in the least degree difficult of decision. Whether the divan of the Tuileries and the medley *coalition* of Whitehall have had more influence over the 'fourth estate,' or that estate over them—seems to us exceedingly doubtful; but that the peremptory tone of the leading 'organs of opinion' was rashly adopted, and is maintained in a spirit and tone of unjustifiable insolence, and likely to have now and hereafter most unhappy effects—we can have no hesitation whatever in asserting. We by no means aspire to emulate the rapidity of their conclusions; we are far from imagining that we *have* as yet had access to the whole body of documents on which the world will ultimately form its judgment. All we at present venture is to suggest a few considerations, arising from a *primâ facie* view of the facts ascertained and papers produced,

duced, which ought not to have been entirely overlooked by the so-called *Conservatives*, so zealously associated on this occasion with their ancient antagonists of the Liberal press.

We say then that, in as far as we can at present decipher this *imbroglio*, there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question. The co-religionists of the Czar, subjects of the Porte, had certain rights acknowledged, and of long date; France steps in to make mischief, and gets these indulgences revoked by the Sultan. Here all parties allow that France was in the wrong, and that the Ottoman was misled by her intrigues; and accordingly France, by and by, drew back, and consented to the re-establishment of the *status quo*. But this did not altogether satisfy the Russian Emperor. In vain was he told 'all's right again:—' *No*—he took the liberty to say—*no*: what was conceded on Monday, under the influence of that restless and unscrupulous spirit of French intermeddling, and was withdrawn on Tuesday, only when resisted, may be brought forward again on Wednesday upon some new pretence; and therefore I wish to have some guarantee that there shall be no more playing at fast and loose in these affairs. I desire no change in the *status quo*: I am satisfied with things as they stood before the French intrigue disturbed them—and as, that intrigue having been nullified, they again stand:—but the facility with which the Turks do and undo these traditional arrangements, makes it necessary, for peace' sake, if there were no other reason, to reduce the unwritten practice to a formal written convention, which could never be subject either to misunderstanding between the parties, or to the disturbance of any mischief-making interloper. It really seems to us that, so far, there is nothing on the side of Russia but what common sense warranted. She appears to have done what we all do in ordinary life as a matter of course, and without the slightest apprehension of reproval. If an understood right or usage is called in question—if a litigious attorney stirs up a farmer to dispute some point with his neighbour, but both shrink from the nearer prospect of a law-suit, and a compromise is agreed upon—any bystander, friendly to both, and conversant with life, would say, Very well, you would have been fools to go to law about such a trifle; but, now that you have come to a right mind on the matter, let us put your agreement into writing, that there may be no chance of any future quarrelling.

It is not our business to vindicate some apparently harsh and violent phraseology in the Russian State Papers. We are very sorry that a sense of dignity and decorum should not have excluded any such expressions. Neither can we affect to think that the strong measure of occupying at once the Danubian Principalities

Principalities should have at once been (if it has been) resorted to. At the same time we must recollect that we have not seen the sequence of communications between the Russian and Turkish governments, and cannot therefore guess how far the weaker power may have been foolish enough to provoke the stronger.

But we have yet another word to say—and it will bring us back to the reasonings of M. de Ficquelmont. Should we grant that Russia has, in this Eastern business, not merely adopted a style of diplomatic language unsuitable to her eminent position, but incurred the blame of a high-handed encroachment on a weaker state, with what grace, let us ask, do France and England proclaim such vehement indignation at her proceedings? We hear a vast deal about violation of the system of 1815, and contempt for the International Law of the civilized world. Who set the example of trampling under foot the treaties and the whole venerable code in question? Can we, for our immediate convenience, blot out the 'untoward' day of Navarino?—Can we pretend to forget the Belgian intervention of France and England in 1830?—Or the actual occupation of Rome by France?—Or the quiescence of both when the King of Prussia marched his army with the avowed purpose of wresting Schleswig-Holstein from the sovereignty of Denmark? Can we affect to forget how eagerly Lord Palmerston accepted the doctrine of the Turin diplomatists that the title of *Italian Prince* belonged of right to no one but Charles Albert and Pius IX.? Or that, after the first defeat of the Sardinians in Lombardy, it was the intervention of France and England which alone prevented the immediate pacification of Italy?—Or the numerous acts of violent interference at Leghorn, Naples, Palermo, and Messina, which stand blazoned in those huge Blue Books that will form the most lasting monument of Viscount Palmerston? If the Czar has need for defence, it is too little to say that it is ready for him, at all events, in the shape of a *Tu quoque*. His case, even as stated by his bitterest critics, is bright indeed in comparison with that of the self-elected vindicators of International Law.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis

*Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.**

It is impossible to review the series of Western interventions which so completely throw whatever can be alleged in the new Eastern matters into the shade, without allowing that M. de

* Some of our readers may perhaps thank us for mentioning a short pamphlet which reaches us too late to be used on this occasion by ourselves. It is entitled, 'Remarks on the Present Aspect of the Turkish Question, by a Member of the University of Oxford' (London, Masters, 1853). This is, we venture to say, as able and as instructive a little work as our press has recently produced.

Ficquelmont has a fair claim to be pardoned for the severity with which he comments on Lord Palmerston's activity in the least defensible of those interventions. Nevertheless we feel ourselves bound to protest against the *extent* of responsibility which our author attaches to the late Secretary for our Foreign Department. We find no difficulty in supposing that he may, at the outset at least, have quite honestly, however egregiously, misunderstood the character and designs of his continental clients. He may have been duped—as very many of his countrymen undoubtedly were at the time in question. In all their early speeches and writings designed to work upon our 'sympathy' and evoke our 'moral support,' the foreign leaders of revolts and revolutions knew enough of us not to hold themselves forth as our own political disciples—anxious for nothing but to shake off despotic sway and obtain institutions akin to our own. It is no wonder that M. de Ficquelmont should fail to comprehend the degree to which our preference for the representative system of legislation and government has become passionate—fixed and intense as any article of religious faith ever was anywhere. It is the popular panacea for all ills—it is the standard whereby all political good is measured. On this point popular credulity has no bounds. When we are assured (no matter on what authority) that any nation is struggling for representative government, to doubt its success is considered indifference to liberty; when it is reported that any people has been deprived of its constitution by its sovereign, to inquire into the circumstances is attachment to tyranny. We mention this neither as a boast nor an apology, but as a fact. The delusion is not confined to the mob—our statesmen share it. It was in all likelihood Lord Palmerston's sincere belief—and to this we must refer Count Ficquelmont for an explanation of the conduct which he attributes to a deep-laid scheme of commercial greediness. Commerce, we are convinced, had no influence whatever on the noble Lord's speculations—except that he very probably imagined its interests must ultimately be promoted by whatever increased the liberty and happiness of the world. How little justice there is in this reproach of selfish rapacity brought against us as a nation, we think our recent legislation might sufficiently prove. The emancipation of the negroes, attended as it was with the ruin of the West Indian colonies—in themselves a splendid Empire—and the great (however inadequate) sacrifices made to indemnify our planters; our open corn-markets; the repeal of the navigation laws;—whatever else may be thought of these measures, they evince most certainly no spirit of selfish monopoly.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of M. de Ficquelmont's work is that devoted to the characteristics of representative government, and to the great question of its fitness for the nations
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of the continent in their actual condition. Passing reluctantly over the preliminary disquisition, let us attend to his review of recent experiments abroad. The example of France is, of course, that which first suggests itself—standing as she undoubtedly does in the foremost rank, amidst the continental communities, in material civilisation and intellectual development. It seemed but natural to suppose that a country which had so lately passed through every excess of licence and anarchy, with all the subsequent humiliation of a military despotism, would zealously endeavour to preserve the wholly novel privileges of rational liberty at last bestowed upon it. For a time it did seem that such anticipations were realised. Under the constitution established by Louis XVIII. France recovered her misfortunes, and arrived at a state of prosperity she had never known before. But unfortunately the aristocratical element, so needful for amalgamating the other two, was entirely wanting. Thirty years of revolution, and the revolutionary laws of succession, had destroyed the hereditary fortunes; there was no means of forming an independent chamber of senators. The people, moreover, had generally imbibed a taste for excitement, which could neither be gratified nor checked by the mild rule of a constitutional government; and a long and sullen conspiracy prepared that new revolution—which would inevitably have exploded even if the infatuated imbecility of Charles X. and his advisers had not furnished the occasion and the apology. A wanton insult to the Chambers gave them a momentary popularity—it was nominally at least in their defence that the masses rose:—the army stood neuter—or at all events displayed very little zeal in behalf of the court. The court shrank ignominiously from the contest it had provoked, and the popular triumph was obtained at small expense. The Chambers imitated our Parliament of 1688 by calling a proximate scion of the royal race to the throne: but at this point resemblance ceases. While in England all unnecessary change was avoided, and usages and traditions were almost superstitiously observed; in France, for no reason but because the Constitution had given proof of its vitality and the Chambers of their independence, an immediate alteration in that Constitution and in those Chambers was determined. If by the Charter of 1815 the prerogative had not been strictly defined, the events of 1830 proved at least that any attempts at usurpation had been rendered hopeless. In the new charter the crown was shorn of its lustre—the House of Peers of whatever dignity and influence it had possessed; and the whole weight of power was lodged with the Chamber of Deputies, over which the ministers of the new *régime* were enabled to obtain an ignoble sway through the vast extent of patronage accumulated in their hands by a vicious system of centralization. It was soon

obvious that the 'best of republics' rested on no secure foundation. Had Louis Philippe possessed less dexterity, he must have fallen many years before he did; had he been of stern and remorseless nature, he might have withstood the various elements united against him in February, 1848—at once dismissed the unmanageable Deputies—and avowed his resolution to reign by mere military force. His errors had been considerable—but he was incapable of such steps as these—and he fell—'*tout comme Charles X.*'

France, as if willing to be the warning and beacon to all Europe, next gave us the example of a country electing its chief magistrate and its *one* legislative Assembly by universal suffrage; the result presented rival powers for ever at variance—a factious Opposition and an ambitious President, both ready to risk the public prosperity in their personal quarrel; and then the termination of the contest by the suppression of the Assembly, the imprisonment or exile of its worthiest members, and the nomination of an absolute sovereign by another appeal to universal suffrage:—an act which has no parallel in the history of the world, excepting in Denmark, where, on the 10th of January, 1660, the great council issued and the people sanctioned a decree, declaring the monarch thenceforth exempt from all control or limit.

In this new French experiment we cannot pretend to see anything so clearly as the general feeling of hatred to the *Republic*—and the determination to have done with *that*. The one single and constant sentiment which seems to possess the mind of France to the exclusion of all others—which has never been forgotten in any convulsion—and which has hitherto saved her when on the brink of ruin—is the dread and horror of those scenes of blood of which the first revolution gave the example:—and for avoiding the recurrence of which no usurpation, no national humiliation whatsoever—so only it be home-made—is thought an intolerable price. An attempt to revive the monarchy in either of the branches of the house of Bourbon would, in all likelihood, have provoked the civil war which every one wished to escape. The name of *Buonaparte*, in spite of the poverty of its bearer's personal pretensions, was found to have unrivalled potency among the common people—whose votes overwhelmed any semblance of opposition—and the reflecting classes reconciled themselves to the election much as the ancient Romans did to that of a dictator—as a sad necessity imposed on them by the disjointed times—a temporary expedient, to be employed only till the menaced danger had been averted and legal government could be resumed.

M. de Ficquelmont naturally gives much space to the attempt that was made for the establishment of a representative government in Austria—and we are not surprised at the unqualified shame with which he regards that chapter of his national history.

During

During the long period between 1815 and 1848 Austria had enjoyed internal tranquillity and respect abroad; her resources had been developed under the beneficent encouragement of a great and patriotic minister; and that the government was mild and forbearing we think may be gathered from the fact that so many of its enemies were left at large to plot its overthrow. The empire, shattered and exhausted during the struggle with Napoleon, had recovered its elasticity; and the veteran premier, when he abdicated his power to appease the frenzy of the capital, bequeathed to the State a social organization so strong that it was enabled to resist a shock such, we believe, as no monarchy ever before successfully withstood.

We do not re-enter on M. de Ficquelmont's charges of anti-Austrian bigotry against the Whig Cabinet of that time—but we must repel some accompanying insinuations. If the Count seriously believes that any honest Englishman really approved the conduct of the Austrian revolutionary government, we quite understand his indignation. Some of the sanguine among our countrymen may have hoped that out of the confusion some reasonable system was to spring—but no one could regard with favour the oppression of the triumphant demagogues who dictated the measures of the feeble ministries that so rapidly succeeded each other, or the fantastic charters which were concocted from time to time, forced on those trembling occupants of powerless office, and by them, in sheer cowardice, recommended to the Crown. Such charters were neither fit for practice nor destined for it—and little blame can be laid upon those who cast them aside as soon as circumstances made it possible to do so.

The deliverance of the continent from anarchy was effected by various means—but all bearing more or less the appearance of a direct interposition of Providence in their favour. Austria and Prussia owed their redemption to the loyalty of their troops—Naples to the fidelity of her populace—and Piedmont to the defeat of her armies. We wish the princes so signally delivered would make a wise use of the term of grace that has been afforded them. They should banish all selfish schemes of aggrandisement—resist every temptation to foreign quarrel—convincing themselves that one and all have but one formidable and implacable enemy to dread and watch—namely, the spread of democratic fanaticism:—and, instead of disputing with each other about trifles, making every possible endeavour to reorganise their disjointed states, to satisfy the reasonable among their subjects with that share of freedom which can safely be granted, and above all, to restore to efficiency the courts of justice and remodel those institutions according to the exigencies of the present times.

times. We are aware that the task could be no easy one; but its difficulties are not insurmountable, and a patriotic minister, firmly grappling with them, would in the end be seconded by all the good sense and intelligence of his country.

Meanwhile we have too much cause to ponder over our own national prospects. It was during a period of great and general prosperity that the call for reform and amendment plunged the whole continent of Europe in confusion. It is in England during a state of still greater prosperity, that in very wantonness we are rushing towards the brink of ruin. This is not the less alarming because so many approach it without consciousness of the danger. The country, apathetically indifferent to what should arouse all its energies, seems to have resigned itself blindly to the guidance of a set of ministers held together, not by community of principles, but by the mere joint fruition of place: in our humble opinion, therefore, self-stripped *ab initio* of every claim on national confidence.

The English revolution of 1688 deprived the Crown of its direct power—that of 1831 grievously abridged its influence—but that about to be hazarded under the astounding auspices of Lord Aberdeen threatens its very existence. Let no man flatter himself that a new Bill of this class can be so constructed as to retain for property almost the least vestige of the political preponderance it still possesses. The democratic element must necessarily acquire a great accession of strength—and such an accession involves fresh reforms, fresh concessions, innovation upon innovation. It is not pretended that, for any purpose of good government or of social and administrative reform, a more popular constitution of the House of Commons is needed. Organic change, in the State and in the Church, is the avowed object of the democratic leaders—while statesmen grown grey in the ranks of our long-honoured Constitutional parties sit by to forward their *immediate* measure, and of course confuse, and probably neutralize, the natural repugnances of vast sections of real lovers of the old English system. Already we see what audacity the movement has gained. It has been discovered and proclaimed that a want of sympathy exists between the two Houses of Parliament, and that a reform to be effectual must extend to both. The public has been prepared for this attack by the declamations of demagogues and the insinuations of the press: how long a period, we ask, would elapse before it would be formally made in the re-reformed House of Commons, and carried, too, by so large a majority that the timid would not venture to resist?

The Radicals, of course, smile in scorn at the admission of a few

few of their minor factionaries into this omnivorous Cabinet. We have understood that Mr. Cobden openly boasts he himself might, at any time, take his seat at the Council-Table:—but prefers pulling the strings, and directing the movements of the *Coalition*, till they have prepared the way for a government of his own unmixed colour. When Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues have carried their Reform Bill, they will be dismissed as tools that have done their work; and by their successors in the system of *open questions* the maintenance of the monarchy may be considered as a subject for free discussion. But the monarchy is not the immediate, and still less the professed, point of attack. Its chief support, the landed aristocracy, is the first object of hostility. The repeal of the corn-laws derived all its value, in Mr. Cobden's eyes, from the persuasion that it would be a deadly blow to the landed interest; and he has since told us how keenly he is wounded by the neighbourhood of a 'park ten miles in circumference.' He forgets that the class is considerably more numerous which grudges the roast-beef and pudding of the tradesman, than of those who look with his angry eyes on the ancestral appurtenances of a Duke.

The recent example of France places in bold and prominent relief, as established facts, several conclusions to which the experience of our own reformed House of Commons was gradually leading us, but which our statesmen were unwilling to admit as painful to their feelings or repugnant to their reason. It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that the extent of the constituency secures respect or even vulgar enthusiasm for a legislative assembly. Without pausing to inquire whether, in our own case, the demeanour of the House of Commons, when more popularized, would be likely to deserve more reverence, experience shows that the masses rarely, in fact, contemplate their own work with anything but increasing distrust. The encroachments which the spirit of democracy brings with it make a purely democratic assembly hateful; the want of vigour and consistency makes it contemptible. By arrogating to itself the whole authority of the state, it assumes the whole responsibility, and has no one with whom to divide the odium of failure or misfortune. Even Ministers are no longer responsible for the measures of their own device—so much altered are they and disfigured in their progress through the House of Commons. The unpopularity which that House has already incurred is one of the most unfavourable symptoms of the times. Day by day we must observe the diminishing ambition among men of probity and intelligence—men whose station affords at least a decent pledge of such qualities—to obtain seats in it; the anxiety to uphold it intact without farther

farther debasement gives way before the most dangerous of fallacies, that 'it cannot be worse.'

Parliamentary Committees have been wearying themselves and disgusting the whole nation with exposures of the audacious and systematic spread, since Lord Grey's Reform Bill, of Electioneering *Corruption*: yet public men of rank and standing, distinctly acknowledging the date and origin of this increase in a most disgraceful crime, are found zealously urging a fresh and vast extension of the suffrage, as due to the general march of intellectual and moral advancement among the less wealthy classes. Some of these consistent statesmen even take the high ground that a share in Parliamentary elections is an inalienable birthright of Englishmen. This is certainly the simplest of all theories, and its practical conclusion is obvious; but if we grant its truth, we do not see on what grounds the possessors of such an inborn privilege can fairly be controlled in the exercise of it—why, in short, they should not have a perfect right to sell their vote as they would the product of their brain or the labour of their hands. But never was a more gross and impudent fallacy countenanced by persons of any education or reflection. The suffrage is an honourable trust—a privilege accorded to some for the benefit of all—and it has already been extended to the utmost limits compatible with justice to *any* class of our fellow-countrymen.

- ART. VII.—1. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford. Together with the Evidence and Appendix. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1852.*
2. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated March 15, 1852, for 'Copies or Extracts of all Communications since the Year 1840, between the Home Office and the Senate of the University, any of the Affiliated Colleges, and the Committee of Graduates respectively, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852.*
 3. *Recommendations respecting the Extension of the University of Oxford; adopted by the Tutors' Association. January 1853.*
 4. *Recommendations respecting the Constitution of the University of Oxford; adopted by the Tutors' Association. April 29, 1853.*
 5. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review. Corrected, Vindicated, and Enlarged. In Notes and Appendices. 1852. London, Longmans.*
 6. *Observations on College Leases. By Charles Neate, M.A., Barrister—*

Barrister-at-law, Fellow and late Treasurer of Oriel College.
London, J. H. Parker. 1853.

WITH so large a subject before us as that which the Report of the Oxford Commission opens out, we shall not devote much time, though some is due, to two preliminary considerations connected with it, the appointment of a Commission at all, and the selection of Commissioners.

The decision of Lord John Russell in 1850 to institute inquiries into the state of the English universities and the colleges, is one which, on several accounts, cannot in itself be regarded as matter for just complaint. Bodies which have been for a long time preserved from public scrutiny owe generally their first turn for it, when it does come, to ministers whose allegiance to old institutions is ambiguous or suspected. More conservative ministers are not disposed to begin an interference with an old order of things. But though, for this reason, the first act of inquiry generally comes under unfavourable auspices, and creates just suspicions, it cannot be maintained that inquiry itself is to be complained of. The State must have the right to examine into the condition of all those institutions—whether more or less public ones, Universities or Colleges, it does not signify—that enjoy its protection, and in the proper working of which the interests of its own subjects are involved ; and that right of inspection must be accompanied by the right to effect such arrangements as are necessary to make those institutions efficient, and make them fulfil the ends for which they were designed. Such a right is much less than that general visitatorial right which all our old divines support as inherent in the State, only giving it to the Crown, whereas in the present day the power of the State has a more complex representative. It is much less than ‘that power paramount,’ which Bramhall gives to the Crown, ‘to see that all persons do their duties in their callings,’ and which he illustrates by the case of the master of a family. ‘In a great family there are several offices, as a divine, a physician, a schoolmaster, and every one of these is supreme in his own way ; yet the master of the family hath an economical power over them all, to see that none of them do abuse their trust.’ It cannot be maintained that public bodies should go on for ever without any inspection, and be left wholly to themselves. There must be the right somewhere to look after them, otherwise the greatest abuses are both certain and irremediable. It may be said that the colleges have their visitors, to whom this task belongs. But the visitor is a part of the body which he visits. The whole body, including its visitor, must be subject to this higher visitatorial power. Nor can we perhaps justly complain of this power in the present instance,

instance, as interfering unseasonably, wantonly, and vexatiously, if it interferes, as we believe it does, now for the first time, since the colleges were founded.

But it is proper to stop an unsound inference, which may be drawn from the admission of such a right in the State. Some persons seem disposed to think that, if the right of Parliament to interfere with the university and colleges be allowed, such a concession involves its right to interfere in any way and for any purpose, to override founders' wills at pleasure, and treat the institutions as so much crude material. It is hardly necessary to observe, in answer to such an inference, that Parliament, like any body of less power, is bound to act upon principles of equity; and that, if attention to founders' wills is a part of equity, such attention is obligatory upon Parliament. And equally false would be the step from such a visitatorial right in the State to a right of perpetual ordinary control, a reduction of the universities to a department of the Home Office. A particular condition, to which independent and self-governing corporations are subject, does not destroy their very basis as such. Nor does the admission of the right of Parliament to visit the University and Colleges decide anything as to the form of visitation, or the part left to the visited bodies themselves, as deliberators on and constructors of their own reforms.

Such a visitatorial power in the State being admitted, the question is next whether the appointment of a Royal Commission was a proper mode of exercising it. On this question there are arguments *pro* and *con*. There are strong arguments against a Royal Commission as a mode of exerting this visitatorial power. The legality of a Royal Commission for such a purpose is disputed in the first place, and a disputed authority is necessarily an insufficient one, and not large enough for the occasion. According as it is acknowledged or not, its questions are or are not answered. But the very purpose for which a commission of inquiry is instituted is to get at the whole state of the case as regards the subject-matter of it, and this can only be done by obtaining sound information from all quarters. In the next place, a Royal Commission, as being the simple creation of the minister of the day, is liable to prostitution to the grossest party purposes. It is an engine in the hands of any minister who may choose so to use it, or of any party or clique whose political support may extort the use of it from him, to collect party evidence on a subject and clothe it with the solemnities of truth, and, under the pretence of examining a question, entirely to pre-judge it. We have had an instance of this lately in the Commission to collect evidence on the question of an alteration in
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the law of marriage. On the other hand, a Royal Commission offers great facilities and conveniences even to a minister who wishes to make no more than a fair and conscientious use of it; enabling him to enter upon inquiry with greater delicacy and at the same time greater despatch; and both sides have, for the last twenty years, furnished precedents for the use of such machinery—precedents which Lord Derby has followed in the appointment of the Commission to inquire into the state and objects of the Cathedral foundations.

But, if no great complaint can be made of the appointment itself of a Royal Commission for the Universities, it is not so easy to excuse, in the case of Oxford, the selection of the Commissioners. Undoubtedly this matter had its difficulties. A perfectly equal selection it was perhaps Utopian to expect from a minister in Lord John Russell's position; and this being the case, it was difficult, had he wished it, to prevent that selection from being extremely one-sided; for counterbalancing names will not allow their own insertion unless there is some security for the balance being a fair one, or lend themselves for the purpose of a show, to give an appearance of impartiality to a board at which a majority is secured against them. It was rumoured at the time that the Premier had offered seats in the Commission to some distinguished persons of opposite views to his own, who, perhaps for the reason just mentioned, declined the honour. But, though a kind of self-productive unfairness thus attaches to a Royal Commission, need it have assumed that unfortunate shape which it does in the case before us? We do not dispute the ability or the sincerity of those gentlemen who were selected by Lord John Russell to conduct the Oxford Commission. We see able scholarship, successful literature, and general information represented there. But nobody can give half a glance at these names without seeing that they represent a particular religious school which is identified with the names of Whately and Arnold. With the single exception of the late Mr. Dampier's name—a Cantabrigian one, and engrafted, nobody has explained how, on an Oxonian board—there is not one name on this commission which is not, to an Oxford eye, a familiar and even a trite decoration of that school. Considering the dignity and rank of the university as an institution, the weight of its associations, its ancient honours, its lofty names, its largeness, its solidity, its great religious and historical position in the country, it was hardly an act of common respect to select a board which was to sit in a critical and judicial attitude upon it exclusively from one school of religious speculation, of recent growth, and no considerable numbers. But whether the selection of these names was made
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by the Premier with a design, or was forced upon him by the unwillingness of less partial ones, of equal distinction, to serve on this occasion, the result, as regards the university at large, is the same. It is impossible to approach the deliberations of a board, so one-sided in fact as this is, with those expectations and prepossessions with which the labours of a commission of inquiry ought to be welcomed. The office of examining, judging, and reforming a university was not one to be put into the hands of a knot of men representing one particular set of views. Even if such a body feels the duty of assuming a recipient and impartial attitude, it cannot do it. A school does not know what its own hobbies are, that is to say, it knows that it has certain favourite ideas, but it is obliged to think them, as such, not hobbies, but important truths. Put a particular school of thought then in exclusive possession of a commission, and we know what we may, in the natural order of things, expect.

But the time is over for such reflections as these. The Oxford Commission, on whatever authority based, and of whatever names composed, has been appointed, has deliberated, has collected evidence, and has published a Report. It is not our business now to apprehend results from an imperfect authority or a partial construction, when we can see with our eyes whether these have come or not. The conclusions at which the commission has arrived are before us; and, being so, it does not signify a straw from what quarter they have come; the only important question is, what are they?

The remarks which we shall make on the Report before us, will fall mainly under the heads of the constitution of the university, university education, university extension, the professoriate, and the college foundations; though, when followed up, some of these so intermix and slide into each other that we shall not be able to keep them wholly apart. But while we yield to the natural inter-dependence of our subject-matter, we shall endeavour to check its oscillation, and preserve its main limits and channels.

The question of the government of the university is undoubtedly one of the first importance, and especially one portion of it. Upon the mode in which the legislative function in the university is divided and assigned, will depend in a great measure both the quality and the despatch of university legislation. Nor can we on the whole doubt that the existing arrangement in the University of Oxford is capable of improvement. But the proposal of the Commissioners on this head appears to us to exhibit a fundamental misconception of the nature of a good university legislative.

The aim in a university legislative is to combine a small initiating with a popular ratifying assembly. A popular ratifying assembly is wanted, because the constitution of the ancient university is essentially popular. A small initiative is wanted, as an arrangement of convenience. Had all the members of the popular assembly the right of proposing new measures, it is probable many of them would exercise it. There would, therefore, be a large expenditure of time and labour on the part of individuals in getting up propositions, and on the part of the whole body in listening to and discussing them. To prevent so serious an inconvenience, a small initiative is required. This is the natural construction then of a university legislative, and this is the construction of the existing legislative at Oxford. There may be a doubt whether its composition is an advantageous one, none whether its smallness is. But the Commissioners propose for a new initiative a body consisting of more than a hundred persons, that is, of more than one-half of the resident members of convocation. The sixty professors and under-professors are thrown in *en masse* in the first place, next the twenty-four heads of houses, and then twenty-four college tutors. It is plain with what enormous cost to the university so large an initiative must operate; the great expenditure of the individual's time and labour, the still greater of the body's. It is true, indeed, that the power of initiating is not given to every individual in this assembly, but only to a 'fixed number' left undetermined; and this is some check on the operation of this privilege, but it is a feeble one. Every individual member of this assembly has part of the university initiative in his hands, how large a one depends on what the above number required to agree in the exertion of it may be. If any member then wants to initiate, he has only to call on his friends and talk till he has got enough to agree, and it will be odd if, in so large a body as this, with so many young and active men in it, there will not be a sufficient number of stirring heads to keep the assembly going. We could not reasonably calculate on any long dozes, and its wakefulness would, in consequence of its size, consume an immense quantity of academical time and energy.

Of the reasons for constructing so large an initiative, the first is the advantage of avoiding periodical elections. A small board involves a representative basis; representation would involve election, and periodical elections are an evil. This is not a sufficient reason. There may be a disadvantage in periodical elections, but the disadvantage is not nearly so great a one as that of a widespread initiative, and the endless discussions of a large assembly. If electors are well chosen and the machinery of electing is judicious,

cious, periodical elections need not produce disorder or excitement. The caput at Cambridge has been all along elective, and the recommendation of the syndicate has now, with the entire approbation of Her Majesty's Commissioners for that University, substituted for that board, in the legislative department, an equally elective council. To be frightened at a small election once a year, and to welcome the noise of a hundred-headed assembly all the year round, is to be penny wise and pound foolish. The second reason to justify the size of this assembly is an alleged wish for numbers on the part of the university at large. 'If the numbers of the board,' say the Commissioners, 'were either diminished or left as at present, we think that much the same complaints would be raised against it as against the existing board; members of convocation would not be satisfied to have the sole right of initiating in *so small a body*.' No one sentence could have shown a greater misapprehension of the whole ground on which the dissatisfaction with the existing initiative has arisen. This ground is not the smallness of the Hebdomadal Board, but its composition. A board is popular or not, not according to its size, but its basis, and a smaller board on a representative basis is more popular than a much larger one on an oligarchical. The hold of the public over it in election, and the circumstance that its members are not permanent but shifting, are an ample compensation for confinement of number. The Tutors' Association recommends another kind of initiative board in the place of the present one, but not a larger one.

Another reason which has weight in this arrangement exhibits creditable feeling, but, we think, rather misdirected. It appears then that Her Majesty's Commissioners have been influenced by the romantic wish to revive in its original functions a certain assembly called 'congregation,' which still forms a part of the ancient routine of the university, and is supposed once to have had importance. It is true not much is known of this old assembly, and the Commissioners do not profess to be guided by more than temperate conjecture. There is, however, ground for supposing that in times not long, we believe, posterior to the Heptarchy, this assembly, which consisted of the body of masters, was the single house of legislature in the university. The Commissioners then are anxious, in reforming the present legislature of the university, to go back to the original type, and in this new assembly of professors, heads, and tutors they profess to present us with a remodelled 'House of Congregation, the real representative of the primæval legislature of the literary republic of Oxford.' Now, in the first place, it does, we submit, require an effort to see in an assembly of professors, heads of colleges, and

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tutors the primæval legislature of Oxford: the original substance has undergone so much transformation that some power of abstraction is required to follow its identity. But, even if it is, does that 'literary republic' want its 'primæval legislature' back again? Supposing she had such a legislature, which is problematical, she has abandoned it for a certainty, for a legislature of another sort; and we may presume that if she abandoned it, it was for good reasons. She may have found by experience that such a legislature was noisy, talkative, and rapacious of that time and attention which were due elsewhere; and she may for these reasons have divided the single large house of legislature into two, a smaller one to initiate, and a larger one to ratify. At any rate, the fact is certain that such a change did take place. There may then be good reasons why this later constitution of the university legislature should from time to time undergo modifications; why a certain initiative called the 'Black Congregation,' which existed before the present Hebdomadal Board, should be exchanged for that board, and why now that board in its turn should give way for some other; but, if we are to take experience for our guide, there can be no reason why we should give up this latter constitution itself for one that existed antecedently to it, and go back to a primitive model which has been deliberately abandoned. Such a course might please an antiquarian, but practical sense would reject it. Why should the revival of a primæval legislature be more convenient to the university than it would be to the nation? There was once a Witenagemot; there was once a national legislature which met under the shade of an oak. Offer a 'primæval legislature' to society in a primæval state, whether originally or by relapse; to the republic of Venezuela, the Bolivian and Chilian republics, the Argentine republic, the republic of Paraguay. But the 'literary republic' of Oxford will not be duly grateful for one.

But the Commissioners having formed these hundred men into an assembly for debating on university matters, begin to be afraid—not that they have, for of that they seem to have no misgiving—but that others may possibly *suppose* that they have instituted a 'debating society.' They proceed to assure us that that is impossible: 'the character and the station of the persons designated as members of this assembly being an ample guarantee against such a result.' But what guarantee is this? Their characters may be all that can be desired; but if you put a hundred men in a room for the purpose of debating, how is it derogatory to their characters to debate? How are 'character and station' any guarantee even against the obstinacy, the tediousness, and the wanderings of a speaker? You must remember too that the
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members of this assembly, professors, heads of houses, college tutors, are men who are, or ought to be accustomed to be listened to in their own departments. Nor does the system any more than the individuals afford a check to the diffuseness of debate. The commissioners may appeal to the system of delegacies or committees, and stop such objectors as ourselves with the 'easy answer' that 'all deliberative assemblies appoint committees to report on measures submitted to them.' But an easy answer is not always a satisfactory one. The introduction of a committee midway does not prevent long debates at the two ends. The assembly, which is responsible for the final result, must decide it, and that decision can only be arrived at by debate. This assembly then is a debating society: but the commissioners may now turn round and say,—certainly it is in your sense of the term, but that sense is one in which the highest assembly in the country, the house of parliament, is equally a debating society; and therefore no disadvantage to the University is involved in it being this. But we answer that this assembly may be a debating society in the sense in which parliament is, and yet be very disadvantageous to the University. A great nation can afford to keep six hundred legislators in fighting order, but a University, out of two hundred residents, cannot afford to maintain a hundred legislators. The parliamentary legislator is a legislator by profession, and can therefore devote his time to that work without interference with other duties; but the University one is a legislator only incidentally to a regular profession and employment of another kind.

But besides this principal evil connected with such a University legislature, there are others. A small initiative council raises no unpleasant sense of exclusion in the minds of the rest of the University not belonging to it: all know that everybody cannot be on a board of a dozen, or twenty, however enviable may be the privilege, and the mass take their exclusion from it as a matter of course. But make your initiative assembly consist of half the resident members of convocation, and the other half will feel their exclusion from it. Men who are neither professors, heads of houses, nor senior tutors, are not thereby destitute of intelligence or activity. A junior tutor, a simple fellow, will have their ideas on University questions, but they will on this arrangement meet every day their equals who are in this assembly, while they themselves are out of it. Such a University legislative appears ingeniously contrived so as to combine the two opposite evils of an oligarchy and a democracy; it is extravagantly wide, and it is invidiously exclusive. This assembly, large as it is, is at the same time a large oligarchy; its members

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are all officials—the simple degree is not admitted there; nor, even regarded as an assembly of officials, is it fairly composed. The Commissioners secure for their favourite order a preponderance; the professoriate is placed whole in it to the number of some sixty; the board of heads of houses whole; but when they come to the tutorial body, they make it sit by a representation of twenty-four or less than a third. For it occurs to them that this board is growing in dimensions, and ‘would be inconveniently enlarged by the admission of the whole body;’ a sensible discovery doubtless, and far from a surprising one; but why was not this discovery of size made before? Why are they prodigal of room to a newly created and untried professoriate, and just seized with a fit of parsimony when the tutorial body, the existing and working teachers of the place, are to be seated?

But we have not quite done with this subject. We respect the feeling which has led the commission to leave standing side by side with this new house of legislature the existing ones. If it was love of the ancient, it was poetry; if it was the desire to conciliate, it was good manners. But the cold rules of reason decidedly forbid the reformer, whether of states or universities, when he gives a new constitution, to leave the old one standing. It is evident that this new legislative assembly, if created at all, ought to be created as a substitute for the existing legislature of the University, and not as an addition to it; its largeness obviously emulates convocation, and its privilege of initiating gives it the place of the Hebdomadal Board. Moreover, it professes to be, restored and remodelled, the University’s ‘primæval’ house of legislature, which was its single house of legislature. As such it is not suited for company with other houses and boards, but should have the stage to itself. But the Commissioners erect this new assembly to go on in company with convocation, whose final ratification will still be required, and with the Hebdomadal Board, which is to continue to possess its initiative. Now this second initiative is a sham. The Board of Heads is told that it ‘retains its right of initiating,’ because the Commission gives it the right of initiating into this new, large, initiative assembly. But an initiative into a *final* assembly, which is the present privilege of this board, is a totally different thing from an initiative into an initiative one. To be sure, they add, it is no longer ‘the *exclusive* right of initiating’ which this board enjoys, because the same is enjoyed by a fixed number of any *other* members of this new assembly. But it is mockery to speak of a right thus wholly altered in substance and in tenure, as if it were substantially the same privilege as before, with only an accidental alteration: nor are we advocates of the Hebdomadal Board here, but only of

correct language. But the second convocation could not be counted on, notwithstanding any secret wishes of the Commissioners on this subject, as a sham. A minority in the new legislative assembly might easily become the majority in convocation and reject a measure which that former large assembly had been discussing for a whole term. We have then two constitutions going on at once; two initiatives if you will; two convocations. A Dutchman in sixteen pairs of breeches would be less encumbered and incommoded than would be the University with this reduplication of legislative machinery. A more clumsy, cumbersome, confused, and absurd apparatus seldom issued from the brain of the most professed constitution maker. We are reminded of those grotesque forms in animal nature—the representatives of an antediluvian stage of creation, which, instead of regular limbs, exhibit unmeaning bulgings and excrescences, and which, after much attention, leave us undecided whether the deformed or the eccentric predominates in them. Her Majesty's Commissioners may be deep philosophers, but they are very bungling statesmen. 'This plan,' they say, 'has not been proposed in its complete form by any one person, but has been framed after a careful examination of *several schemes*;'—as if it was a great recommendation of a constitution, that, instead of consistently representing any one scheme, it should be a medley of all.

The truth is, these gentlemen have plainly had no guiding principle in constructing this new University constitution. They have been at the mercy of 'proposed schemes'—at the mercy of their own fancies. They have also had a general wish to stuff in professors, and, having put in these to the number of sixty, they were obliged in decency to allow some others to appear in this assembly. That guiding principle we have already laid down as being the combining of a small initiative with a popular ratifier. We think, however, that the present initiative may be advantageously altered for a representative one. The call for such a change has been the natural result of an increase of life and activity in the University; nor is the position of the present Board one which even its founder ever intended. Laud formed the heads into a Board, as a convenient medium between himself and the University; but he governed the University himself: and both his and Strafford's theory of government was the continental rather than English theory—of a great central power, directing and controlling all institutions. The theory fell before Saxon feeling mixed with Puritan; and the Board has consequently remained to this day wanting the complement which was originally designed for it. We will not, however, undertake

to decide the proportions which convocation and the heads of houses should have at a representative Board. The constitution of the new Cambridge council gives only three seats out of fifteen to this body, but a larger share is due to the Oxford heads upon their old domain.

From the constitution of the University we turn to the still more important question of University education.

The recent reform movement in the University has on this subject raised some indefinite expectations which ought first to be examined. Ideas of revival are strong now. It has been asked, why should not the Universities resume their ancient intellectual leadership, and be again the centres of national science and literature. They were real Universities in the middle ages, now they are not; they do not teach everything; they have allowed large branches of education to slip out of their hands; but they must recal them. The vision of Oxford, with her thirty thousand students again, is thus made to rise before us; and we are told not to be content till we see her filling, out of her stock of pupils, all the professions of the country. Now, in one sense, and we think the most important one, the Universities have maintained all along, and do now maintain, the intellectual leadership here pointed to; in another sense, it is quite impossible they should.

Our Universities cannot now be the general centres of science, the dominant schools for every branch of knowledge. They were, indeed, in the middle ages; but the modern machinery of printing and publishing did not exist then; and persons who had anything to communicate on any subject naturally went to the Universities, simply as places which collected men together, and brought them within the compass of a man's voice. But, what is still more important to observe, the sciences themselves were in so narrow and meagre a condition. Mediæval science was in the first place dogmatic. We do not mean by this that it laid down certain fundamental positions as true, and taught them in the schools—for science must always do this; but that it taught these positions as true without any proof of them, or any appeal to the pupil's reason, as the ground of such teaching. Thus it laid down that there were four elements, that each element tended to its own place, an absolute heavy and an absolute light, the difference between a violent and a natural motion, that some kinds of motion were better than others, that all Nature's movements were the best. A set of axioms was handed down in physical science which the pupil was required to accept, simply because they were there—because some great man had asserted them, and nobody had yet disputed them. He

gave a blind assent to them, just as if he was looking at a brick wall; he did not *see* they were true, that was impossible, for they did come into contact with his reason and scientific perceptions. That state of the human mind which did not make a distinction between physical science and religion in this respect, is indeed a strange one to us at the present day. Dogmas in theology are a wall to us indeed, but they are reasonable because the subject-matter of theology is admitted to be incomprehensible. But science has only to do with such truth as the mind admits into itself, unites itself to, and perceives. To be content therefore, in science, with looking at a wall is simple stupidity—a want of consciousness, on the mind's part, of the very act which it is performing, and the process it is conducting. Mediæval science was, however, to a large extent dogmatic; and one result, which it is very relevant to the present question to observe, followed from this, viz., that science could be contained and taught in books. If a position stands simply upon authority, and does not appeal to any proof by experiment, all that is necessary for the true and proper teaching of it is, that it should be put down upon paper, clearly and grammatically. The pupil then is put in possession of the truth, and there is nothing more to be done.

Again, mediæval science was logical. Science, even physical, cannot, it is true, get on without logic, or what may be called such. The metaphysical sort of reasoning is required in it, for physical science is not a matter-of-fact affair simply, it is concerned with ideas, and therefore such reasoning is wanted in it as is necessary for bringing out ideas. The ideas, *e. g.*, of pressure and mechanical force, or, in other words, the perceptions of these facts, can only be pursued and developed by an act of the brain which may be called an act of reasoning. Again, physical science requires such reasoning as is implied in inductions; for, however many facts it may have collected, it can only extract laws from them by a pure act of the mind. The best science therefore requires logic, but it is logic upon a solid basis of nature, certain laws, or large observations. There is another mode of treating a subject which is called especially logical, when not only the reasoning, but the basis upon which the reasoning goes, is got out of the man's own brain. This method does not, indeed, really use at all more logic than the other, only differing from it in the basis and not in the amount of its reasoning; it is called however, *par éminence*, logical in a spurious and absurd sense, simply as being more internal and speculative. And, in the same way, the philosophy which argues summarily from a very small basis of fact, is called specially a logical philosophy, not because it reasons more, but because it knows less.

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In this sense, then, mediæval science was logical, that is to say, it fabricated axioms and argued upon them as if they were true ones; it had but a small experience, and it built as much upon it as if it were the largest. The proof of the motions of the heavenly bodies was thus a logical one. The movements of nature are the best movements; the best movements are continuous; continuous movements are circular; therefore the movements of the heavenly bodies are perfectly circular. The theory of gravitation was a logical one. Heavy is contrary to light; exterior is opposite to centre; but the heavy tends to the centre; therefore the light tends to the exterior. This was the explanation how fire went upwards and lead downwards—the assumptions in it being an absolute heavy and light, and the tendency of the heavy to the earth's centre. Thus Gilbert complained that preceding naturalists had settled the material of the earth's centre by abstract reasonings; and the relative density of the four elements was determined upon a scale as fictitious and hypothetical as the selection of the four. When the axioms of mediæval science again were not mere assumptions, but originally derived from experience, experience had long ceased to superintend them. They went on from age to age, never qualified, corrected, or enlarged. 'The axioms,' says Bacon, 'now in use are derived from a scanty handful, as it were, of experience, and a few particulars of frequent occurrence, whence they are of much the same dimensions or extent as their origin. And if any neglected or unknown instance occurs, the axiom is saved by some frivolous distinction, when it would be more consistent with truth to amend it.' Mediæval science, then, was dogmatic and logical, and as such it had its principal seat, not in external nature, but either in books or in the human brain.

To take the department of medicine—the mediæval physician had studied his science not in nature, but in books. Was anything the matter with you?—he had read the approved writings of antiquity—he brought his book mentally with him to your bedside, he examined you by the authorised signs and prognostics, and when the book had discovered your complaint, the book provided the cure. The interior of the human body was not seen till the beginning of the fourteenth century; and when Mondino had described it, the better physicians read Mondino. The knowledge of medicines was got from books. 'The Arabs,' says Van Helmont, 'the Gentiles, the Barbarians, the wild men of the woods and the Indians, have used more observation in collecting their simples than all the Europeans, who, since the days of Dioscorides the soldier, the contemporary of Plato, have added nothing to the knowledge of herbs. We follow spurious and false traditions

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—we read books—but do not observe. The Father of Lights is to be supplicated that He vouchsafe to give us such knowledge as He gave Bezaleel and Aholiab, for the glory of His name, and our neighbour's welfare. But it is to be feared that He who permitted the works of Solomon to perish will reserve the knowledge of simples till the coming of Elijah.' This gloomy anticipation has not been fulfilled, but that it was entertained is sufficiently significant. The consequence of such a dependence of medical science on books is obvious. So long as nature coincided with Hippocrates you had a chance of a decent cure; but if she once ventured to diverge from him, your prospect was a bad one. If she indulged in a new complaint, or in other symptoms of an old one, such independence was fatal. Neither the complaint nor the symptoms were in Hippocrates. Then where were they?—Nowhere. Such unauthorised intruders were ignored, and it was unreasonable in a patient to die. A tremendous disease, like the sweating sickness, would occasionally indeed overleap this barrier of etiquette, and a powerful upstart would extort a recognition by the largeness of the scale on which he worked, but minor effects were not attended to.

But you were lucky if you got a doctor who prescribed for you from Hippocrates, and attempted no other course; for Hippocrates was an observer, and handed down some valuable knowledge of nature. You might fall into the hands of a logical practitioner, and then your fate was sealed. The logical physician argued from certain primary ideas of disease, or rather from the necessary meanings of certain terms used to express this or that disease. Thus, heat was considered to be involved in the very idea of fever, included in the very meaning of the term. To remove the fever, therefore, the doctor must let out the heat in the body; and the heat being in the blood, he must therefore bleed the patient copiously. It was in vain to argue that fever could not be fundamentally heat, because in some stages of a fever the patient's teeth chattered with cold: the argument was answered by the distinction that these stages of a fever were not the real fever, or that the cold that was felt in them was not real cold, but only a simulation of it. The definition of fever thus stood its ground against the witness of nature, and the alleged meaning of a word was deferred to as if it was a truth of fact, and a system of medical practice founded upon it. But once separate science from the observation of nature, and it will run into absurdities, which were never dreamed of at the first divergence. The discipline of attention to facts can alone keep up the standard of common sense. In the absence of all check, medical science left the common world altogether, and became astrological.

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Men whom Van Helmont thought worthy of exposure wanted exceedingly to make out that there were only twelve diseases, because the twelve signs of the Zodiac would in that case supply a remedy apiece—an arrangement which would reduce their healing power to a beautiful simplicity. But the testimony of nature being too strong against this scantiness of human suffering, each sign was divided into three parts, each of which superintended its appropriate complaint. A patient then, who had a disease which was neither fever, gout, quinsy, jaundice, hypochondria, nor any of the thirty-six select complaints which were favoured with places in the system, was badly off; the Zodiac, from Aries to Pisces, was shut against him: an approximation was hazardous, but it was the only course left; let him consent to a pleurisy, and he could be accommodated in the Scorpion. These sages penetrated to realms above and realms below; they cultivated relations with every portion of the universe except that particular one which was enclosed within the sick man's body before them. They soared to influences in the uppermost regions of the fifth essence, they pierced to sympathies and antipathies in the bowels of the earth, they were at home with the antagonisms of the poles; their inquisitive philosophy just stopped short of one inquiry, viz. into the state of your, their patient's, liver. These sublime intelligences dwelt, at an infinite distance from fact, among universal forms, among primæval genera, and abstractions. A conical cap, a furred robe, might be at your bedside, but the sage's head was outside not only of your apartment, but the tangible universe itself, deciding under which of the three predicables disease came—quantity, quality, or relation. It is true you might die while this important question was being decided; but it would be a great consolation to you that your slippery antagonist was in a fair way to be caught and well squeezed in the Aristotelian vice.

But the extravagances of mediæval science only deserve notice as showing the hollowness of the basis on which the science itself rested. The nature of that basis was dogmatic and logical, and upon that basis arose the large and unlimited pretensions of a mediæval university. So long as science was dogmatic, it could be taught in books; so long as it was logical, it could be worked out in the brain; and no other help besides these two was required for its cultivation. The immediate consequence of such a basis was that every university could truly teach all the sciences; because every university had books, and the pupils came provided with brains. But as soon as the discovery was made that the observation of nature was necessary to physical science, the unlimited pretensions of the University had to submit to a new test.

test. Had the University, as such, this new conductive to physical science?—It had not. It had not for this reason, that the University was not a *place* in which nature could be seen. Logic is independent of place, for the process of reasoning is the same everywhere; but for observation sight is necessary, and sight is dependent on place. One large and most important branch of physical science immediately left the University on this very ground—medicine. The University could not supply the medical student with the human subject, the examination and dissection of which was, on the new system, necessary to his end. The large hospital could only be had in a large city, the largest only in a capital, and a university need not, as such, be situated in a large or a capital city. But medicine did not retire alone: the chemist found in the metropolis more skilful workmen to construct a large, cumbersome, and ever-growing apparatus than he could in a provincial town. Moreover, though the common phenomena of nature are everywhere, her curiosities are not. These are brought from distant corners of the earth, and formed into collections, and of these a metropolis is the most natural recipient. And the metropolis collects men as well as specimens. The steps of scientific travellers are, on their return home, turned thither, and a centre and fountain-head of intelligence is formed there respecting all nature extraordinary. But the chemist, the mineralogist, the geologist are concerned with extraordinary as well as ordinary nature: their direction therefore is to the metropolis.

But the sciences are not moved by separate influences only, but by social. Let any one great secession take place, and the seceder will draw others after it, on the principle of company. But the medical was such a secession. It is not to be denied that, however much people may care about science in the abstract, they care a great deal more about their skins; and a man who has the rheumatism or the gout will feel that it is of more consequence to him that his complaint should be cured, than that a new planet should be discovered. Based upon this solid appeal to self-interest, the medical becomes necessarily the most populous branch of physical science. It is co-extensive with society, and has a home where the rest are but guests. Measuring science, therefore, by the numbers of those engaged in it, the bulk of physical science has now left the University. There is more than a nucleus, a whole continent, formed elsewhere, round which the less bulky sciences naturally gather. Chemistry especially attaches itself to medicine, because its assistance is essential to it. Mechanics and astronomy have indeed no such reason for leaving the University; nor have they the reason of the observation of nature; for the great laws of nature, with which
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alone they are concerned, are the same everywhere, and the stars may be seen in one place as well as another: but they naturally choose their head-quarters at the principal seat of physical science, wherever that may be. Thus, for one reason or another, either for purposes of their own which they cannot execute elsewhere, or on motives of sympathy and fraternity—because all scientific men have a common ground as such, and like to congregate together—the physical sciences migrate to and establish their head-quarters at the metropolis.*

It was then from no negligence which we can repair, no mistake or mischance which we can correct, it was from simple and absolute necessity that the University ceased to be the head-quarters of science, and delivered her leadership in that department into other hands. That change was the result of the publication of the *Novum Organon*; of the establishment of the sciences on the Baconian basis, in the place of their old one. Nor can that leadership be restored unless the old basis of the sciences is restored with it; in which case the public must be prepared to submit again to the science of the schools, to the physics of Aristotle, Averroes, and Avicenna, to another theory of gravitation, and to a noble death under the treatment of medicinal logic.

These considerations settle to a great extent the question of professional education, for the sake of which they were introduced. The University can give a professional education in those lines for which the required knowledge is contained in books. It can educate schoolmasters classical and mathematical, because classics and mathematics are contained in books: it can educate clergymen, because theology is contained in books. And thus much professional education our Universities give, though for peculiar reasons their theological is a meagre one. But the University cannot give an effective scientific education for the reasons which we have given; and for much the same reasons it cannot give a strictly professional education in law. Our Universities were schools of law indeed in the middle ages, but it was of the Canon and Civil laws, which were systematized and contained in books. English law is not properly contained in books, but rather in a living system of details and applications, which must be learned on the actual field of litigation, in the attorney's office, the conveyancer's chambers, and the courts. The Universities never taught, even in the middle ages, English law, but left it to the inns of court.

* For some valuable thoughts on this subject see Mr. Mansell's evidence attached to the Oxford Report.

The German Universities indeed discharge the office, of which we have been relieving the English, and give a professional education to the whole of Germany; but it must be remembered, for the distinction is important on the present question, that they do not do it as so many single Universities, but as an aggregate or corporation of such institutions. A University may undoubtedly give a professional education, only, if it gives one, it does so not as such, but as a University which happens to be placed in a large or capital city. In Germany the Universities in the capitals give the medical education; those in the smaller towns are mainly for classics and theology. Moreover, the German student is a nomad; he goes to one University for one purpose, to another for another; and the civil arrangement which, over-leaping the boundaries of states, incorporates the Universities in one system, making the professor's certificate of one valid for a degree in another, enables him to do this. The University in the small town of Giessen thus collected the large chemical classes of Liebig, which it subsequently handed over to the hospitals of Berlin. But the English student prefers the more convenient plan of attending his chemical and medical professors in the same place. Nor were Liebig himself to lecture in Oxford, would he probably continue there long, but would go to the world of scientific students in London before that world came to Oxford to him. And it is a significant fact that Liebig has left Giessen and gone to Munich. A nation of course can and will provide for its own professional education; but the professional education which the German University system, turned expressly to this use by law and possessing in its certificates the sole legal entrance into all the professions, supplies, is the achievement of a nation, not of a University.

Some watchwords which have been recently raised have led us to be longer in showing what the function of our Universities is not, than we shall hope to be in showing what it is.

It would argue some want of philosophy in a person to suppose that the great movement of the sixteenth century, because it broke up the ancient basis of the University, its pretension to universal science, left nothing in its place. That basis was only broken up to be remodelled, and the same movement which took away in one direction gave in another. The great movement of the sixteenth century was a joint one from various sources, and combined several aims. It was a scientific one and aimed at power; it was a classical one and aimed at philosophy, polish, and refinement; and both these aims had one common ground in a human mind awakened and alive to new capacities and resources. It was seen that so able and gifted a pupil required another mode

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of training than that which it had hitherto had, and a new want was created—the want of what is called *general education*.

We shall not on this occasion go over again a much-trodden ground, and urge the various advantages of a general education as the best groundwork for a subsequent advance in special lines of knowledge. Those who want to see this argument brought out with singular power, weight, and conciseness, may be referred to some essays which originally appeared in this Review, and have since been published with the other writings of the late Mr. Davison. It is enough here if we remind those who discountenance this want as if it were an artificial and effeminate one, and would send men into the professions with a bare elementary fulfilment of it, that this want was certainly a discovery of the very scientific movement of which they think themselves the special disciples, and of which discipleship they think this jealousy the proof. By a good general education, we mean that preliminary education in a much greater degree, which every one who is educated at all has in some degree. The parish-school boy receives a general education up to the age of ten, which is up to that time substantially the same education with that which the future tradesman receives: but the education in his case stops at ten and does not go on. The tradesman continues this education up to sixteen—a very considerable advance. And this extension of time brings with it, for the simple reason that time requires to be filled up, the addition of new matter in the shape of classics. This education again is, for so long as it goes on, substantially the same with that which he who is called *par éminence* the educated man receives; it only stops at sixteen. The educated man continues this education up to one or two and twenty, and this is a great advance upon the education of the one below him, as the latter was upon the first in the scale. It is a great advance for this reason especially, that it brings general education into the period of dawning manly intelligence and awakening consciousness of power—a most valuable and critical period of life. If general education be an instrument for bringing out and exercising the general faculties, it stands to reason that the greater the power of mind subjected to it, the greater must be the use made of the instrument, and the deeper the effects. The boy of sixteen is but a very inadequate subject for such training; he presents no soil deep enough for it to sink into; he is the mere recipient of technical information, rules of syntax and prosody, or the more recondite lore of the Clavis-Homerica. But at twenty reason begins to work, and the interior of her awful treasury partially opens within the mind. There now
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springs up a remarkable power or faculty, which we only know by its effect; viz., that we find ourselves looking upon objects as real, and recognising the reality as a new discovery which we had not made before. To the schoolboy's imagination, the ancient Greeks and Romans are little more than puppets, of which the movements and actions have been the gratuitous creation of history rather than her theme. They were fanciful theologians, and were very fond of fighting; their life was an absurdity, and their belief nonsense. Substance and reality are to his mind almost entirely synonymous with present time; he professes to know that the Greeks and Romans have been dead many centuries, and that is sufficient proof to him that they were ridiculous and fantastic people. But take him a few years onward and all this is changed. The doors of the past are now rolling back on their hinges, and discovering a world which, however long ago, once really was. History is no longer a surface, but a solid retrospect. Now nations and empires, the conquest and the settlement, the marches of armies, the migrations of hordes; now Greek, Persian, Roman, Sarmatian, Scythian; the Bosphorus, Egean, Euxine, Caspian, and Mæotian Lake assume a mysterious life, and become, from their new alliance with truth, a vivid imagery. Real person, event, and place are dimly seen in the distance of a veritable past. Now metaphysics become a favourite pursuit, and, just as the soldier of Shakspeare is 'full of strange oaths,' the ambitious student of twenty delights in a profound phraseology relating to the human mind, the universe, and such like things, of which he finds a valuable treasury in Kant and Tenneman, and by a spirited use of which he arrives at large results with a small expenditure of understanding. He glories in objective and subjective, in elementary notions, and synthetical axioms; he is at home in all the departments of modality, and is great in the conditionate and unconditionate: that is to say, he begins to be conscious of deep faculties, and to wish to exert them; and as he cannot as yet master ideas, he throws himself into words. Now, set a mind in this period of dawning intelligence down to a professional course, and there is a great risk of its deeper instincts being stifled between an oppressive and mechanical routine of labour, and a too simple abandonment to recreation. The mind retaliates on the dryness of its work, by the levity of its enjoyment; and each side of the alternation is injurious to its deeper growth. But a general education does not oppress and does not dissipate it. Under its fostering and genial shade there is opportunity for the natural exercise of these opening powers of thought; the deep, however dim, class of ideas can come in and go out of the mind,

mind, and come in again with unforced steps; there will be time for spontaneous growth and play of intellect just when these are most required; new thoughts will arise, and new connexions and aspects of things will appear. A general education moulds the hour of recreation as well as of study, and makes it serve its purpose often as effectively. Congenial subjects do not oppress the mind as a professional routine does, but leave it even in its time of enjoyment, equal and inclined to higher thoughts and conversation. And with salutary leisure, nervous and bracing effort is also best supplied by general education. The professional routine is apt soon to become mechanical, and to fatigue rather than to test and exert the powers; but general education provides of set purpose a succession of difficulties to surmount, in the intricate structure and minute elegancies of dead language, which are never exhausted and are inexhaustible; in the wide historian and the subtle or the cramped philosopher. The intellect is wholesomely both strung to effect and released for play. Do not then cut too short this morning twilight with its first impressions, and dim perceptions of shapes and outlines which an unfolding world of mind presents. It will often bear deep fruits in after years. The work of life will come soon enough, and will be heavy and grinding when it does come. To linger upon the last verge of an early and preparatory scene is no unwise delay, no fond reluctance to a farewell, no yielding to a luxury and a dream, but a gathering of effort and an economy of strength.

A general education, then, thus extended and developed was the growth of the very same movement which reanimated science. The mediæval system did not give a good general education, that is to say, it did not prolong but hurried it; it set the boy to work at logic at the time he ought to have been reading his syntax, and embarked the young man on the faculties at the time he ought to have been working at his logic. Bacon called attention to this error, and laid down the principle of a prolonged general education. 'I hold it to be an error,' he says, 'that scholars in the universities come too soon and too unripe to logic and rhetoric, arts fitter for graduates than children and novices, for these two rightly taken are the gravest of sciences. . . . And further, the untimely learning of them hath drawn on, by consequence, the superficial and unprofitable teaching and writing of them, as fitted indeed to the capacity of children.' And in describing the wants of the age in which he lived, he describes substantially such an institution as the English University has, in the course of events, become. 'Amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe I find it strange, that they are all

all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning is to be referred to action they judge well; but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performed the office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth; but yet, notwithstanding, it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest: so, if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are thence served and supplied.' The increase of wealth and civilization, united strongly with the intellectual movement in making this want felt. The advocates of commercial energy and national production may talk as they like against our University education, but it is a want to which the very growth of trade and capital has led. As soon as ever a nation is rich it wants high education. The rich merchant and manufacturer, if he has not had the benefit himself, appreciates it for his sons. Wealth, as certainly as it grows, produces the aim at refinement and general culture of mind, and does not stay on the level of production.

Deprived then, in the progress of things, of its ancient basis of all the sciences, the University has only exchanged that basis for another as important and useful. It supplies a want which the progress of society, intellectual and social, for the last three centuries has created. It does not stand upon an obsolete and mediæval, but upon true Baconian ground. The supply of a high general education is the use of our Universities to the English nation, and, if the nation is wise, it will make this use of them, rather than try to extort another for which they are unfitted, and which other institutions answer. Society is pledged by its own existence to provide itself with professional education; and you need be under no fear of a failure in that quarter. But society can go on without a high general education, and therefore a provision for that is not so certain. This is a something *extra*, essential to the perfection but not to the existence of society. To call it a superfluity would be too much, because, though we can do, we can do well without it; but it is subject to the condition of a superfluity, viz., that we cannot count upon it unless we have a peculiar provision for its support. A court and an aristocracy are indeed a provision for this in a degree, but they are a somewhat capricious one, and of too narrow a range. The university penetrates into the heart of society, and has its representatives in many different classes. Such being the case, it is true economy to use resources for their peculiar objects, it is wasting them to apply them to other. First find

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out what your institution—not was a thousand years ago, but, in the course of events, is now; then get out of it what it is adapted to supply. The advantage in the present instance is quite solid enough to vindicate the utility of the institution; it appears on the face of English society, and our universities can say, *Si queris, circumspice*. There are wealthy nations in the world that would have a high general education if they could, but cannot, because they have not got the institutions for it. French education is much inferior to ours: Huber makes the same admission of German social education, and the fact is significant that the Germans have no solid general reviews. The Americans would give a great deal for the machinery of a high education. But we have it. And if the Englishman can point to a more highly informed society and a better educated clergy than any other country possesses, let him give due credit to the Universities.

The question of professional education decides to some extent, though by no means we hope to show entirely, the question of university extension. Our Universities are, indeed, national institutions in the sense of being of real use to the nation; but the particular use they are of prevents them from being national in the sense of covering the whole area of the nation, and educating all classes. Undoubtedly they ought to be ready and glad to educate the student, of whatever class, who wants their education; but the great mass of those who want a respectable education in this country do not want the education which the universities give. The mass want a professional education, to begin at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and a general education to last up to that age; but the University is not the place, as we have shown, for a professional education; nor is it, for very obvious reasons, the place for a general education up to the age of sixteen or seventeen. To convert the Universities to this use would be simply to turn them into grammar schools, and to enlarge the numbers they educate at the cost of lowering the education. There could be no manner of use in such an arrangement. We have grammar schools already that supply education in this stage, and do not want the Universities for it. Nor could the education of boys, and the education of maturer academical students, go on together in the same place. Our Universities could not become in this sense national without becoming like—we mean no disrespect—the Scotch Universities. The Scotch Universities are, indeed, institutions for all classes; they give a professional education to the medical man, and the curtailed general education to the tradesman. But Scotland is not on this account better off, but worse off than England. ‘Eru-
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dition,' says Sir W. Hamilton, 'in every higher acceptance is in Scotland at a lower pass than in almost any other country of Europe.' The Universities of Scotland then supply its necessities, and do not raise its standard. We have Scotch University education in our grammar schools and our medical schools, and we have also what Scotland has not, that which is called University education.

But the great function of our Universities being laid down, the question of its modification comes in. It is certainly an important question whether general education is not prolonged to an undue extent at our Universities, and whether the wants of society do not require an accommodation. Society in this or any mercantile country is in a mixed state, partly of activity and partly of repose; even the same family often exhibits both states. There is trade in progress and trade which is reposing after its exertions; trade which is in pursuit of, and trade which has arrived at wealth. Now that portion of society which is wholly in repose can afford a long time for a general education; that which is wholly in progress can afford but little; but there is a considerable mixed class which can afford some but not all the time for it, which the present system demands. This class appreciates and might apply for a university education, did it admit some ingredients addressed to the active and business side of its state. The eldest son, with his fortune secured, has more time often than value for this benefit; the clerical son is in no hurry; but the medical man and the lawyer want to be learning something of their professions. To a rank of life, such as we are supposing here, that could afford to meet the University half way, such accommodations could perhaps be made with advantage. It is to be observed, moreover, that general education has certainly gained one or two additional years within this century by our practice of late matriculation, which brings up young men to the University at nineteen instead of the age, common thirty or forty years ago, of sixteen or seventeen. So great an advance as this (though some was wanted) has been an encroachment on the professional department; and some arrangement which would push general education back again, by the option of an earlier termination of it, would be no more than a restoration of former limits. While therefore we cannot wish the University hastily to unsettle the basis of the new Examination Statute of 1850, which was framed on this very view of accommodation, and which deserves a fair trial, we cannot but think the recommendation of the Oxford Commissioners, to devote the last year of the academical course to special studies, worthy of consideration.

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But though the general recommendation of the Commissioners with respect to the last year is a good one, in the construction of the last years' schools, they appear to us to confound two totally distinct things, a professional school and a compartment of general education. What they profess to recommend is preliminary *professional* education; 'that all students should be at liberty for the latter period of their career to devote themselves to pursuits preparatory to their future professions.' But when we come to the schools they erect for this purpose, we find them, not schools of preliminary professional instruction, but mere arbitrary divisions of the field of universal knowledge, each composed of several large subjects, and including only, not singling out, the particular professional one. We are aware that many intelligent men approve of a division of the field of knowledge for the last year's examination, as contrasted with the present comprehensive classical school. But whatever may be the advantages of such a division, it does not provide preliminary professional schools, as the Commissioners profess to do.

Of the school of 'Mental Philosophy and Philology,' which is not in pretence professional but meant for those who prefer a continuation of general education, we say nothing, except that we should have preferred the representative of the present *Literæ Humaniores* school, under a less improved title. A young gentleman fresh from a first-class conquest of the realms of 'Mental Philosophy and Philology' will be looked up to by his mamma and sisters with an awe injurious to his humility; and the title, though but a name, savours of a departure from Aristotle and a crossing over to too ambitious modern text-books. Indeed, this standard is openly raised, and the evidence of Mr. J. M. Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, a gentleman of great ability, is quoted:—

'I have not known any public examiner of late years who has not expressed disappointment and dissatisfaction on first reading over the logic and ethic papers of the candidates for honours. The feeling is that the mode in which these subjects are studied has rather a pernicious effect than otherwise on the mind of the student. My own impression, when I was examiner, was that the time given to those subjects, in by far the greater number of cases, was thrown away.'

But does Mr. Wilson seriously think that the introduction of new text-books will alter this first impression that every examiner, we suppose, in the world receives from the papers of the majority of candidates for honours? Does he seriously think that, if he was disappointed with these papers when Aristotle was the text-book, he will be gratified when Cousin or Kant is?

The deficiencies of these papers are owing, not to the text-book, but to the student. The subject is really beyond him, and is only put into his hands as a useful trial of his faculties, his power of mastering and arranging the statements of a philosophical work, which he understands sufficiently for that purpose; which knowledge of their meaning is also itself, as far as it goes, a gain to him. No one really expects to find a deep acquaintance with the truths *themselves* of philosophy in one of these examination papers, and to try it by such a test is to break a fly upon a wheel. But, because the paper is defective, we cannot agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking 'its effect pernicious,' or 'the time given to it thrown away.' A diligent young man who has got up the *Ethics* respectably has not, because his perception of its philosophy is somewhat dim, sustained any injury either moral or intellectual; nor, because the result is itself of no value, is the labour he has undergone for it unprofitable. Put Mr. Mill's *Logic* into the hands of a young student, and he will treat it in the same way in which he treats his present text-books. The deeper and more distinctive parts of that work require the mind, not only of a man, but a man of depth and acuteness, and whose depth and acuteness are of a metaphysical kind, to enter into them. What will a young student then do with Mr. Mill? He will get up his *statements*, without understanding them, and his papers will exhibit the same radical defect which they do now, only perhaps with more show and pretension. The subject-matter of the school of Philosophy and Philology, then, is not improved by the Commissioners. But its subject-matter is better than the reason which they give for it, which is 'that there is a close connexion between the study of the mental processes and of language as the exponent of those processes!' Be considerate to the undergraduate mind, and do not add to an already somewhat confused perception of 'the mental processes' the terrible obscurity of such an interpreter. Philosophy is a good thing, and philology is a good thing, but the peculiar connexion between philosophy and philology is about equal to the esoteric one of German and the German flute at this intellectual stage.

Of the Professional schools we turn first to the school of Mathematical and Physical Science. This proposed school is a union of two existing schools, that of mathematics and that of natural science. The school of natural science was part of the Statute of 1850, and is a testimony to the ability, the perseverance, and the disinterested scientific zeal of Dr. Daubeny, at whose persuasion principally it was erected. For reasons already stated, we cannot give the eminent founder of this school

school hopes of any large influx of professional students into it. But in its present shape it might do considerable service in providing knowledge that would be useful to the future country-gentleman for his land, or to students whom a modification of the University system might gain from the higher manufacturing or professional rank. But chemistry and mathematics together make no special school for the chemical student, amateur or professional, who has no general need of the mathematical portion; except indeed on this understanding that this one school is virtually two, and that some are to be examined in chemistry in it and some in mathematics. And in that case the unity of the school is a fiction, and its testimonials mislead the public mind; the same in name and title being given to two totally distinct classes of students, and for two totally distinct departments of knowledge.

We come next to the 'School of Jurisprudence and History.' This is a school again erected by the Statute of 1850; and a judicious administration of it in its present shape might make it a useful school of preparatory professional education for the lawyer; because at present jurisprudence in it has only the companionship of Modern History, and a certain knowledge of modern history is required for a knowledge of the general basis, formation, and growth of English law. But the Commissioners have weighted the school too much for a professional use. The addition of the vast subject of Ancient History, with all the philosophy and the scholarship attaching to it, and the theories of Niebuhr, Bishop Thirlwall, and Mr. Grote to get up, converts this school into a simple division of the field of universal knowledge, instead of allowing it to supply 'a preparatory education for young men destined for the bar,' as the Commissioners profess that it does. Ancient history may be a preparation for the bar so far as it is a part of general education, but when you purposely leave the ground of general education and go to professional, ancient history in the lump cannot possibly be regarded as a preparation for the bar. An acquaintance with the sources of the Doric and Ionic races, with Herodotean geography, or with the strategics of the battle of Cannæ, can be no part whatever, either immediate or distant, of the professional education of a lawyer; and to tell a young man, anxious to be starting on his professional course, that his general education is over, but that all ancient history has still to be got up, is to impose on him a distinction without a difference, and to put law upon the door while you take him only to another ordeal of the scholar.

We are the more opposed to this overweighting of the Jurisprudence school because there does appear to be, among the

many vague and cloudy anticipations which have been raised, a practical opening to the University in this direction, were it properly attended to. The sound and valuable evidence of Mr. Stephen Denison, in the Oxford Commission's Report, ought to be read in connexion with this subject. There is the testimony of the highest legal names—Lord Brougham's, Lord Denman's, Lord Campbell's, Mr. Baron Parke's, Sir Richard Bethell's—to the fact that a preliminary professional education is a *want* in the department of the law. This is a most important point to be decided, because, if the Universities are called on to modify or enlarge their system to meet the wants of the public, they naturally wish in the first instance to know whether these wants exist. In the instance before us, then, the Universities may be quite satisfied that the want does exist, and that part of the question is settled.

'At a public meeting of the Law Amendment Society, on 18th of June, 1851, at which Lord Brougham was in the chair, a motion, made by Mr. Bethell, Q.C., "that it was highly desirable that a school of law and jurisprudence should be founded in connexion with the Society for promoting the Amendment of the Law," was carried unanimously; and the mover, in an admirable speech, exposed the various evils attending the present want of legal education, and intimated an opinion that means might be devised of supplying at the Inns of Court, not professorial instruction, which he admitted might be insufficient, but tutorial teaching, such as existed at the Universities in other departments of learning, which he thought absolutely necessary.'—*Report*, p. 119.

To this testimony to the want is added the testimony of no less a name than that of Blackstone to the Universities being the places to supply it. We cite his words, for they are indeed authoritative on such a subject:—'The inconveniences here pointed out,' he says, meaning those caused by a want of preparatory legal education, 'can never be effectually prevented, but by making academical education a previous step to the profession of the common law, and at the same time making the rudiments of the law a part of academical education.' Mr. Denison enlarges on the superiority of the Universities over the Inns of Court as places for supplying this want, their greater quietness, and discipline. Nor does Sir R. Bethell appear to fix on the Inns of Court in preference to the Universities, but only because, in the absence of any proposal from the Universities to undertake such a charge, the Inns of Court are the natural institutions to do it. He describes, as the proper system for imparting such instruction, the tutorial system, as carried on at the Universities.

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To this testimony to the want in the legal profession, and to the fitness of the Universities for supplying it, add the old and traditional connexion between the Universities and the Bar. The Bar has always ranked high as a liberal profession, and a University education is specially suitable to its members. This connexion has, in the course of late years, been a good deal weakened, owing to the activity of the age and increasing urgency of the professional claim as compared with that of general education. But it has not yet ceased, and while it exists there is a solid ground on which to plant a revival. Difficulties there would be to providing legal instruction, because legal instruction should be given by lawyers, and lawyers want to live in London. But such difficulties do not appear inaccessible to arrangement. The liberty, then, to devote the last year of the academical course to a law school might be a politic one, and be of service in drawing young men intended for that profession to the University, as well as others whose future position in life would make some knowledge of law useful to them. But a Law school to be efficient for this purpose must not be weighted with Ancient History.

The school of Theology is a new creation of the Commissioners, intended to fill up a gap in the Oxford system. The attempt is laudable, but the arrangements break down. The Commissioners deeply lament the present neglect of theology, as an independent study, at Oxford, and profess the strongest desire to revive it. This erection, therefore, is a decided favourite, and they anticipate, with the pious zeal of founders, its salutary and abundant fruits in the formation of 'a great theological school at Oxford.' But, having erected their school, they append a condition, which could only practically be enforced at the cost of emptying it. They append this remarkable condition:—'While we are desirous that the ministers of the Church should be fully instructed in matters relating to their profession, it would be desirable that they should be compelled also to enter into another school.' Now, without noticing one curious consequence of such a rule, viz., that the future squire is allowed to embark on the exclusive study of theology, which the future clergyman is not, we cannot but express some surprise that gentlemen so acute as Her Majesty's Commissioners could not see that such a rule was in the first place a very unjust one, were it executed, and in the next place that it would be impossible to execute it. The rule is, that under-graduates who are going to be ministers of the Church should be compelled to go into this theological school, and also into another; but this would be to double the pass-work and greatly obstruct the classical honours of this class of under-graduates,

graduates, which would be a decided hardship, especially considering the importance of the classical honours as testimonials for situations in after-life. But such a rule could not possibly be enforced; for how can the University distinguish the undergraduate who is going to be a minister of the Church, from one who is going to be a layman? He cannot even distinguish himself with certainty, a young man often not knowing at the time what he is going to be. The rule then, as it stands, could not be enforced, unless the University imposed the determinate choice of a profession at this time upon its students, to which there would be a strong objection, and which the Commissioners do not propose. The only practical way of carrying out the design of this rule, and preventing the exclusive study of theology by this class of undergraduates, would be to prohibit its exclusive study at all, and make this a rule, that, *whoever* entered this theological school, should enter another as well: and this order would immediately empty the school. The 'great theological school,' then, which the Commissioners promised us, is nipped in the bud; but they have succeeded to admiration in preventing the exclusive study of theology, for they have prevented the study of theology altogether.

We are far from denying the great difficulties in the way of theology at Oxford as an independent study; nor do we find fault with the Commission for not surmounting them, but for not properly seeing them. A theological school, with the liberty to devote the last year to it, would in all probability receive not the most promising portion of Oxford students, who would for obvious reasons prefer the *Literæ humaniores* school. The theological school would therefore take an inferior rank, and this would not be a desirable result. This and other disadvantages attach to the independent study of theology before the degree. The study of theology after the degree would involve additional residence, and additional residence additional expense. Moreover—and the remark does not involve any reflection upon the tone of student life at Oxford—preparation for holy orders would make a change of scene, greater retirement, and a less mixed field, preferable for most men; and the Diocesan college has advantages as a place of theological study at this time. The present Cambridge plan is that of a theological school for examination simply, without residence being required; and this, under the sanction of the bishops, many of whom require its certificate, is said to have given a stimulus to theological study, though accompanied with some drawbacks too likely to accompany a simply academical examination on so sacred a subject. The question, what course of theological instruction ought, in addition

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to the University degree, to be imposed on young men going into orders, and where this instruction should be given, is one for the Episcopal Bench rather than for the University to decide. The University might give opportunity for resident study after the degree, but it would not collect a school unless the bishops required that school's certificate. Under these circumstances, it devolves on the Bench to decide—and a difficult practical question it will be—what new conditions, with their accompanying expenses, they may think themselves justified in imposing upon entrance into holy orders, for the sake of an improved theological training. In the mean time we can only console Oxford with the reflection that, if it does not give a special theological education, it gives that upon which a theological knowledge can afterwards be formed. Hear Sir William Hamilton :—

‘ A comparison of the Scotch and English Churches affords a curious illustration in point. In the latter, the clergy have a tolerable classical training, but for ages have enjoyed, we may say, no theological education at all. In the former, the clergy must accomplish the longest course of theological study prescribed in any country, but with the worst and shortest classical preparation. Yet in theological erudition what a contrast do the two Churches exhibit! And this simply because a learned scholar can easily slide into a learned divine without a special theological education; whereas no theological education can make a man a competent divine who is not a learned scholar—theology being, in a human sense, only a philology and a history, applied by philosophy.’—*Discussions on Philosophy, &c.*, p. 380.

To sum up on the general subject of professional education at the University. This subject, in the first place, has never yet been properly sifted. There has been a vague call for some years for an expansion of the University system in this direction, but nobody has gone beyond the mere surface of the subject, one man saying what he hears another man say; and the public intelligence has stopped at an idea, instead of pushing on into the solid interior of the question. Nor, we must be permitted to say, have the Oxford Commissioners done much to enlighten us on this subject. With the avowed object distinctly before them, of promoting ‘ preparatory professional education ’ in Oxford, and with full command of the Royal name for inquiring into the means and manner of doing this, they have not gone to the great professional world itself for any information as to what such an education ought to be in order to be useful and acceptable to it. No intelligence is obtained from this quarter as to the want felt of a University education, its practienableness, the accommodations to be made: and one or two vague and incidental guesses in the evidence throw all the light which is thrown on this subject. But this

this portion of society ought certainly to have been consulted upon a question which came specially within its province, and arrangements which were expressly meant for its accommodation. The construction of these schools shows accordingly a zeal for the prosecution of particular branches of knowledge, but little practical spirit of accommodation to professional wants. Upon the small data, however, which we have had, the results of our own consideration of this subject are as follows :—The University has little chance of any large accession from the great professional and trading body, simply for this reason, that this body cannot afford the time for a prolonged general education. But an accession from the higher portion of this body, if proper concessions were made, does not seem impossible. With respect to the mode, then, of making concessions, we should say, in one word, keep and add. The unity of the First-class has been already, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, destroyed by the erection of intermediate examination honours, previous to final ones; and this stimulus has been so far impaired. But still keep together the constituent parts of an Oxford education. A comprehensive final school, which gathers up all the great departments of a general education, will continue, by the force of tradition, its own weight, and the solid advantage of its testimonials, to draw the great body of such students as at present resort to you. The cause of general education is thus provided for; and, while you have only matter left for confined and practical professional schools, this barrier enables you to erect such schools with safety—schools which will be only an addition to your system, and not an interference with it. And should there be a call for professional education from the first, which we do not think will be made, treat with it in the same way. Keep the regular degree for general education, and give some other testimonial to professional students.

From the subject of University education we turn to the important question of the persons who are to conduct it.

The *vexata questio* of the Tutorial and Professorial systems would take a volume to discuss it amply, but its main points are contained in a nutshell. The first advantage of the professorial system is division of labour. The professor has one subject given to him, the tutor has many. The professor can therefore devote himself to his work with more singleness of purpose, and a more concentrated attention, than the tutor can. Its next advantage is its greater command of talent: as you have only one man in each department, you can afford to pay for the best man. The professor is remunerated by the fees of the whole body of University students engaged in the subject of his department; while

while the college tutor has to divide these with the other college tutors throughout the University. The unity of the professor's department moreover secures the services of one who has a particular taste and talent for that department, whatever it may be, of scholarship or science. To set off against these advantages of the professorial system, those of the tutorial system are principally two—its greater command over the pupil's attention, and its connexion with moral discipline. The tutor has only a small section of the large class which attends the professor, and he can therefore watch and test the individual pupil. He can enforce the due getting up of his lectures by setting on; can rouse an inattentive face by a sudden question; and can attend to the pupil out of lecture hours. The professor, lecturing to a class of a hundred or more students, may give the most valuable information, and the most commanding view of a subject, but he has no pledge that his pupils are listening to or understanding him, or that they are not asleep. He can see nothing of the mass of his pupils out of lecture; though we are aware that the professors in the German universities have *soirées* once a week, or occasionally, for their favourite pupils. Again, the tutor has a department of general discipline, which the professor has not; and this is highly advantageous to the pupil, not only in itself but in connexion with the affair of teaching. The lecturer has more weight from being *tutor*, or guardian in a disciplinarian sense over the pupil; while the tutor derives large moral influence from the lecture, and the contact into which that brings him with his pupil. A moral influence indeed, which has to be exerted over numbers, requires a basis of practical connexion to support it; and an occasional summons for missing chapel and knocking in late, would not supply enough of this basis without the addition of the lecture-room. The combination of the two offices thus gives weight and strength to each; and this is a decisive answer to some reformers who appear in the evidence to this Report, who propose to convert the college tutors into a body of tutors for the whole University, instead of the colleges separately. Their separation from the college in the capacity of teachers would virtually overthrow their influence there as tutors, whatever position as such they might nominally keep. The Commissioners indeed, admitting that the result of the changes they propose would be 'that a great part of the work of the college tutors would be performed by the professors and lecturers,' meet this objection of the loss of position to the tutors with the reply, 'that their relations with their pupils would probably be more intimate and confidential, if they were less complicated and multifarious.'—A weak argument in a worked and embossed

embossed case of language ! To limit the tutor's ground of contact with his pupils is to promote his influence over them !

Such being the respective claims of the tutorial and professorial systems, a comparison of the two has, in the opinion of able judges, at least in this country, been in favour of the tutorial system. The professorial, while it benefits the pupil, who can by means of books, and the valuable acquaintances to which his own recommendations introduce him, educate himself, leaves comparatively untouched the mass that really wants the teacher. The tutorial instructs the mass, and therefore supplies the most urgent want. Accordingly, Sir William Hamilton has, after strong opposite leanings, confessed to a change of mind in favour of the tutorial system ; though he does not appear to think wholly with us still. But in the present instance we have fortunately not to decide between the two, because we have the means of combining them. The Commissioners have accordingly recommended a combination. Nor can we do otherwise than highly approve of the recommendation itself : the only question is as to the mode or degree in which it should be effected.

With respect then to the mode in which professorial action should be introduced into the Oxford system, it is to be remembered, in the first place, that the existing system of instruction at Oxford is not to be regarded as if it were, previous to such a step, ineffective. There is unquestionable evidence to its effectiveness in its practical results, and in the judgments of impartial minds upon it. Sir William Hamilton is a severe observer of Oxford shortcomings, but after the improving criticism of the friend, what is the conclusion at which the witness arrives ?—

‘Oxford,’ he says, ‘is here only collated with Oxford ; and, for aught that I have said, however imperfect may be the education of the University, as tested by its own standard, I might still, at least without self-contradiction, hold that the discipline of Oxford constitutes, in so far as it goes, the very best academical discipline in the British Empire.’—*Discussions*, p. 708.

The evidence attached to this very Report now before us is full of testimonies to the successful working of the existing system. Mr. Henney says, ‘I believe that, for the great majority of undergraduates, the present system of instruction is thoroughly efficient.’ Mr. Lake says that the ‘whole result of an Oxford education cannot be termed inadequate,’ though he decidedly thinks it may be improved. Professor Vaughan speaks of the ‘eighty able men’ who conduct the tutorship at Oxford ; and though the large application of the epithet rather tempers its force, we presume it stands for some substantial praise. To an Oxford ear these are no partial names. The Commissioners themselves,

themselves; speaking of the existing system as it has been in operation from the beginning of the present century, say—

‘Industry has been greatly increased. . . . The requirements of the examination for an ordinary degree, slight though they be, have yet a great effect on that period of the academical course which immediately precedes it. . . . The severity of the final examination may be judged of by comparing the number of those rejected at Oxford with the number of those rejected at other Universities The stimulus of the examination for honours is found to be very strong. . . . That these have been honestly and deservedly awarded is proved by the confidence which the examiners for the most part enjoy, and by the success in after-life of those who have won them.’—*Report*, p. 61.

They add, elsewhere, testimony to the improved moral tone of the undergraduates, and the increase of religion; and to ‘the obvious good effects of the tutorial system on the discipline of the place.’

A system like this then, which cannot be called otherwise than effective as it stands, may certainly be capable of improvement: what system is there which is not? Change may be wanted in the shape of additions; but it may be confidently stated that no case is made out for a radical alteration or reconstruction. But we are bound to say that the Commissioners have introduced the professorial function in this manner—that is to say, not as an addition to, but to domineer over, enfeeble, and crush the tutorial—to overthrow all fair proportions, and establish a new supremacy in the University system.

With this aim they heighten unduly the authority, exaggerate the use, and disguise the defects of the professorial system. First they profess, in introducing it, to be only reviving the ancient system of the University, after a temporary interruption; but this claim is indeed a feeble one. Let the reader recollect what the professorial system, as we just defined it, is; that it is the paid superintendence of one man over each department of knowledge: and next let him know, on the authority of the Report before us, that no positions, with the slightest pretension to resemble such a position as this, existed in the University till towards the fifteenth century, at which time ten prælectors were appointed ‘to lecture on the seven arts and the three philosophies of the mediæval system.’ Such being the case, while it is certain that there were no college tutors before colleges existed, it is equally certain that there were up to this time no professors; unless indeed we suppose University teacher and professor to be identical, and give the latter name to an order of teachers who occupied, in the middle ages, a position much like that of the private tutors of the present day. But were these later prælectors even

even professors? There is no proof whatever that they were, according to the definition which has been given of a professor; no proof, *i. e.*, that any superintendence and control over the department which they served was given them, and that they were anything more than mere lecturers upon particular fixed text-books; which, indeed, we know to have been the mediæval system. But, say the Commissioners, the professorial is, at any rate, 'the statutable system,' and is enforced 'in the Laudian code.' We congratulate them on their deference to that high name, and hope that a sympathy on one point will extend to others. But were the professors of the Laudian code the professors of the Commission? We think not. They were, on the system we have just referred to, lecturers on particular fixed text-books: six, at least, were expressly so confined. Still less is the professorial *the* statutable system, as if the tutorial was not statutable as well; the Laudian code directing the college tutor 'to imbue his pupils with good morals, and train them in approved authors.' And still less is the *supremacy*, which the Commission gives to the professors, statutable. But, whatever the system of the Laudian code be, was that portion of this code ever in practical operation? A strong suspicion on this subject enters the mind as soon as ever we see the *curriculum* of professorial instruction which it lays down; every student being obliged to go through, in order, a course of grammar, rhetoric, moral philosophy, geometry, astronomy, natural philosophy, metaphysics, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic! It is true that not much was known then in some of these departments of knowledge, and that astronomy and natural philosophy were probably contained within a small compass. But, on the question whether the scheme of professorial instruction in the statutes ever was in actual operation, the doubts of the Commissioners themselves are decisive. 'The operation of the system of University instruction, or rather its failure,' is described as if in this particular instance 'operation' and 'failure' were much the same process.

'It may be doubted,' they add, 'whether the professorial system ever attained a full development. The civil wars, and the ejection of one party after the other, interrupted the course of study for many years; and from those interruptions perhaps arose, in some measure, the torpor which reigned in Oxford during the last century.'—*Report*, p. 92.

So, then, the Commission's history of the professorial system in Oxford is before us, and it is this—that the first approaches to one appear toward the fifteenth century; that thence nothing is known of it till we see it in the Laudian code—at which precise time, however, it unfortunately expires. The system we are
about

about to revive, they say, always has been the system of the University; that is to say, it never was actually the system: no; it has only been for twelve centuries the *aspiration* of the University.

But has this system been even the aspiration of the University, that toward which it has practically tended? The fact which has just been mentioned is the most indisputable proof that it has not been. When it was formally inserted in the statute-book, what could have made it instantaneously obsolete, except this very fact that it was opposed to the genius and the practical working of the University? All that authority could do for it has been done; then what has superseded it, except, in Mr. Carlyle's language, *Fact*—the strong actual over-riding the official? You will say that the system became obsolete by the University becoming inactive. Yes; but the University has become active again since the last century—undergraduates read hard, the schools fill, and yet this professorial system has remained obsolete. The University has been in a sleepy stage, and the University has been in an energetic stage, and in neither stage has this system grown or acted. The active movement in the University, indeed, so far from taking it in this direction, has taken it in the very contrary one; has created the want, not of the general address of the professor, but of something even more catechetical than the instruction of the college tutor—the intimate and *tête-à-tête* lecture of the private tutor.

The practice of private tuition has an important place in the present working University system, and private tutors are an important class; and no less than twenty-one writers of evidence in this Report devote attention to and give a judgment on this subject. The result of their statements is that private tutors are the necessary growth of the examination system, the high ordeal of which has called forth a new machinery of instruction for it. A student has, upon very obvious grounds, an advantage from having a tutor all to himself. He can ask all the questions he wants, which he cannot do in a college lecture, and he can supply his own defects without the superfluous task of listening to the defects of others and their supply. Nor is it necessary to assign, as the reason of adding the private to the college tutor, as this Report does, 'the want of a higher quality of instruction'—the want of a greater quantity is reason enough. This extra aid, then, can be afforded by the Oxford student, and therefore he uses it. But while private tuition is regarded as a necessary part of the existing system, the judgment oscillates between regarding it as an advantage, and as a necessary evil, and finally stops midway in the wise conclusion that it is a mixture

mixture of both. To the pupil it is disadvantageous, because it crams him; but the evils of a cram have perhaps been exaggerated. A submission to this process is useful as a trial, and strengthens, though it neither enlightens nor enlarges, the intellect. Moreover, the state of a mind prepared for an examination is necessarily a state of cram; it cannot be avoided—that is to say, there is a forced retention of much knowledge in the mind which does not naturally stay in it, an artificially equal grasp of very different materials, upon which there is naturally a varying and unequal hold according to taste and gifts. If a private tutor, then, does not cram a student preparing for an examination, he crams himself. The system is, on the other hand, advantageous to the pupil, especially the class pupil, as bringing him into intimate relations with a superior mind, enabling him to throw off his *mauvaise honte*, state his difficulties, and discuss, argue, and imbibe freely. And the private tutor often exerts, upon the basis of this intercourse, a very useful moral influence. To cross over to the private tutor's side,—the system is injurious to him, as keeping him within a routine which soon loses its discipline by its facility, and occupies him in imparting, at the cost of advancing, in knowledge. It is advantageous to him, as taking him over his books again, familiarising him with the forced contents of his own mind as a class-man, and enabling him, in his comparative repose as a teacher, to enter more deeply and congenially than before into many authors, poets, historians, and philosophers. It is advantageous to him, moreover, as training him in the important art of teaching, though Mr. Rawlinson makes a distinction in this respect between the pass and the class tutor, the former of whom, he thinks, acquires the lower art of impressing on the memory; the latter, the higher, of assisting the arrangement and comprehension. One art is undoubtedly much superior to the other, but either art is valuable. On the whole, the practice of private tuition appears to be a good working efficient part of the existing University system; nor do we think the worse of it from its having been a natural and spontaneous growth, which real circumstances, and not statutes, have produced. We like that '*Lernfreiheit*' in it, to which Mr. Rawlinson in his thoughtful evidence alludes—the freedom of choice with which the pupil selects his teacher—that voluntary and irregular basis which is a wholesome variety in a system of discipline, an interposition of nature in the schools. Whether or not there is room for a comparison between the class of private tutors and the Greek philosophers, 'who taught all promising pupils singly, and not in classes,' it seems very clear that this class represents the ancient order of University teachers more than any existing class

class does. Members of colleges, they do not teach as such, but upon a University basis. The simple degree is their authority, and the class their recommendation. Those who are for reviving the ancient University system cannot do better than take this natural and spontaneous revival of it which comes to hand. But this is not the first time that men who brood in admiration over an idea do not know it in the shape of a reality, and think it a corruption and abuse, while it is all the time the very original thing they profess to be wishing to revive, only seen in the present and not in the past, in action and not in fancy, and mixed with all the alloy of a concrete state. We overlook the growth of time and circumstances, are eager to produce something of our own, and think too much of paper. Hence the jealousy with which private tutors are regarded by many who admire them in the ideal shape of University teachers. But why not be content with the practical form of a practical thing, without trying, too, as in parts of this evidence is recommended, to bring it—this private tuition—under rule and order, and give it a trim and official costume. Repress the benevolent impertinence of statutes that would meddle with the work of a master whose head is deeper than their own; that ignorantly correct some real point of strength and vitality, and convert efficient practice into feeble system. At the same time, do not sacrifice college tuition to private. It is the union of the two which is salutary; and Mr. Lowe, who gives up the University to private tuition altogether, destroys, in an over-expansion of the system, its chief recommendations.

One more remark is suggested. The Commissioners attribute the stunted growth of the professorial system to the jealousy of the colleges. But college influence has not prevented the growth of private tuition, which is as independent of the college system as the professorial is.

From exaggerating the authority of the professorial system, the Commissioners proceed to exaggerate its use. It is evident that the art of printing has made a considerable difference on this head; and that, in departments in which experiments are not required, books can convey all the knowledge which the lectures of professors can. The Commissioners meet the pretensions of this rival with the reply that, 'if in former days professorial lectures were made necessary by the want of books, at the present day an able teacher is rendered no less indispensable by their abundance: such a teacher furnishing the student with a chart to guide him through the labyrinth of knowledge which surrounds him.' But does not public opinion very soon point out the really able and useful books without the aid of a professor?

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And, as they exaggerate the use, they disguise the defects of the professorial system, meeting on this head very ineffectually the forcible and just observations of Mr. Patteson. Mr. Patteson compares in his evidence 'the system of delivering courses of original dissertations to a miscellaneous audience,' which is the professorial plan, with 'that of leading the student in classes carefully selected, to master for himself some of the standard books in the various subjects,' which is the tutorial; and he decides that one has more showy, but the other more solid, effects. 'The mischief of the professorial system is, that it implies a different idea of education; that it aims at and is the readiest way to a very inferior stamp of mental cultivation, which consists in accomplishment and current information,' while it does not 'aim at disciplining the faculties, and basing the thoughts on the permanent ideas proper to the human reason.' To this the Commissioners reply that Mr. Patteson 'assumes that the instruction given by professors must be of a superficial kind, resembling that of popular lecturers.' Now Mr. Patteson does not in his argument assume the *quality* of the lectures of professors, but simply that they are 'dissertations'—whether deep or superficial is not said—'delivered to a miscellaneous audience,' such as a University class must from its numbers be—at least as compared with a college class; and upon this mode of teaching, and not upon the quality of the information, he founds his remarks. But will the Commissioners say that an assumption—not that all professorial lectures are showy and superficial, which nobody asserts, but that the system tends to produce this class of lectures—would be a mistaken one? Every professor is not an Arnold or a Niebuhr; but put a man of average power in the rostrum, and will he not be under a temptation to support a conspicuous position by questionable arts, and popularise his subject at the expense of solidity? But on this point we shall introduce an important witness farther on. And even, ably represented, has the system no dangers? It may be true that the rationalism of German professors may be owing to the professors being Germans, as well as to the Germans being professors. Nor, as Professor Vaughan remarks, are we to suppose that an English professoriate would not be marked by the characteristics of the English mind. But the prominence which the system gives to the teacher must at all events be regarded as a snare, encouraging false originality, and favouring the new and the striking, at the expense of the true.

Upon this basis of exaggeration and bias is raised the Professorial structure of the Commission. And first comes the important question of salary. Of three gentlemen who have devoted in their evidence considerable attention to the subject of

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the Professoriate, Professor Price and Mr. Temple propose 500*l.* as the salary of a professor, Mr. Lake, 600*l.*; but the latter only demands an increase of salary at all for nine professorships, 'important for the studies of undergraduates.' The Commissioners propose 'not less than 800*l.* per annum as the salary of the greater professorships,' and reckon twenty-six greater professorships. The particular sum bears testimony to a compromise. A thousand a year was too round a sum for the public eye, especially considering that twenty situations of this value were being created. The finish therefore of the sum was sacrificed. Eight hundred a year breathes a sigh for two hundred more, but modestly refrains, and heroically stops short upon the tempting verge. It is a characteristic and a feeling sum, nor unexpressive of piety, exhibiting a spirit of resignation to limited affluence. But we shall harshly ask for a still further reduction; and we can give good reasons for this request. In the first place, you must remember that all this money comes from the purses of private corporations, and that it is only just to deal economically with money so got. And, in the next place, after a substantial maintenance has been provided for a professor, the surplus is no public benefit. The Commissioners rest a good deal on an observation of Bacon's, relating to the duty of providing sufficient income for the teachers of sciences,—his warning that the sciences or the sons will suffer by the poor living of the fathers—'*Patrum invalidi referent jejunia nati.*' But even were Bacon the very best authority on the subject of official salaries, his advice leaves it quite open what is or is not a sufficient one. There is such a thing as these tender fathers living too high for the interests of their children. Five or six hundred a year, with the addition of students' fees, is equal or superior to the great mass of even higher official incomes in Church or State. The living is a very good one which exceeds it; and let those who think that Government offices are better paid, inquire of Government officials. The argument of the Commission, therefore, that a higher sum is necessary in order to keep your professors, is not worth much; unless, indeed, it is essential that the professor's income should equal the very highest official income that might possibly come within his reach, and tempt him from you—an expensive arrangement. So long as you give the average of a good official income, you give that which the mass of professors will not be able to better elsewhere; and it is extravagance to be outbidding Church and State in the salaries of a whole Professoriate for the chance of keeping one professor firm against the temptations of superior offers from these rich rivals, who will, moreover, in spite of all your liberality, outbid you at last. A

substantial argument in favour of a moderate salary is that it leaves the professor, though not servilely, wholesomely dependant upon students' fees. Sir Charles Lyell thinks 'that the fees of the students ought always to form a considerable portion of the entire emolument of a teacher, wherever this is possible; a certain amount of dependence upon the number of pupils being useful in securing a faithful discharge of the professor's duties.' And Sir William Hamilton thinks that 'it is not necessary that the emoluments of an academic place should be uniform,' but rather that 'each instructor should, as far as possible, receive only what he equitably merits, his emoluments rising with his reputation,'—a result which is attained by leaving the professor more or less dependant on students' fees, the amount of which tests the attendance on, while the attendance tests the value of, the lectures. A pecuniary stimulus is certainly useful in drawing out labour and activity—not to say that many minds to whom the stimulus of honour and reputation is enough, find relief in acting under shelter of a humbler aim. Gratuitous exertion must either avow the highest motives, or confess an approach to that 'fault of angels and of gods,' which is not so glorious but that every member of society, from the schoolboy to the statesman, disowns it.

Still less do we admire high salaries when we discover, as we do in the present instance, that no guarantees for work are attached to them, and that it is left wholly at the option of the professors whether the large emoluments they enjoy are productive of any benefit to the University or not. The recommendations of the Commissioners on this subject are indeed more than remarkable—they are, if we mistake not, unique.

The Commission indorses the idea of the use and design of a Professor, put forward by the Regius Professor of Modern History, Mr. Vaughan, which is this—that a professor should be a man of a high order of intellect, put into relation with a particular subject, and enjoying a handsome stipend as the mark and reward of that relation; but that, it must be left entirely to himself how he carries out this relation, and that his use to the University is this connexion itself, of a 'powerful man' with it, together with such fruits, in the shape either of writings or of lectures as may arise from this connexion, according to the will and pleasure of the person. 'Great would be the loss,' says Mr. Vaughan, 'if our professors were not to lecture at all, and great would be the waste of intellect and knowledge if the undergraduates did not habitually attend professorial lectures. But the teaching of undergraduates is not, I conceive, the only or indeed the chief use which Professors may answer in our universities.' (*Report*, p. 97.)

p. 97.) This is the first step in laying down the true function of a professor, the subordinateness of the work 'of teaching undergraduates' to some other as yet unnamed function. The next step is, that the 'teaching of undergraduates' is not only a subordinate and inferior part of the professor's office, but that it is one which must not by any means, at the peril of the most disastrous effects, be enforced. 'It would be well to consider whether, especially at the commencement, we shall not make the process of creating and inviting powerful men all the more difficult if we impose by unyielding rules the same burden of constant instruction as a necessity upon all. It would doubtless produce more teaching, in the common acceptation of those words, but it would lead also to second-hand learning, hand-to-mouth lectures, and the instalment of a race of men in our chairs, without enthusiasm, eloquence, profundity, or venerable acquirements.' We just pause to notice a character given of professorial lectures, which was indignantly disclaimed by the Commissioners, when they mistook Mr. Patteson as implying it, but which, it appears now, they indorse; when—and there is no mistake this time—Mr. Vaughan does not suppose only, but decidedly and vigorously asserts it. It is then admitted and confessed by the Commission, that if you make professors lecture, that is to say—for to this it simply comes—if you have a regular professorial system of instruction in the University, the result will be a great deal of empty superficial and popular instruction. We turn over one, literally one, leaf in the Report between the lofty refutation of this view, in reply to Mr. Patteson, and the approval and acceptance of it from the pen of Mr. Vaughan. But to return—this passage then contains a code of professorial law. Professors are not to be obliged, 'especially at the commencement,' and they are not to be obliged, 'by unyielding rules,' to lecture. We should like to know when they are to be obliged if they are not at the commencement, for we have never heard that institutions which start loosely will grow stricter in time, though we have heard of the contrary process. And we should like to know too what rules Mr. Vaughan would impose upon professors if he objects to 'unyielding,' that is to say, to positive ones. He will excuse us then if we pass over these qualifications, as well as a certain parenthetic *minimum*, and suppose him to mean that professors are never to be obliged to lecture, and that no rules are for that purpose to be imposed upon them. Now lecturing is the only thing you can make the professor do; you cannot make him read or write treatises if he does not choose. One department then of the professor's work is necessarily optional; the other is made optional by Mr. Vaughan. Consequently all work whatever on the part of your professor is

optional; and after he has got his 800*l.* a year, he may, if he pleases, rest on his oars, and treat his place as a sinecure.

Now listen to the reasons by which Mr. Vaughan supports this unique proposal. He begins with admitting a certain appearance of paradox on it.

‘Such remarks may, perhaps, invite one observation, that at any rate there should be some guarantee for the activity of professors, and that in providing this security, large allowance must be made (as has been said) for the “power of human indolence” to deter men from great exertions. But to this again there is a reply, the truth and sufficiency of which will appear the more, I believe, it is considered. The position holds true if wrong appointments are made. If right appointments are made, those will be selected to represent a branch of study in the University who are cultivating it with energy and delight. It has been, it ever will be the tendency of men eminent in any intellectual pursuit to be enthusiastic, to carry their exertions to the extreme limit of their constitutional strength, because they find in it, and must find in it, the purest, the deepest, and the most enduring pleasure, in comparison with which so long as vigorous health remains, idleness is privation and amusement a meagre pastime. In all characters, it is true, this activity may not show itself in teaching classes, or even audiences; but in the great majority it will, because if a man do not possess the knowledge and ability to comprehend a subject fully, all the common impulses, all the common weaknesses of our nature, will, in the majority of cases, urge him to teach what he knows; the love of respect and importance, and superiority, and the love of social employment, in addition to the slighter but not unfelt consideration of increased emoluments. To all these must be added a sense of duty and a desire to do good; and if there be those among the professors well chosen, who stand beside or above the operation of these motives, they will be few, and they will not often be those of whom the University will have need to be ashamed. They will labour in a different way and be fruitful. They will investigate, reflect, and write, if they do not very actively lecture: they will address the world, if not the students of the academy, and their words will come back to the University in some form “after many days.” They may not irrigate the ground immediately beside them, but the abundance of their spring-heads, and the larger volume of their pent up waters must go forward to feed and cleanse the cities of the earth, or to move the vaster wheels of European literature, or to deepen the main sea of the world’s knowledge. Much must, in spite of recluse habits, fall back in showers, seasonable even though capricious, upon the spot.’—*Mr. Vaughan’s Evidence, Report* p. 274.

This is a fine passage; but with all our admiration of a vigorous and imposing style, the chief effect which it leaves upon us, is the reflection how genius can afford to despise the commonest facts of experience and the plainest dictates of common sense. The whole argument, in the first place,

rests

rests on the supposition of 'right appointments being made,' and this is a considerable assumption: but we will allow it. Your right appointment then is made. But does it follow, because you appoint—to use the appropriated term—'a good man,' that you have got an enthusiast, a hero, a victim, a martyr; a man who will think it glorious fun working himself to death, to whom idleness is privation, and amusement weariness? Have you secured even a man whom the sense of duty will sustain against the natural love of ease, if he is left to that defence only? Certainly not. You have got a man of a certain ability and integrity, who will do his duty, provided he is told what he has to do, and given to understand that he must do it; who will fulfil the terms of an engagement, but whom you cannot, in justice either to himself or the University, throw entirely upon an indefinite and voluntary ground of conscience and zeal for the discharge of an office. If right appointments mean anything more than this, Mr. Vaughan cannot reckon upon right appointments; if they mean this and no more, than his inference from such appointments is untrue. Have you got even a man whom the common weaknesses of our nature will keep up to the mark, if he is left to them? We think not. The charm of the rostrum subsides, but the love of ease endures. Conscious of his own philosophical activities Mr. Vaughan can hardly bring himself to recognize 'the power of human indolence.' But the history of institutions is a formidable witness to it.

Nor can we wholly acquiesce in the somewhat too large generosity, which allows the paid Professors of a University an unrestricted choice what portion of the human race, far or near, they will benefit by their talents; the option of considering themselves in the service of all the world, or of their own University, as they please. 'They may not irrigate the ground immediately beside them,' we are told; their waters may be pent up in that particular place; but they will only go forward with the greater force in consequence to cleanse cities, move wheels, and deepen seas thousands of miles off. But we must be pardoned for suggesting a consideration, which we hope is not quite ignoble and obsolete, that the 'ground immediately beside' is the payer of the Professor's salary; and that, however the philanthropist may rejoice, the regular paymaster is rather jealous of an entire migration of an official's services in very remote directions; while he himself is expected to be duly grateful for a few 'seasonable but capricious showers,' which may descend upon him.

Such is the idea of a Professor which the Commission indorses. 'To provide,' says the Report, 'for the regular and active

active discharge of professorial duties specific regulations may be necessary.' From so sensible and candid a confession we expect some specific regulations to follow; but, proceeds the Report,—and it is an instance how much is involved in a but,—

'But it must be remembered that though statutes may compel a man to lecture, they cannot compel him to lecture well, and compulsory provisions commonly become a dead letter. The activity of the professors will be best guaranteed by such securities and such stimulants to exertion, as have been already mentioned, viz. modes of appointment as fit as can be devised, and acting as checks on each other; a body of subordinate lecturers, who would both incite their superiors to activity, and supply their place in case of neglect or superannuation; the interest which eminent men would take in the subjects of their lectures; the power of increasing their salaries by fees; a direct share in the examinations of the University.'

Here then are the guarantees which the Commission proposes for the discharge of important duties by professors who are highly salaried for it. The first is the guarantee of appointment, and of that we have spoken. The next guarantee for a professor working is the very extraordinary one, that he has a deputy appointed to work for him when he does not like working himself. We cannot be so sanguine as the Commission is, of the stimulating effect of this arrangement. These 'subordinate lecturers' are, it seems, to be a very useful body, and are expected to accomplish with equal facility two rather opposite duties. They have both to 'incite their superiors to activity,' and also to 'supply their place in case of neglect.' They will probably be a good deal more successful in the latter office than in the former. It is not much the habit of superiors, especially when they have been some time in office, to respond with docility—we will not say to the exhortations, for perhaps the Commissioners did not mean that—but to the edifying example of their subordinates. They recognize it as the duty of 'the young man' to work hard, but with a caution against an over-extension of the claim, and a reserve in favour of seniors' rights. They rest with satisfaction upon the assurance that, 'to everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven;' with the further reflection that nobody can decide so well as themselves, on the purpose of the present time and season in their own case. The next guarantee for a professor working is, 'the interest which he would take in the subject of his lectures;' but this interest is very apt to decay. The next is the professor's fee; and this offers perhaps a more permanent charm, but its effect will be much weakened by the possession of a high salary without

without it. The next guarantee is the professor's control over the examinations of the University; but how this is to make a professor lecture we cannot understand, although we can easily see that a professor who does not lecture is rather prematurely honoured by the control of the University examinations. One rule indeed the Commissioners do impose on the professors: while they do not oblige them to work, they propose to oblige them to reside. But what would be the meaning of residence being enforced, if duties were not? Is not this one of those 'compulsory provisions' which would speedily become 'a dead letter?' Would not the brilliant society of the metropolis soon draw men of literary and scientific talent, without definite obligations, effectually away, leaving to the University their names on the calendar, and the credit of having bribed the scientific world into favour by sinecures? We should be glad if some Oxford Commissioner would reply, and pacify our fears of a migration to the metropolis if they are unfounded.

It is indeed worthy of remark how different an aspect the Commissioners exhibit of the professor before he is put into his office, and after. Before the professor is installed, he is exhibited as a person acting upon ordinary and average motives, strongly desirous of a good salary, and likely to be tempted away from the department of his peculiar tastes by the prospects of better pay, though at the cost of a lower pursuit, elsewhere. By this argument, then, we are induced to raise the amount of his salary; but as soon as this argument has answered its purpose, then our professor starts afresh. He comes out all at once as an enthusiast, sublimely indifferent to his own ease, and living only for science and for truth. When the question, then, of regulations to enforce the performance of his duties come on, this new character is appealed to, and we are told to trust to his zeal for this, and not to statute-conditions, which will indeed be superfluous. He is then only too ready to sacrifice his leisure, and ruin his constitution in our service, though we may wound his honour by compulsion, and chill his zeal by distrust. But what is this professorial initiation that it makes so wonderful a change in the character; that a man has an accurate discrimination of incomes before he is a professor, a generous disregard of self after he is one; is a man of the world before, after a devotee; a good bargainer before his salary is fixed, and a noble enthusiast when rules are to be imposed? Is a professorship a sacrament? Is it a baptism that it is attended with such a conversion? Is it a proof of grace? Is it a mark of the elect? If not, why do you suppose as a matter of course this convenient and accommodating change? The ordinary supposition

tion would be, that a man who was much influenced by salary in seeking an appointment, would require some other stimulus besides his innate zeal to insure his performance of its duties.

It may be readily admitted that a Professoriate has another use, and an important one, beside that of teaching; viz., the encouragement given to learning by providing permanent positions for learned men in the University; and we agree in the remark of the Commissioners that such positions are especially wanted in this country, 'where the avenues to practical life are so open and so numerous,' and that fellowships do not adequately supply this want. Fellowships were the institution of an age of clerical celibacy, and do not supply a settlement in life to a clergy who have the option of marriage. It is only reasonable, therefore, to admit that there is room for a further arrangement on this head, and that if the Church has altered its system on the point of celibacy, another and a corresponding shape is required for a settlement in life. To allow fellows of colleges to marry, indeed, would be to confine the bounty of founders to one-half or one-third of those who now enjoy it, as well as to overthrow the whole collegiate system, filling the quadrangles of the colleges with the wives and families of the fellows, to whom the undergraduates would have to give way. But there is room for endowed positions for married men, if such positions can be created upon a proper basis, and without interference with the College system. The University has certainly to regret the loss of some whom marriage draws from her precincts into fields for which they are less fitted, and learning loses some able supports and ornaments.

To encourage learning, however, by the sudden creation of twenty places of 800*l.* a-year each for the learned life, is an arrangement more striking for its simplicity than its depth or tact. Learning should grow upon the natural basis of the practical life and wants of an institution. You want teachers in a University: upon that office of teacher learning will grow: the work which requires it will also promote it. But learning is not wisely promoted when it is promoted artificially by short and straight cuts to it. It is quite true that endowments which have in progress of time parted from the original engagements attached to them, have been defended on the ground of the opportunity they have afforded to the learned life; and if a certain amount of fruit has been produced, it has been a consideration to reflecting men whether an existing basis should be disturbed. But there is no precedent in the history of institutions, for erecting posts to begin with for learned repose, or the option of it. Let us attend properly to the wants of the institution, and learning will

look

look after itself. The institution, if effectively supplied and administered, will bear that natural result.

It will, indeed, require a much stronger machinery than even that of the most amply endowed professorships, to give the English mind the turn which is here intended. The impediments in this country to the spread of learning, and to its essential condition—devotion to some one subject—are such as no University arrangements can affect. The hindrance lies in the temper and tastes of the people. So long as English society requires everybody to know something of everything, and looks upon a man as a hermit who has not something to say on *all* the questions which arise in politics, trade, literature, and art; who has not something to say upon pictures, something upon finance, something upon transportation; who cannot discuss the budget and the colonies with one neighbour, and the mediæval poets and schoolmen with another,—English society cannot expect to see a large learned class rising up in it, though individuals here and there may be learned. Everybody makes the observation, and nobody acts upon it. Members of society, your professors themselves, will be absorbed into the national taste for variety; and whatever becomes of the subjects they have undertaken, will make a point of being well informed on extraneous ones. The official confinement puts the man on his mettle, to show how much he knows besides. The Englishman thus obtains shrewdness, common sense, and general power, at the cost of erudition. Conscious of only a small part of a German's knowledge, the confusion, obscurity, and indifferent reasoning of the German restore him to self-complacency. He can arrange and lay out the material put into his hands better than any other man, but he likes the act of power better than that of search—a preference which tells against learning except in the case of minds of unusual capacity, in whom the largeness of the result in view overcomes the tediousness of the process.

Indeed, the expectations entertained in some quarters of the effects which will follow from the endowment of a professoriate carry us back almost to the ages of faith, and rebuke modern coldness and scepticism. We want oracles, says Mr. Jowett, Fellow of Balliol, in his evidence. 'The unsettled state of opinion in Oxford during the last fifteen years is in a great measure attributable to the want of a professorial system. There have been no oracles at which to go and inquire. All knowledge has been drifting toward theology, and in theology itself no satisfactory result has been attained.' The writer of this statement attributes to the want of a professoriate the fact that 'no satisfactory result in theology has been attained' at Oxford, after an agitation

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of the subject for fifteen years. Will he say, however, that in Germany, where they have had nothing but professors for centuries, a satisfactory result has been attained in theology? But has there been at Oxford the want here referred to? There have been three well endowed divinity professorships at Oxford for the whole of the period over which Mr. Jowett's reflection extends; and two other well endowed ones—though in one case the endowment has not yet fallen in—have existed the greater part of that time. The movement, then, which this period has exhibited has not wanted an oracle to direct it, if a professoriate is necessarily an oracle. Nor can this professoriate as a whole be reproached with inactivity. By singling out one, we do not mean to exclude others as active members of it; but we may fairly point to the Regius Professor of Hebrew as an eminently active teacher—and not in Hebrew only, but on his larger theological field throughout this period. But, notwithstanding these activities of the professoriate, the movement alluded to went on to an extent which Mr. Jowett regrets. The sad truth is, that the oracle itself turned false, and one set of responses aided instead of curbing the movement. What are we to think, then, of an oracular professoriate? Is such a treacherous system a panacea for the evils of theological conflict—a pledge for halcyon days, returning peace, and the serene and cloudless atmosphere of truth? Alas! professor is but another word for doctor, and doctors disagree.

Two important appendages to the question of professorial endowment must now be briefly touched on—the source from which the endowment is to come, and the hands in which the appointment should be placed.

The question of the obligations which the colleges have contracted by the two centuries of privilege which they have enjoyed, especially the privilege of being the sole channel of admission into the University, is one for the decision of which no very accurate rules of equity or casuistry exist. Governments have generally laid down the rule that, where a privilege is conferred, a responsibility is *ipso facto* contracted, and society has more or less acquiesced either in the justice of the argument or in the power of the arguer. With the East India, indeed, and such privileged Companies, there is a definite bargain made; and a specific responsibility undertaken leaves no room for complaint. But the rule is also an elastic one, and railway companies have to pay for their ground of privilege by responsibilities imposed upon them from time to time, in addition to those which the original bargain involved. The colleges might indeed claim, as any other privileged bodies might do, the liberty of rejecting responsibility by giving up privilege; they might offer

offer to return to their original position as they stood before their academical monopoly; and, indeed, the schemes now proposed for University extension would formally take this monopoly away from them. Yet the elasticity of the rule would still pursue them; it would be said that as they had enjoyed the privilege so long, they had no right to evade responsibility by so late an abandonment of it; and that, moreover, so long a period of privilege had given them a standing which no return to an anterior state could now undo. It may, therefore, be allowed that it is not worth while entering very deeply into the casuistry of this question, but that, if moderate claims are made, the colleges may not unjustly be called upon to confer upon the University, from whom they have received so long an enjoyment of privileges, a benefit, which will also be principally their own, as enjoyed by their own students—that is to say, to contribute to the endowment of such University professorships as may want erecting or improving, for the sake of the studies of the place. But money obtained from such a source ought to be used with economy—only to support professorships practically useful to the University; and collected justly—all colleges contributing to discharge a common responsibility contracted, and to a benefit common to all. The Commissioners have selected particular colleges, and let off the rest. Colleges that have special foundations for public professorships ought indeed to be required to carry these out; but this is not a ground for laying upon these colleges the exclusive burden of a new professoriate, and we should like to know the process of logic by which the Commissioners have imposed six professorships on Magdalen College, because William of Wainfleet imposed three. That distinguished society will doubtless gladly acknowledge the right of its founder to charge its revenues with public professorships, but the right of Her Majesty's Commissioners to do this is not so clear. The form of the new professorial endowments is also objectionable—that of an accumulation of fellowships. Married professor-fellows would be an amphibious race, interfering with the college system and spirit; and a tax laid upon the colleges would be preferable to an abstraction of positive revenue from them.

The question of patronage or mode of appointment, important as it is, has been perhaps overrated, and an impartial survey of the operation of most different plans shows that a critical public opinion will extract good appointments from most of them, and that public indifference will be taken advantage of under all. We will notice two. It would be easy to show that the annual office of the proctor, who is taken from the body of masters, and is a sort of tribune of the people, represents very fairly,

fairly, as it goes the round of the colleges, academical public opinion. The appointment of examiners, therefore, by the proctors, which, in consequence of the proposal of a new scheme as a substitute for it, came in 1850 under the rigid eye of the academical public, issued triumphantly out of the ordeal, when a list of examiners was shown, containing every distinguished name the University had had from the beginning of the system—an issue which has produced a recent resolution of the Tutors' Association. The abstraction of a patronage thus tested was uncalled for, the Commission only wanting to give it to the professors.

But the chief attack is made on the most popular source of appointment in the whole University, and, while the Commissioners retain private boards, they dispossess Convocation 'as manifestly open to grave objections.' As if that, which all forms of patronage are open to, were a ground of forfeiture. Convocation will certainly bear comparison as a patron with the private boards—one of which suppressed the Professorship of Moral Philosophy from 1673 to 1829. Its appointments will even fully bear comparison with those of the Crown, as the names of Dodwell, Warton, Lowth, Blackstone, Woodeson, Stowell, in the last century, and the recent ones of Copleston, Milman, Senior, Keble, and others show. Various writers in the Blue Book should have looked into the Oxford Calendar before they laid down the law so strongly on this point. Dr. Travers Twiss, indeed, with a candour which we are sure was inspired by the recollection of more than one wise selection which Convocation has made, remarks of the different boards of University patrons, 'I do not think there is any practical difference in the general result of their appointments; some surpass, others fall short of pre-conceived expectations.' No ground of forfeiture, then, has been proved against Convocation, and, that being the case, another argument comes in to the support of its position as patron. These appointments are privileges which serve a useful end in keeping up the corporate spirit and vigour of the body. It is indeed remarkable that, simultaneously with this attack on the privileges of the Oxford Convocation, the University of London should have discovered its want of such a body, and made a move for one. On this head we cannot but recommend to attention a paper printed by order of the House of Commons, containing 'Copies or extracts of communications respecting the Organization of the University of London,' in return to an Address of the House, March 15, 1852. The correspondence is principally between the senate and graduates, and exhibits, on the part of the latter, a sound sense, a manly spirit, and a sagacity which ought

ought to shame the designs of some sons of an older University. It must be admitted, however, that the Margaret Professorship of Divinity is at present too much in the hands of particular Colleges.

But we have to provide for the appointment to new professorships. The Commission gives all this new patronage, including sixteen professorships and some thirty sub-professorships, to the Crown. A recommendation to the Crown to found valuable posts—which, be it remembered, in this particular instance, have no employment fastened to them—out of college property, and take the patronage of them into its own hands, may be safely left to the criticism of any man who knows what constitutional right, what English justice, and what common honesty is. And especially when these Professorships are intended by the Commission to involve College Fellowships. For it is a strange argument that this ‘would be no greater hardship on the Colleges than the nomination of the Dean of Christchurch and its Canon-professors by the Crown is on that society’ (p. 181). Christchurch was *founded* under that patronage; but it is as different a thing not to confer self-elective powers and to take them away, as it is not to give a man money and to pick his pocket. Nor is the Crown on general grounds the best appointer to such posts. Sir William Hamilton, indeed, places it beneath town councils as a patron; and whether such an estimate is a right one or not, there is much in the following considerations:—

‘A great deal certainly depends on the intelligence and liberality of the individual minister But even under the best and most impartial minister it can accomplish its end only in a very precarious and unsatisfactory manner. The minister is transitory; the choice of a professor is a function wholly different in kind from the ordinary functions of his office, and is not of very frequent recurrence. The minister, therefore, cannot be presumed to think of specially qualifying himself for this contingent fraction of his duty. He must rely on the information of others. But can he obtain impartial information, or be expected to take the trouble necessary in seeking it? On the other hand, he will be besieged by the solicitations of candidates and their supporters. Testimonials, collected by the applicant himself among his friends, and strong in proportion to the partialities of the testifier, will be showered in, and backed by political and personal recommendations. If he trusts to such information, he limits his patronage to those who apply for the appointment; and as all certificates of competence are in general equally transcendent, he will naturally allow inferior considerations to incline his preference among candidates all ostensibly the best.’—*Discussions*, &c., p. 380.

We cannot, however, accept for Oxford the ‘Curatorial’ system of appointment, or the plan of extra University boards for this purpose,

purpose, representing different scientific bodies. Sir W. Hamilton may or may not fitly recommend such a plan to the Scotch Universities, who give nothing to maintain the posts appointed to; but if colleges provide the funds they ought to have the chief voice in the appointment. Nor will we think so ill of the collegiate world as to suppose that it could not construct some common representative board that would be adequate to the task, and free from any particular college bias.

We have gone through in order the endowment of our proposed Professoriate, and the questions connected with it. It now remains to see the coping-stone put to the structure—to see a body already endowed with wealth invested with supremacy. The professors are given, in the first place, as we showed at the commencement of this article, a preponderance in the legislative assembly of the University; and besides this, the third clause of the conclusion of the Report forms them into ‘a standing delegation, wholly official, and not liable to alteration, for the supervision of studies and the appointment of examiners.’ We might object to this board on the particular ground, which we think a just one, that a class of teachers whose function it is to look to the interests of the science rather than that of the pupil, will be a one-sided and unpractical supervisor of studies, if the sole one. But we will only observe the general effect of these provisions. The examination system gives the tone to Oxford; examiners give the tone to the examinations; the professors appoint the examiners. This position, combined with their preponderance in the legislature, makes the professors at once supreme in the University, and a total change of system and constitution is made.

But what have the professors done that they should be put at once into such a commanding position, and that the University should be delivered, bound hand and foot, into their keeping? This class is at present a very inoperative if not quite a nominal one. You have to create it afresh before you can assign it any place, high or low. You profess to do this by means of increased stipends. But how can you possibly tell what the effect of this arrangement will be till it has been tried? You picture to yourself an able, vigorous, and zealous Professoriate, whose commanding knowledge will throw all the present teachers of the University in the background, and make no other position but this suitable for it. But all this is in prospect. How do you know that such will be the result? Do good salaries always bring zealous or able men, and, still more, men whose ability and zeal will last? What pledge have you then that in ten years’ time your revived Professoriate will not be dead again? Then what will be the condition of the University, under the absolute control

control of such a body? At any rate then have a little patience. Wait till you see what your Professoriate will do before you enthroned it, and do not lift up, by mere favour and partiality, a new and untried body above the heads of the old established teachers and authorities of the place. Let this class earn its honours, according to proper rule, by active service; let it push its way to supremacy by those commanding faculties which on the fair field of public emulation do in the natural course of things obtain it. We shall not object to a position so won. But do not reward this commanding intellect and zeal before they appear, crown a brilliant Professoriate, which is a mere supposition of your own, or treat an eloquent description, a fine picture, as a reality.

Still less is such a supremacy due to a professoriate which is at liberty to stand by as a spectator, or condescend to be useful, as it pleases, and is committed to no share in the regular and solid work of the place. It is too enviable a position which gives power without labour, and not one at any rate to create in these days.

We need not add that the University, put at the feet of a body of which two-thirds are nominees of the Crown, will be ripe for the attentions of the Home Office, to which the Commission indeed introduces it. The 45th clause of the conclusion recommends 'that the head of each college, under the seal of each college, should transmit annually a report on the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the college, according to such form as the visitor may think fit, *and that the visitor should be called upon to lay a copy of such report* before the sovereign, with such observations as he may think fit to be made.' Such an introduction may be expected to lead to a further acquaintance.

To this abasement of the tutorial body under the supremacy of the professoriate must be added the proposal to take a good deal of the very *employment* of the tutors out of their hands by the establishment of sub-professors. These, to whom we have already once or twice alluded, would form a considerable corps on the plan of the Commissioners—a corps, whose instruction would offer no advantage above that of College tutors; for their devotion to one line of knowledge is in no way secured; while it would be under many disadvantages as compared with the Tutorial. But there could not possibly be employment for this corps and for the college tutors too. An undergraduate cannot sustain more than a certain quantity of teaching. There are college tutors and private tutors at work in the University now; the Commission adds professors; and, not content with professors, adds sub-professors. This accumulation of teacher upon teacher must leave one or other superfluous, and the
sub-professor

sub-professor will either greatly limit the college tutor's employment, or the college tutor must greatly limit his.

The rights of this whole question may be summed up in a few words. There is room for the work of the professor in the University. His personal presence, voice, manner, can doubtless give a stimulus to a subject which a book cannot do; and this stimulus will suit some departments of knowledge. The professor comes in usefully to give a finish to previous labours, and impart a dramatic or philosophical colour to a subject of which the college tutor has instilled the solid knowledge. Find out then what professorships are really wanted for the studies of the place, and erect or improve these. But because you make a professoriate useful, do not make it dominant. Abandon the claim of supremacy, lower salaries, exclude sinecurism, erect no useless professorships, dismiss sub-professors altogether: the residuum will be a scheme that at any rate will deserve the attention of reasonable men.

At an advanced stage of our journey, and when we ought for the comfort both of our readers and ourselves to have arrived at our goal, the question of the colleges and the changes proposed for them opens upon us. But the very multiplicity of the matter involved in this question would compel us anyhow to bring it within a short compass, because it would be simply impossible to enter into detail under a volume, while the general considerations on which the whole question depends are not many.

We shall presume that any attempts which may be made at alteration and re-arrangement in the colleges will be made on the basis of the founder's intentions, acknowledged still to be binding in equity upon us wherever they can usefully and beneficially be put in force. It is acknowledged on all hands that under the great social and other changes which have taken place in the last three, four, and five centuries, it is impossible now to carry out many of the intentions of the founders of the colleges. In this state of the case, then, one argument to which, for the sake of clearness, we shall give a more positive form than the incipient or approximating one which it generally assumes, is, that as we cannot fulfil all the intentions of the founders we are not bound to fulfil any; that in the total absence of accompanying obligations, the revenues they left are necessarily cut off from their authority and testatorship, and that in that condition they revert to the State, to be applied afresh to any useful object, proper feeling suggesting that that object should be cognate to the original one. But this is not the view which either natural justice approves or English law adopts with respect to founders' wills.

wills. English law regards the founder's will as living and active except on those points on which there is some imperative call to interfere with it. Is there a part of a founder's or testator's intention which *cannot* be put in force? English law sanctions that exception, but regards the founder's will as going on and acting still, only *minus* that particular portion. Is there a portion of a founder's design, which, on some very urgent and plain ground of expediency, needs a dispensation? English law allows that exception too; but still, as before, regards the founder's will as going on and living, only *minus* the excepted part. The founder's intention, thus from time to time modified, endures in substance, and is a permanent living and present agency in the eye of English law. The exceptions to it, where exceptions are made, do not affect the residue, which remains as binding as the entire whole would have been had no exceptions been thought necessary. Nor does the law under such circumstances regard the State as taking the foundation out of the original founder's hands and disposing of it itself afresh, but the original founder as continuing in power with respect to all of the institution which remains, while the State is only the authority for the departures from it.

We shall therefore presume that any alterations which may be now attempted in the college foundations will be made on the basis of the founder's wills, and, on that idea, shall state what appear to be the great and paramount intentions of the founders of colleges in erecting these institutions; in order to ascertain how far these original intentions require modifying, and how far they ought to be allowed to remain binding, as being still useful, beneficial, and practicable.

First of all, then, it must be stated that these institutions were founded in connexion with, and for the benefit of, the Church; and that no difference exists, in this respect, in the basis on which college property and that on which the property of cathedral chapters and church property generally rests. The founders of the colleges, one and all, leave their revenues '*in profectum ecclesiæ.*' We shall be met here, of course, with an argument which we see brought out, not for the first time or for the second, in the evidence attached to the Report; the common argument that the church was changed at the Reformation, and that the present Church of England, therefore, has no claim to the benefit of those revenues on the ground of founders' intentions, having only received them by gift of the State at the time that the church of the founders was disestablished in this country. So large a question as this, which involves in fact the whole basis of church property in this country, is not one to be discussed

incidentally to the subject of college reform; but two recommendations made in the Oxford Report cannot be properly considered without reference to it. Let us dismiss, then, the absurd and futile conjectures upon which arguers on both sides have too much made this question hinge. The English Churchman cannot presume that an Oxford founder *would* agree with him, were he alive now; and his antagonist cannot presume that he would not; for, as Sir Edmund Head very properly observes, 'What a man would have thought on a given subject, if he had lived two centuries later, is a question purely speculative, and one which every man may answer differently, according to his own views.' But though the question what Walter de Merton, who was Lord Chancellor of England in 1264—what Walter de Stapledon, who was Lord High Treasurer in 1314—what Adam de Brome, who was confessor to Edward II. in 1326—what William of Wykeham and William of Waynfleet, who were Bishops of Winchester in 1386 and 1456—would think, were they alive in the year 1853, is a question which, as it is without meaning, admits of no answer: we *do* know what Merton, what Stapledon, what Waynfleet *did*, in the ages in which they respectively lived. They gave revenues for particular purposes, in connexion with a certain church. The question then is—Is that church the same communion with the present Church of England? The Roman Church says it is not; but the English Church has always maintained that it is. And, if it is, the English Church enjoys those revenues according to the founder's intentions, which intentions are satisfied by the identity of the communion.

Two suggestions of the Commissioners ought not to be discussed without some reference to this church claim. One is the proposed erection of new professorships out of college funds. In the scheme of the Commission these new posts are provided for by being appended in the shape of fellowships to colleges; in which shape they come under the same tests to which fellowships are subjected. But this is not an arrangement which ought to be adopted: such professorships ought to be University situations simply. But as University situations the Church has no farther hold upon them than that which is contained in the present connexion of the Universities, as such, with the Church, which is not by any means a certain one. The general basis, then, of Church property in the country continuing, these posts might, by an arrangement affecting only the Universities, be separated from the Church, and though maintained out of her property, held by men out of her communion—a result against which some special provision ought to be made.

Another suggestion of the Commission, which ought not to be considered

considered without reference to the Church's claim, is the proposal to abolish holy orders as the condition of the tenure of fellowships. This condition generally prevails in Oxford; yet the immunity of two whole foundations, and of respectable portions of six, leave no inconsiderable exception to the rule. There are many advantages in such a tenure. The office of teacher has been generally looked upon in this country as quasi clerical; parents are more satisfied to place their sons under men who give this pledge; custom and public opinion have given private tuition, and sanctioned the committal of public and grammar schools, to clergymen: and, within the last dozen years, the Bishop of Worcester has made the undermasterships of King Edward's School, at Birmingham, titles for orders. But instruction in Oxford ought certainly not to be less in clerical hands than it is generally over the country; and there is a particular reason why it should be more so, viz. the great proportion of students who use its education as an avenue to clerical life. On the other hand, the dangers of a lay teacher's position, who is thrown on the world of pure intellect as his home, are not slight; for human nature requires, under such circumstances, the balance of a moral or religious tie. And fellows who are not tutors will be encouraged by such a liberty in a long postponement of their choice of a profession, which may end in producing a loose, wandering, and irresolute class, which will suggest its total suppression as the best remedy for its mischiefs. The grounds of the objection to retaining this condition of a fellowship, which are mainly two, are much weaker ones. Holy orders are undoubtedly sometimes taken by persons unfit for them in consequence of this rule; but an occasional abuse is no argument against a system, which is justified in laying fair trials on men for large ends. Moreover, the trial is sure to come sooner or later; the colleges are patrons; and we may leave it to the ingenious casuistry of Mr. Bonamy Price to intimate that a man takes holy orders with an interested levity in order to retain a fellowship, but with a pious discretion in order to obtain a living. To the other objection, that the college tuition loses those fellows whom the choice of a lay life removes from the foundation, it can only be said that those whose object it is to secularise institutions, will never want an argument. The withdrawal of a fellowship from the income of a lay college tutor need not remove him from that post, if his devotion to his calling is equal to his capacity, and if his capacity is sufficiently remarkable to induce the head of his college to solicit his stay. And if even it must, it is frivolous to say that the clerical fellows are not an amply sufficient stock from which to supply the tutorship; though an exceedingly rare case may

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happen of a useful layman being lost. In this state of the case, then, the claims of ecclesiastical property to those ecclesiastical conditions which are attached by the testators to it come in strongly. It was evidently the intention of the Oxford founders that these institutions should be conducted by clergymen, and it is of the highest importance to the Church that this design should be maintained. No necessity for the change, and many good reasons against it, appearing, what right have you to secularize clerical fellowships any more than deaneries and canonries? How much more moderate a tone on this subject does the Cambridge Commission take:—

‘There are, no doubt, strong objections to the practical working of such restrictions by which the emoluments of a fellowship are made to operate as a temptation to a person to enter into holy orders. On the other hand, we cannot contemplate with any satisfaction the simple removal of all obligation to select a profession at a certain period of life. If it be left free to the fellow of a college to determine, at his own time and pleasure, whether he will be of any or no profession, we cannot doubt that the sinecure character of fellowships would soon become such as to demand some very sweeping measure of reform. Such a change in the law of colleges would be likely, as we think, to produce an injurious effect upon the tone and manners of the University. Moreover, in considering this question, it should be borne in mind that in the case of several of the colleges it was manifestly the intention of the founders to appropriate their endowments to the maintenance of a succession of men who should devote themselves to the service of God in the ministry of the Church. For these and other reasons we are inclined to recommend only such a relaxation in the existing law of some of the colleges as would allow of a reasonable interval of time before a newly-elected fellow should be required to enter into holy orders, or vacate his fellowship.’—*Report of the Cambridge Commission*, p. 171.

Upon this basis, then—that is to say, in connexion with the Church, as the supreme and comprehensive institution including all these lesser ones within it—two paramount objects present themselves, as the objects which the founders of the colleges had in view. It may be said that Chichele mentions, as the object for which he founded All Souls College, prayer for the souls of those who fell in the battle of Agincourt; that Eglesfield, Wykeham, and Waynfleet made ritual a considerable feature of the colleges they founded; and that other founders laid this, that, and the other obligation upon the fellows of their colleges: but, whatever these were, they were not *the* objects for which the founders erected these institutions. A great deal too much has been made of the expressed object of Chichele by those whose aim it has been to show that the objects of our founders were obsolete, and therefore

therefore that the revenues which were devoted to them have lapsed to the State. However Chichele may have expressed this object, it is absurd to suppose that he would have founded in the first University in Christendom, upon a ground consecrated to science, and in the very centre of mental activity, theological and philosophical, an institution of which the principal design was prayer for the souls of those who were slain in the battle of Agincourt. If that had been his principal object, it is too little to say that any other place would have done as well for his institution as Oxford; for indeed Oxford was just the worst place in which he could have put it, on account of the constant necessary collision between its activities and the abstraction and passiveness which this devotional object would have needed. Chichele, like other founders, erected a college for certain purposes; but, his institution erected, he made its members useful for a particular object, in which he took interest. Prayer for the dead was a regular part of the devotional system of that day; he directed such prayer into a particular channel.

The paramount objects of the founders of the colleges were two—the promotion of learning, and the assistance of the poor in connexion with learning.

The founders wished to encourage the learned life, and contemplated the residence in their colleges of a set of men permanently devoted to study, and carrying on a life of reading and thought with no aim but that which was contained in such a mode of life itself—the improvement of their own minds, and the increase of the general stock of learning in the world. But the ordinary account of this object of the founders of colleges we think somewhat overstates its *proportion* in the scheme. It is quite true that the founders contemplated the permanent learned life principally. But it is not doing justice to the comprehensiveness of their plan to suppose that they contemplated it solely; they had also before them the pursuit of knowledge, with a preparatory and educational aim. Nor did this latter aim include only the commoner-pupils of colleges, who were indeed rarely contemplated in the older foundations, but also the fellows. A fellowship in those days, given as it was after the degree of B.A., which was obtained then at the age of the present schoolboy, was not given after education was over, but in the course and for the continuance of education. The Bachelor of Arts was then really in the state in which he is now nominally—in *statu pupillari*. He was really undergoing discipline, and four more years of instruction had to be passed before he had completed his education, *i. e.* before the degree of Master of Arts—the first academical *terminus*—was reached. A

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B.A. fellow, therefore, of those days was hardly of the age of a schoolboy just entering the University now. And therefore a fellowship was in his case what a scholarship or exhibition is now, with the difference that it was a permanent place, not a temporary one. It was a help in the first instance to obtaining a good education, instead of crowning a good education already received. The statutes of colleges, indeed, expressly contemplated a work of education and preparation going on there, while they contemplated also the departure of members for other situations, at a time when colleges consisted of fellows only, and had no commoners.

Amidst the greatest changes of discipline and system, the fellowships still promote remarkably these general ends. While the conditions attached to them exclude them from the invidious rank of regular preferment, they encourage learning, both as prizes, and also as opportunities for, though not obligations to, the learned life. And the fellowships greatly aid the colleges as places of education. They give the instructors a *piéd à terre*, raise their situations to a value which secures the services of able men, and are the basis on which the tutorial system rests. The tutorial system could not go on nearly so effectively without the independent position of the fellow, by virtue of which the tutor has an authority of his own over and above what is derived from his appointment—an authority which the founder committed to him when he made him one of the ruling body of the college. And though it may be said that for this employment a small proportion of the present number of fellows would suffice, there would be great practical difficulties to an effective succession of tutors, were there not, beside the acting and present tutors of a college, an overplus of fellows as a stock to supply it. And on such a basis, the work is conducted with a better understanding and more unity.

The great social changes which have taken place since the founders' times, and some popular errors to which a particular expression has given rise, will oblige an ampler discussion of the second great object of the founders—the assistance of the poor in connexion with learning. The college revenues were left for the assistance of poor scholars—*pauperes et indigentes scholares*; this phrase goes the round of the college statutes, and there can be no doubt that this was a fundamental object in the erection of these institutions. But, unfortunately, the very positiveness and decision with which the founders have expressed this design have been used to counteract it, and the claims of poverty have suffered from the very force with which attention to them was enjoined.

The course of popular ideas on this subject has been first to take this intention of founders in an extreme sense, such as would make it plainly obsolete and impracticable in the present day, and then to draw the natural inference that we are under no obligation now to attend to this intention of founders. The term *pauperes scholares* has been understood as necessarily meaning young men from the lowest class in society—the class of common peasants and labourers: the admission has then been easily obtained, that it would not do now to confine the assistance of our colleges to this class; and the founders' intention has been thus disposed of. But the expression *pauperes scholares* had not this confined and this incorrect meaning in the days of the founders: it meant then only what the terms themselves express, and it included a large class to which those terms themselves could only be applied. Why do we suppose that the founders of colleges meant more than they said? Poverty is not want of blood, it is not want of position: it is want of means. Persons are apt to suppose, indeed, as a matter of course, that where a class is made an object of charity, by that class must necessarily be meant the lowest class in society. But this is a mistake, which arises from an incorrect and narrow notion of charity. It is the function of charity to give to each person and each class that which each person and each class legitimately needs, whatever that need may be. To the lowest class in society we give money to buy food and clothing, because food and clothing are the urgent wants of that class; but a much superior class, which is provided with these necessities, and can maintain life without assistance, stands in need of assistance for education: a good education being as natural a want of a class which is on a level to desire and appreciate it, as food and clothing are of a lower class. We have discovered, then, a class which is a true object of charity, and yet not by any means the lowest class in society. Such was the class which, to a large extent, produced the *pauperes scholares*, who were the objects of the bounty of our founders. The poor scholar was not necessarily a man of low birth and connexions; he was often of gentle, and might be of noble, blood. But a slight remove from the main stock of a good family is a total separation from its wealth. The knight and the squire have no surplus for their first or second cousins, who may thus be in a position making them feel all the wants of their class in society, with no means to supply them. And this particular difficulty of position accompanies society in all its steps, from the nobleman to the squire, and from the squire to the citizen and tradesman. The founders of the colleges respected the wants of this large class, and this class supplied to a considerable extent, in accordance with their design,

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the members of these eleemosynary institutions. The rolls of Magdalen College show among the names of its first Demies—nearly all put in by William of Waynfleet himself, and therefore certainly open to no objection on the score of the founder's intention—the names of Tichbourne of Hampshire, Massingbird of Lincolnshire, of Ashby, Dryden, and Catesby of Northamptonshire (the latter destined to Gunpowder fame), of Colet (the family to which Dean Colet belonged), of Radcliffe and Brackenborough (families that contribute *dramatis personæ* to Shakspeare's historical plays). The Reformation, with its commotions and changes, lowers for some time the standard; but, afterwards, when the class of *pauperes scholares* had not ceased or their claims become obsolete, the names of Fairfax, Annesley, Strickland, Mainwaring, Pudsey, Langton, Aldworth, Maynard, Harwar, Cradock, Adams, Stonehouse, Frampton, Sacheverel, Holbech, Blount, Holt, represent old-established families in Yorkshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, and Buckinghamshire. George Wither, the poet, of the family of Wither of Manydowne, near Wootton St. Lawrence, Hampshire, came up in 1603 to Magdalen, to join the class of poor scholars, then a considerable one in the college, distinct from the members of the foundation. He describes, in the 'Abuses Whipt and Stript,' published in 1613, his poor-scholar life:—

To that ford I came,
Of which an ox they say bears half the name. . .
There once arrivéd, 'cause my wits were raw,
I fell to wondering at each thing I saw,
And for my learning made a month's vacation
In noting of the place's situation.
I did, as other idle freshmen do,
Long for to see the bell of Oseney too. . .
But yet indeed, may not I grieve to tell,
I never drank at Aristotle's well;
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in philosophy.
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
The forest by (believe it they that will)
Retains the surname of Shotover still.
Then having seen enough, and there withall
Got some experience at the tennis-ball,
My tutor telling me I was not sent
There to be idle, but with an intent
For to increase my knowledge, called me in,
And with his grave instructions did begin
To teach, and by his good persuasions sought
To bring me to a love of what he taught.'

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The lines, which we quote rather for the facts than for the grace which they display, show plainly that a poor scholar of those days was not necessarily a boy from the plough, but might be a young gentleman—not so very unlike an Oxford undergraduate of the present day. But this question may be set at rest by the will of Lord Craven, who in 1647 founded scholarships at the two Universities, with a preference to ‘poor scholars next of kin’ to himself: the term being used evidently by him in the old and traditionary meaning.

The rank of poor scholars, then, included in those days a middle and upper class; and so far, therefore, the eleemosynary design of the college foundation is not obsolete and impracticable. Society, through whatever changes it may pass, will never want a large representative of that type which has been just now described; and the text, ‘ye have the poor always with you,’ may be interpreted of a class of superior as well as a class of the lowest poor. The perpetual drafting off of collateral lines from main ones, vicissitudes of fortune, reverses in trade, the extravagance of one generation which beggars another, throw every day numbers into the difficulty of being in a respectable position of which they cannot supply the natural and legitimate wants. Take the single class of clergy, exhibiting a great mass of low fixed incomes, and think of the necessary consequences which that fact involves. Of the London charities, occupying only one chapter of Mr. Sampson Low’s book, and producing, with a mixture of self-support, an annual sum of 130,000*l.*, far the greater part are middle-class ones. Christ’s Hospital is a middle-class charity; and so are, in some degree, all our grammar-schools and our public schools. But we see with our eyes the state of the case when a class under these difficulties sits at our tables, and is our next-door neighbour everywhere; when its prospects, its pressures, its applications, its opportunities anxiously watched and eagerly clutched, its disappointments, its successes, which are made so much of while they are intrinsically so small—when all its deep and its petty cares, aims and hopes—form the ever-repeated news in our streets, and the constantly recurring theme of friendly gossip or benevolent consultation at our firesides.

There was indeed another and a lower class which the *pau-peres Scholares* included; and the founders did undoubtedly give even to the lowest class a place in their institutions. But under a check of proper discrimination, this too is a duty, not only not obsolete now, but in the highest degree serviceable, and consistent with existing social laws and claims. And there is no proof that the founders intended this duty to be performed
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without discrimination; and if they did, there is no reason why we should not put into effect their benevolence, with the addition of our own check. No sensible man certainly will recommend the admission into the University of a class of poor students whose only claim is that they are poor. Universities were not founded for levelling the distinctions of Providence; and experience shows the great injustice which is done to the person himself, when, without any natural difference, he is lifted up above his natural rank, to be the victim in after-life of awkward social relationships to which his pride and his conscience respond oppositely, oppressed by the sense of isolation which an artificial position inflicts, and tempted to low means of remedying it. We may be opposing some generous speculations which the recent movement in the Church raised; but it must be said that young men introduced from this class into the ministry of the Church, are, if they are not remarkably superior to, too likely to be much below, the clerical average, and to be just the most greedy and secular of the whole body. The simple ministry of the Church is to them, what to others it is not, a great addition of worldly rank; and that being the case, the aspect of the Church as an avenue to worldly advantages is almost of necessity a specially prominent one in their eyes, and their temptation to use it as such proportionally stronger. If you think that clergy from a humbler class will on that account bear hardships better, you are mistaken; they are just the men to grumble most, because they have less of the sentiment or romance of a contrast to support them—the contrast between natural position and voluntary. The medieval Church had orders of clergy which were used to do work for which men from the higher classes of society were unfit; for preaching friars she may have preferred men of a lower rank. But, particular objects excepted, the medieval Church did what the Church has in every age wisely, and we will add reverently, done—she got, with the highest talents and gifts, the highest rank also she could get for the service of the Church. Nor, when ecclesiastical places were supplied from a lower, was it because the Church preferred that rank, but because she could not get a higher one.

But though it is no function of a University to take up young men from the lower ranks without a special reason, with a special reason it most decidedly is. Where real marks of genius or high talent appear in the lower classes, there is a call upon us to bring it out, and give it form and training. This is more than a duty even which we owe to the Church or the nation; it is an immediate act of religion, an obedience due to a direct pointing of the finger of God. We are wisely restrained by a scrupulous forethought

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forethought in the case of the ordinary poor in this matter: we think of the dangers to humility and to simplicity, and of all the social incongruities into which they will be introduced. But in the case of high intellect, of which true symptoms and pledges are seen, we have no business with these considerations. No scruples and no fears ought to interfere with the sacred duty of bringing out *that*; upon you rests that responsibility; and the responsibility of providing a due defence against future trials rests upon One who is sure to fulfil it; who, as He has bestowed the gift, will give His aid to escape the snares which will accompany it. To ordinary men we may act as nurses, and keep them out of harm's way; but danger is the privilege of high gifts. Do not be afraid of this great law, or attempt to improve it, or think that results worth having can be attained without it. Your pupil in after days will either be the better for his trials, or, if he is not, it will be his own fault. But high intellect is a sacred thing, and must be brought out at all risks.

The eleemosynary designs then of founders are not obsolete and impracticable, but are suitable to the present age; and, admitting of a fulfilment, they cannot be unfulfilled without injustice both to them and to those classes. But—and we speak in no spirit of hostile criticism, but because a grave fact ought to be observed, and an evil must be asserted in order to a remedy—Oxford does not fulfil this duty to the Church and nation in either of those respects which we have mentioned. Neither the claims of middle-class poverty nor those of lower-class intellect are sufficiently attended to, the latter being indeed almost wholly neglected. Chance, which fulfils the founder's intentions in some degree, does not at the same time give it more of a fulfilment than it would have had had he never expressed it—and expressed it for the very purpose of obtaining more of a fulfilment than chance would give him.

Such a state of things has arisen in a great measure from causes over which the University has had no control. She has been compelled by a course of events to give away all places by an examination test; and the very justice of an examination test excludes attention to any other claims—that of poverty with the rest. It may be said indeed that the poor are sure to get assistance on this basis if they deserve it, but this is not true. This test gives a decided advantage to the affluent classes; and a high natural intellect to which narrow means have not given the conventional cultivation and shape, but whose real depth and resources subsequent years will prove, is not on an examination equality with a trained and moulded inferior. Though you have certainly a right then to insist on a superior intellect

intellect as the condition of raising a student out of the lowest class, an examination is not a fair test of his intellect; while in the case of middle-class poverty you have no right to insist on such superiority; its natural position, without this, entitling it to the founder's bounty. The fellowships then are elected to, whether well or ill, without direct regard to this claim; though a property restriction, which is a very capricious one in some colleges, recognizing land and ecclesiastical preferment only in an age of Funds, keeps them generally out of the hands of the affluent. Nor as prizes given after education, could they assist the poor to education any how. Scholarships and exhibitions, Bible-clerkships and servitorships represent the small residuum of college revenues after fellowships have been subtracted. Of these, scholarships and exhibitions feel justly the strong claims of intellectual merit upon them, and cannot consent to weaken the great use which they serve so long as they attend singly to it; though a great waste of founder's bounty often takes place, while the candidate who only wants the honour carries off the emolument. There remain Bible-clerkships and servitorships, with one or two scholarships of modern date—that is to say, of vast revenues, the whole of which is charged by the testators with the direct consideration of poverty—there remain the proceeds of some thirty situations, only about half of which are a maintenance, which obey this charge.

With these reflections and observations we turn to that part of the scheme of the Commissioners which is concerned with the eleemosynary object of the college foundations.

The Commissioners start here with two strings to their bow, and lay down, as the basis of the question, two alternatives, either of which will gain the desired conclusion. They first doubt whether the founders ever did really intend to favour the claims of poverty. The colleges, they say,—

‘were intended, no doubt, to maintain *scholars who were poor*; and in an age when learning was regarded as ignoble by the great, and when *nearly all but the great were poor*, persons willing to enter the University as students could hardly be found except amongst the poor. If in modern days those who impart or seek education in the Universities are not indigent, it must not be thought therefore that the poor have been robbed of their birthright. Rather the Universities, among other agencies, have so raised the condition of society, and mental cultivation is now so differently regarded, that persons intended for the learned professions are at present found only among the comparatively wealthy.’
—*Report*, p. 39.

The Commissioners may be pardoned for knowing very little—and this passage proves that they do not know much—of the state

state of society in the middle ages; but they have not been lucky in betraying such an astounding ignorance of the state of society in which they live. We will not ask who told that 'nearly all but the great were poor in the middle ages;' or whether this fact, instead of coming from any informant at all, was not a happy discovery of the moment, a fruit of that argumentative inspiration which has at all times added so much original matter to the tameness of history; but we will congratulate them on their happy escape from contact with the evils and blots of our social system. If in the expression '*persons intended* for the learned professions' they refer to such an intention as can be put into effect, it may be true that none but the sons of the comparatively affluent are intended for the learned professions, because the formation of such an intention as this implies the possession of the means for fulfilling it. But if they mean to say that none but the comparatively affluent *desire* legitimately a learned profession for their sons, we beg to tell them that thousands who are not only not 'comparatively affluent,' but are exceedingly poor, do so. If the phrase '*pauperes scholares*' does not express the design of a founder, but the characteristic of an age, why did the founders add '*pauperes*' when '*scholares*' would have been enough? and why did Archbishop Peckham, who was visitor of Merton College in the year 1284, write to that society thus:—'Ye ought only to have received the indigent, as is shown in the 11th chapter of the Regulations, whence it appears that ye have no liberty to receive such as have sufficient to provide for their own necessities with their own means.' The second string of the Commission is that the assistance of the poor *was* the founder's design, and that this design must be fully admitted, but that it has become obsolete and incapable of fulfilment without positive mischief:—

'We have no wish to encourage "poor scholars" to come to the University because they are poor. If we look to the wants of the country and the church, we must believe that what is needed is not a philanthropic scheme for counterbalancing the inequalities of fortune, but rather enactments which will provide that neither the rich nor the poor, if they have the necessary qualifications, shall be *deterred or debarred* from following the course which shall be most useful. What is needed is *justice*, directed to the removal of every impediment; not *charity*, designed to produce, under artificial stimulants, a large class of students without vocation or special aptitude for a learned profession.'—*Report*, p. 40.

Now in parts of this statement, which indeed we have forestalled, we agree. But between the encouragement of the lowest poor

poor to come up to the University simply because they are poor, and the neglect of the claims of poverty altogether, is there not a middle course which the Commissioners wholly overlook and omit? Is there not middle-class poverty, and is there not lower-class intellect to attend to? With such claims as these confronting them, how can the Commissioners speak of 'University endowment being *burdened* with eleemosynary and family restrictions?' (*Report*, p. 111). Eleemosynary and family restrictions—mark that combination! As if a great law of religion and of nature were to be mentioned in the same breath with a petty family preference, though even that is not to be despised, unless it has become obsolete and injurious! And mark that word '*burden!*' An executor burdened with the claims of heirs—a steward burdened with the rights of proprietorship—a debtor burdened with demands of creditors! When these are proved to be burdens, call that a burden which with the founders was a paramount design, and without which you would not have had this property left at all! With these plain claims how can the Commissioners propose, as they do in this passage, to expunge the word charity from college statutes, or imagine that the substitution of '*justice*' in its stead is any compensation? Justice indeed! Why, there is justice enough without foundations at all. Nobody would be *deterred and debarred* from coming up to the University who had the means. But foundations are expressly for an object beyond the absence of bar—for positive assistance. Their very existence implies that the higher rule of charity has superseded that of mere justice. But are you *just* even? Do not be quite so sure of that. Because you are not a St. Martin, the inference is not immediate that you are an Aristides! A claimant comes for his share of some funds which were expressly left for his relief, and you say, 'Stop! I am not charitable; I am only just: that is my great virtue, and *therefore* I cannot give you any of this money.' The rejected applicant would doubtless be surprised at learning the particular ground on which his request was refused; nor could we help him out of his perplexity; for certainly if this is justice, it is not a justice of which one would say, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. Though just enough is admitted for inconsistency. They allow a few small exhibitions (p. 178), not worthy of a place in the calendar, to continue to be given with a regard to poverty; assigning as a reason that 'it may be well that the sons of poor gentlemen and clergymen should be assisted;' and volunteering the remark that, 'there are clerical education societies which support young men at the University who are poor, and are thought likely to become useful clergymen.'

men.' They admit, then, the existence of a large claimant class on this ground, while they only feed it by a crumb, and think that private associations ought to do what Colleges ought substantially to neglect.

On this subject, then, the Commission simply stereotypes the existing state of things in the University, with the addition of some positive promotion and encouragement. The examination test, which favours the affluent classes who can afford a first-rate education for their sons, now used with exceptions and qualifications, is imposed with unbending rigour; an appeal being allowed to the visitor 'to issue a commission for the re-examination of candidates' in case of any suspicion that any other claim of a candidate has been attended to besides that which his examination has shown. Of a grotesque and ridiculous rule, which, if it worked at all, would disorder every election in the University, we will only observe one aspect. The Commissioners do, on the subject now before us, simply fix existing practice where it wavers, and legitimatise present defects; and on this basis they erect their plan of University extension.

We come again across the subject of University extension, after a considerable interval and in another connexion. A modification of the system of education was the source from which we drew University extension in an earlier part of this article. But we must now draw attention to another and a very different source from which this extension must be extracted. A modified education might appeal to some affluent classes; but, after all the consideration which we have been able to bestow on the subject, we see only one means to an accession from poorer ones, and that is a direct use of the College revenues for that purpose. It is not enough for this purpose to cut down the expenses of a college life; these latter classes too often cannot avail themselves of such a reduction, unless they have also some positive assistance. Allowing, then, the present scholarships to continue on their present basis as rewards mainly of intellectual merit, it is worth considering whether a portion of college revenue might not be advantageously employed to erect a new class of exhibitions, to be given away with a direct regard to the claim of poverty. The securities for keeping such a condition in force would require a careful construction; the parish clergyman's certificate, accepted in the case of one or two such exhibitions of recent foundation for clergymen's sons at Worcester College, which we understand work well, would hardly satisfy; and definite statements from the parents or guardians themselves might be justly required—not that any plan is obliged to find faultless or, which is the same thing, impossible securities. The mode of appointment
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would be another question : a system of mere nomination by college officials is too liable to abuse ; an examination is the fairest patron on the whole ; and the previous ascertainment of poverty would present a set of candidates equal as regards the primary condition of the prize, and therefore fairly and usefully open to a scholarship test for the purpose of selecting from it. The value of such exhibitions would be another question. The lowest class could only send up its intellects of high promise to the University on the pledge of an entire maintenance, while middle-class poverty is effectively assisted by 50*l.*, 60*l.*, or 70*l.* a-year. But single exhibitions of more than a certain value are not thought to work well at Cambridge, where experience on this subject is ampler than at Oxford ; and a power of accumulation to meet particular cases would answer all the purpose. The number of such exhibitions would depend on the resources of different colleges. St. John's College, Cambridge, which is the fortunate dispenser of an annual sum of 4000*l.* in the shape of exhibitions and scholarships, offers a standard too high for college funds to reach without new bequests ; but the advantages of one University show the wants of the other. We shall not go farther into particulars, but the question from what source such places should be provided is one which we cannot overlook.

The principle of unity which binds self-elective corporations and identifies the future body in idea with the present, has been a more watchful guardian of the property of the Colleges than extrinsic nomination has been of the estates of Deans and Chapters. An existing generation of fellows has no prospect of benefit from the change of the system of beneficial leases into that of rack-rent, of which the profit comes in too late ; they can only repay themselves for the positive loss which they incur in the abandonment of fines by recourse to loans upon internal or borrowed funds, nor have they always availed themselves of this liberty ; yet the motive of the future benefit of the society has operated, and in the course of this century a large migration of college property has taken place from one system to the other. We cannot pretend to speak with accuracy, yet it would not be far from the mark to say that nearly the whole of the estates of a few colleges, half of many, and a third of almost all, are now at rack-rent, while a raised corn-rent has modified the old system even where continuing. But the result of such past improvement is that there is less of future to look forward to. And though an increase of the general stock of college property, which a guess might put at forty or fifty thousand a-year, may be still in time be expected, many claims have to be satisfied before it is available for new uses. A large class
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of insufficient fellowships have to be made moderate ones; and upon the limitation of 300*l.* a-year which the Commission has laid down, a very large joint class of insufficient and moderate fellowships have to be made good ones; though it is only justice to the College spirit to say that it does not always give private advantage the first claim. Add to this the long time of waiting before the effect of run-out leases is felt. Two periods of seven years pass before the College resumes formally the full proprietorship: but this is not all; the skilful eye of an accomplished lessee can measure to-day the amount of durability in barns and outbuildings, and on the expiration of the lease, an estate with a worn-out soil and a tottering masonry falls in to the lessors. Repairs, with repayment of loans, principal and interest, leave several years during which the net income of the estate does not more than equal its amount under the old system; and a solid accession of property to the College may be not unfairly put at twenty years from the first refusal to renew.*

Under these circumstances it is evident that, with the rare exception of those societies whose fiscal growth and prospects can afford an excess over a higher maximum of a fellowship, such a class of exhibitions can only be supplied in one of two ways, either by a lower maximum, or by a partial suppression of fellowships. With respect to either plan, colleges would, of course, stand differently, according to their size and revenues. A small college could not afford to reduce its fellowships in number without risk to its efficiency as a place of education; a poor college could not afford to reduce them in value. Nor ought such a charge to be laid indiscriminately upon all. But thus much must be said,—that such a class of exhibitions is called for; that the fellowships do at present absorb a disproportionate share of college revenue; and that, without such a legitimate drain upon it, this disproportion will increase as college revenue increases.

In accordance with the principle here laid down, the schemes of University extension which have been put forward of late have used all more or less the College revenues, and offered some positive assistance to the student. Some plans in the evidence in this Report involve this; and a scheme of an affiliated hall, with exhibitions attached, for the reception of a poorer class, has been for two years under the considerate eye of the Visitor of an important College in Oxford. There can be no use in extending University education at the cost of lowering

* Mr. Neate's short but valuable pamphlet on this subject deserves attention.

it, but it is a different thing if you are provided with funds for enabling men to rise to its level;—whether you erect independent halls, or affiliated halls, or only increase college accommodation.

The Commissioners, however, while they give a liberty which they cannot refuse to the University to try any of these modes of extension, recommend as their own particular proposal, of which the advantages cannot be equalled, a scheme of ‘unattached students;’ *i.e.*, of students, however poor, thrown entirely upon their own resources, and living by themselves in what lodgings they can get, under no discipline but the vague and cold surveillance of a higher University police—to which they offer the name—ominous in associations—of ‘guardians.’ They propose this plan against the all but unanimous verdict of the evidence which they themselves have collected; a fact which they recognise rather too indefinitely as a ‘plan which has been strongly objected to by *many* of those who have given evidence, but strongly supported by *several*.’ For ‘*many*,’ read all but five, and for ‘*several*,’ read five. And they propose it not as a suggestion of ordinary rank, but a fundamental one on which they stake their credit—a cabinet measure; placing it amongst the ‘most important’ which they single out for insertion in the last clause of the ‘Conclusion of the Report.’ It must be added, that the proposal brings them into direct collision with their brethren of the other Commission, who recommend a diminution of the present out-college lodging in Cambridge, while they are for introducing a form of student life much more independent than this into Oxford, as a new practice.

The statement they give of the advantages of this proposal, the comparisons between it and the collegiate one, and their replies to objections, are curious, as showing how easily men can satisfy themselves of the excellencies, and how blind they are to the defects of a scheme, which some previous theory has rendered a favourite. The first ground alleged for it is its superior cheapness; and three statements of weekly expenses—one, that ‘of a clerk in an attorney’s office in a town about the same size as Oxford,’ another that ‘of an accountant in the same office,’ and another ‘that of a pupil of Mr. Brunell’s, while living at Chalvey, near Slough, during the construction of the Windsor branch of the Great Western Railway,’—are introduced, in order to prove the rate at which ‘young men from the middle classes in English society,’ may live at Oxford if left to provide for themselves in lodgings. And it must be observed that no want of comfort and no great inferiority even of style are at present considered to be involved in this rate of living. These statements

ments then all come to the same result, viz., to 18*s.* a-week as the whole expense of boarding and lodging; and the third, which is the most accurate, will do for all.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Lodging, per week	8	0
Dinner, per day, 10 <i>d.</i>	5	10
And he considered that his other meals and sundries cost about	2	2

Making his whole expenses about..... 16 0
a week, exclusive of washing.

Now the Commissioners forget one important consideration here, viz., that lodging-keepers charge higher in a University than they do elsewhere, making the employed portion of the year compensate for the unemployed. And in Oxford house-rent is high. There are no decent lodgings in Oxford under 12*s.* a week. You must deduct then the 4*s.* from the 10*d.* a day allowance for the dinners of the week—not a too liberal one, as it stands, considering that the age is a luxurious one, and that Jeremy Taylor has laid down with canonical precision the scholar's right to sterling support. And in that case you have not much excess to fall back upon in that third comprehensive weekly item of 'other meals and sundries,' for which 2*s.* 2*d.* is allowed. Have the Commissioners, by the way, made the proper inquiries in this grave and solemn department? We do not see in their circular the questions—'What is the average appetite of an undergraduate?—What reduction does it admit of?—State your experience and observation of the effect of study upon it.' Yet such important subjects ought not to be so severely decided without information.

These calculations indeed are so obviously and so much below the mark as applied to Oxford living, that the Commissioners themselves raise them double, as soon as ever they apply them, and give nearly 47*l.* instead of 24*l.* as the annual expense of the board and lodging of an unattached student. But in raising it to this sum, though not considerate enough for truth, they are too considerate for their own conclusions, for they raise it above the amount at which a Hall fixes it, as shown by the tables of Bishop Hatfield's Hall at Durham, which put these expenses at the annual sum of 37*l.* 7*s.*, and though the Commissioners' calculations suppose twenty-eight terms residence instead of the Durham residence of twenty-four, the difference would still keep the Durham annual sum below the Commissioners'. And it must be remembered that the Durham calculation is a tried and working one. The Commission puts the three years' board,

board, lodging, and instruction, together at 200*l.*; while Mr. Collis, Head Master of Bromsgrove School, says :—‘ One of my brothers entered Hatfield Hall, and from first to last, including all expenses, academical and *personal*, he spent but a few pounds over 300*l.*’ Considering how much *personal* expenses include, 300*l.*, with this addition, is less than the Commission’s 200*l.* without it. Nor can we understand how the Commission can accept or not dispute Mr. Melville’s sum of 180*l.* as a Hall-amount of all expenses, academical and domestic, for three years; then put down 200*l.* as the amount on their own plan; and finally conclude that their own plan is cheaper than the Hall one. So much appears upon admitted calculations. But take into account the ignorance and carelessness of young men in such matters, and the enormous extent to which they will be cheated by lodging-keepers; and it stands to reason that an economical College or Hall, under conscientious and responsible management, would keep them much cheaper than they would keep themselves.

The plan, then, of ‘ unattached students,’ if it is to have the advantage of greater cheapness, implies a much lower form of life than we have now in Oxford; it implies bad lodging in holes and corners, and indifferent food. But in that case there is small ground for another advantage which the Commissioners attach to it, as compared with the collegiate plan. They object to a poor scholar life, however modified, in institutions, because ‘ popular opinion affixes a stigma, though perhaps a slight one, on such positions;’ and such students come into invidious ‘ contact with the present commoners.’ But do they mean to say that a set of young men, like all other undergraduates, except that they are known to be poor, wearing no badges, and receiving a first-rate education under the shelter of an ancient society, will provoke invidious comparisons, and that a new class of students, living how and where they can, will not? Will the sight of poor students in halls or colleges elicit pride; and will that of poor students lodging in alleys produce wisdom and reflection? The Commissioners are sanguine men, if, with the character which they attribute to Oxford Commoners, they wait confidently for the sobering effect which the sight of unattached students will have upon it; when they suppose that the presence of this class will, ‘ *if it makes itself felt*, tend to introduce among the students generally quieter and more frugal habits, and to discourage extravagant ways of thinking and living.’

The objection of want of discipline, in the case of these unattached students, is met by a set-off. After a considerable parade of ‘ licenses,’ by which lodging-houses would be tested, and

and 'regulations,' under which they would be placed—which, like all prospective tests and regulations, are the surest and most inviolable that can be conceived; after Proproctors have been increased, and the new office of 'Guardian' erected, it is confessed that these students 'would, in some respects, have more liberty' (Report, p. 52) than others. It is argued, however, 'that poverty and the guarantee implied in poverty, that such students would come to the University only for the sake of study, would act as a direct hindrance to vice, and as an inducement to good conduct.' But poverty without credit is a guarantee against expensive, not against cheap vice; and the guarantee in poverty for persevering study is by no means sure; nor again is even the zealous pursuit of knowledge a guarantee against self-indulgence and profligacy.

The advantage of this plan to the Colleges, as saving the expense of new buildings, does not come with a good grace from a Commission that has made so free with college revenues for its own purposes. Moreover, many colleges can and do afford to build largely.

Two principal views seem to have influenced the Commissioners in recommending this plan. The first is an academical theory. The marginal heading with which this plan is ushered in is—'Restoration of the University which has been absorbed in the Colleges.' These 'unattached students' have an extraordinary value in their eyes, as constituting a body which belongs to the University, without belonging to a College or Hall; and so bringing out the *idea*, simple and unalloyed, of a *University*. Now there is something in a name, and a reason is not immediately to be silenced because it is no more. Yet, on every practical principle, what can it signify, if a University produces certain results, whether it produces them *as* a University, or as a collection of Colleges and Halls. The latter is the form into which a long course of events, a growth of centuries has moulded Oxford; in spite of which we have been accustomed to consider Oxford a University. But if Oxford is *not* a University, lamenting the error under which we have always lain, we yet cannot see its great importance or relevancy. If Oxford is a University, and produces certain results, then a University produces those results: if Oxford is not a University and produces them, something else which is not a University does. But so long as ends are attained, it cannot signify by what particular means they are, still less the shape and the name of those means. Create a new form of student-life, if you can create a better one. But if the existing form is a stricter one,

one, as you admit it to be, do not for the sake of an idea exchange it for a laxer one.

But another view, which may be called an ethical one, also lies underneath this scheme, and the Commissioners, besides a pure academical theory, develop a stern moral philosophy. The following extract will show what we mean.

‘We learn from the Report of your Majesty’s Commissioners for the Scottish Universities what such students can do there.

“I asked him if he meant that he lived on meal only, prepared in different ways. He said, “Yes.” I then went to his landlady, and asked whether he was so poor as that he could not afford anything better? She said, “Not at all, he has abundance of money.” I asked, “What is it then that he does with it?”—“He lays it out on books,” and, says she, “What do you think he paid me at the end of last Session, for his whole necessaries. I bought for him everything that he required for food, and supplied him with fuel, candles, and lodging, and the whole amount was 4*l.* 17*s.* for five months.”

“Are a great proportion of your students in a situation of pecuniary difficulty?”—“There are a great number of them that are, in fact, obliged to go home and work at farm labour, in order to enable them to come up the next session to College.”

‘*Such brave struggles might perhaps be witnessed in Oxford, too, if the poor were admitted to the University, as of old, without being forced to join any College or Hall!*’—Report, p. 49.

Now, nobody who is not insensible to the merit of ardour and endurance in the cause of knowledge, can refuse to admire the struggles, portrayed in this passage, of genuine poverty submitting to extreme privations and menial labour, rather than want books and education. Such an exhibition is honourable to a Scotch University, which, as it has no funds at command, can point to the virtues of its students, without the responsibility of their hardships. But because a penniless University is obliged to look as a spectator upon a class of students in it, which has not enough to live on, to introduce this class of set purpose into endowed Oxford, and keep on its hardships designedly, under the very walls of institutions expressly raised for their relief, is a strange proposal. ‘Such brave struggles might perhaps be witnessed in Oxford too!’ And very creditable it would be to Oxford to offer such a sight; to have within the very scent of its College kitchens, matriculated undergraduates who lived on unwholesome or insufficient food, on ‘meal prepared in different ways,’—how far the variety of form would modify the stubborn identity of the substance is a question perhaps too recondite to be discussed *en passant*. Very creditable, very honourable indeed, a glorious boast, that unhappy solitaires,

solitaries, forlorn, hungry, and unhealthy, should be lodging like the offscouring of the earth in sidereal attics and subterranean cellars, within a few yards of our eleemosynary colleges, founded to assist poor scholars! You contemplate this result, do you, with grave, with philosophical satisfaction?—with satisfaction do we say?—rather with zealous and thankful emotion. You have been sitting in that room in Downing Street, as legislators, constructing a plan of University reform with the view of producing a salutary and convenient quantity of student-distress? You have regarded that as an advantageous end to be obtained by a wise and considerate application of means? Certainly discipline and hardship are good things, and we might all be the better for a little more of them; they subdue our levity, they strengthen and brace our wills. They are wholesome things, no doubt, and especially if high offices, if great emoluments are in prospect. Human nature is prepared for a middle life of promotion by a youth of rigour. Yet large exceptions to this rule are seen; for superior natures a more lenient discipline is sufficient, and an Oxford Commission reveals that there are those on whom an ample preferment sits with a becoming grace, without a previous starvation. Use, then, discipline with considerateness—these youths are exhausting themselves; for constitutions are weak, and health hangs upon a slender thread. They may die before they are professors! Not, however—for we must not attribute greater severity than we ought—that an immediate application of this rule to the professoriate is intended.

But this struggling class is introduced not only for the effect of discipline upon itself, but in order to edify the rest of the University—a design which is still more remarkable and questionable. When James the First as a young prince was naughty, the son of a lord in waiting was flogged; and the Saxon nobles performed the fasts of the Church by the instrumentality of their serfs. We smile at these facts, yet they are hardly truer examples, than the present one, of improvement made easy, and virtue practised by deputy. You drag in this string of forlorn irregulars, in order that we may become magnanimous and be inspired with high ideas at the sight of them; in order that we may say to ourselves, ‘how grand is hardship sustained in pursuit of knowledge, how noble is intellect in distress!’ You are bringing them in, as country squires import foxes into their estates, and German barons wolves; as fine specimens of the intellectual *feræ naturæ*; a rough, unshorn collection, which ornate academics may point out to polished savants and delicate ladies,

ladies, at commemorations, with the finger of a showman, and the remark, 'That is an unattached student; isn't he a fine animal in his way?' The Guardians will introduce them into the Sheldonian Theatre on that occasion, for the admiration of beholders. The ancient Spartans made a particular use of their Helots to convey a moral lesson; the 'unattached students' are to answer a similar purpose by means more moral indeed, but the morality of which will redound to their own honour a good deal more than to their employer's. How improving the sight of famished intellect especially, standing to be admired by those who must, in order to keep it so standing, wholly conquer the recollection that they are trustees, with revenues in their hands expressly devoted to its relief. The moral sense is bewildered, as we contemplate the labyrinthal involutions of this self-disciplining process; as we listen to the Professor of the Commission soliloquizing from his window, at the approach of a troop of poor 'unattached' advancing up the street—'Noble youths, how pale you look; how emaciated, how feeble your steps; I should think you have had nothing substantial to eat for three days. But would I help you to one step out of your present condition? Not for a professorship three times the value of my present one would I turn such a traitor to progress, such a recreant to science! I have two reasons for this course. First, I would not deprive *you* of a high privilege. Yes, depend upon it, toil is true honour, and struggle the noblest preferment. As I look at you, I feel I could almost change places with you. Yours is the glorious advanced post of science, that of ardent activity unburdened by profit, nor even much obstructed by support; while I, an unfortunate Professor—but I will not prolong by a contrast the pains of a refined jealousy. Secondly, the sight of you is so improving to my own character. I rise superior to the weaknesses of benevolence, as I contemplate the nobility of your struggles. I feel the grandeur, and swell with the love of science alone. A noble spirit rises in my breast—I am transported—I am inspired—I really think it probable I shall very soon begin to give lectures!'

The whole moral type on which this plan of University extension is based, is indeed a mistaken one. The plan of a poorer class living with assistance in institutions is rejected, because charity is supposed to be degrading to the objects of it. You adopt as your type a proud independence which prefers to struggle on without assistance, and endure without relief. But this, however much it may please a Stoic, is no Christian type; and our Founders would be astonished to hear that a theory had been discovered,

discovered, by which all their bequests could be generously enjoyed by the affluent, solely for the moral benefit of the needy, who were considered to be in danger of having their characters weakened by a share of them. Such are the results of a *collective* benevolence. There is not one member of this Commission, from its right reverend chairman to its able and accomplished secretary, who would not individually think it a privilege to open his own purse for the adequate support of a deserving student. But the *board* deals with the class as if it were an abstraction, in the spirit in which a political economist treats society. Meanwhile let it be understood, that if the College revenues are to be to any extent fresh applied, there is another claimant to the benefit of them besides the one introduced by the Commission. Nor shall we think much of a University reform which pushes on to a philosophical luxury and efflorescence upon the neglect of justice.

We have now discussed the two paramount objects of the College foundations, and it only remains to assign briefly its proper place and rank to a third object. We cannot, after a balance of different considerations, assign a paramount rank to the local objects of these foundations. The great founders of the Collegiate system in Oxford first erect institutions for the large and general object of promoting learning and benefiting the Church; but this general object having raised the institution, they have to apply its revenues according to some or other arrangement. The founders of Oriel and Balliol leave them free; the founders of Merton, Magdalen, All Souls and Corpus leave them to the counties in which the College estates are situated; the founder of Queen's leaves them to two northern counties, on account of devastation, general poverty, and rudeness; the founder of Lincoln leaves them to two dioceses, because those two have been left out in other foundations. But the selection of counties by the chance test of the situation of College estates does not indicate strong local preference to begin with; though the plan being adopted may have been administered with favour in a particular instance. The plan was calculated to oppose an abuse, which made Oriel in the last century largely Welch; and was met in that College and by the founder of Trinity by a particular counter-provision—the abuse of a clique of fellows gradually filling a College out of a particular district. The reasons of the founders of Lincoln and Queen's have the same look of absence of decided local preference. Imagine, indeed, a man of large mind, who sees defects in the ecclesiastical and scholastic training, or as we should say, in the education of the age, and erects an institution in order to supply them. It stands
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to reason that a man of this stamp, with such an aim, does not bring local preference strongly into his scheme. What he wants is to benefit the Church and nation. A general result is the dominant aim of one who is supplying a general want: nor can a man well be strongly attached to some ten or a dozen counties at once; the very number interprets the preference. But though large founders may have left such matters of arrangement to take their chance, and be modified by events, the lesser ones, or the class of benefactors, might feel the local motive more strongly; nor after any interpretation of a founder's intention is the actual expression of it to be disregarded; for though a fact may lose some of its force, an explanation is not therefore supreme. And time of itself gives weight and interest to local connexions.

There is another ground, and that perhaps a stronger one, for claiming a liberty to interfere with local restrictions—the ground, which has been mentioned before in other connexions, viz., that the fellowship, from being the thing which the founder made, has become a prize, and a prize moreover to which the important office of formal instructor attaches. Both these changes justify the demand of certain attainments as the condition of election, and, so far as local restrictions interfere with that condition, there is solid reason for removing them.

This balance of statute and explanation appears to issue in some conclusion like this:—that we have a full right to open the fellowships, so far as a need for such a change is shown, but not beyond that point.

Now the actual amount of obstruction which local restrictions raise to the admission of able men into our foundations has been exaggerated. We could, had we space, form a basis of antecedent calculation on this subject, and show that the law upon which nature produces intellectual ability, a greater proportion of which is produced upon one level than in a very marked succession of gradations, is one which would tend to diminish this effect of local restrictions: but we go to facts. These restrictions then have not prevented three-fourths of the classical firsts of the five years included in 1845-9, and one-third of the classical seconds within that time, from getting fellowships. The first proportion is a fair one, considering that the other fourth contains sons of noblemen, men of fortune, and those who for other reasons did not want fellowships. And although the second might certainly be improved, no very strong grievance is made out. This system has indeed been made to bear the weight of a good deal for which it is not really responsible. Whenever there has been a bad state of things in a College,
and

and that College has been under these restrictions, it has been taken for granted that the result has been owing to that cause; and this system has been saddled with the accumulated evils and abuses which carelessness, favouritism, and class influence in College elections have produced. But local restrictions in their pure operation do not prevent good elections, or degrade Colleges. It may be stated, as quite an ascertained fact, that a good sized county or diocese will send up, under fair circumstances, good candidates for scholarships and fellowships; though an irregular and unexpected appeal to a county for a fellow, in a College which ordinarily takes its fellows from its scholars, will sometimes not be well responded to. Had not this been the case, Oriel, which has eight out of its eighteen fellowships close, would never have gained a reputation, which has suppressed its portion of closeness altogether to the public eye, and been used as one of the great facts in favour of an entirely open system. Corpus is a close college: yet Sir William Hamilton, speaking from the fruits it has produced, says:—‘Nothing could stand against Corpus as an educational institution, if it did not burden itself by an extra weight of gentlemen commoners. The scholars, who constitute the far greatest amount of its undergraduates, are all elected by the College from a wide enough circle; they are therefore, in a great measure, picked men.’ Of another College, limited to two counties, the scholarships, we are informed, have ever since a late improvement in their value and prospects drawn decidedly good candidates, of whom a good proportion has subsequently obtained the highest academical distinctions—a proportion equal or superior to that which another foundation in the University, similar to it, but upon an open basis, has in the same time produced. Indeed, an open basis is of itself no pledge for the efficiency of a College. Oriel and Balliol, which were as open last century as they are this, were in a very low condition last century; and the two Colleges most devoted to class interests of late years, have been open colleges. Sir William Hamilton’s table for ‘showing the comparative efficiency of the Oxford Houses as seminaries of education,’ does not prove the conclusion which it was intended to establish, viz., that the academical honours of the Colleges vary in amount according to those of the Teachers: for—even were his collective estimate of honours formed upon a right basis, and not upon a basis of ‘First-class = 4, Second = 3, and Third = 2,’—the scale of College honours according to this estimate does not tally at all with the teacher-list. And the calculator omits the important consideration that Colleges start, according to their reputation and connexions, with different undergraduate-material. But his
table,

table, so far as it shows anything, does show one thing, viz., that the educational efficiency of the Colleges does not vary according to local restrictions. Two close colleges rank third and fourth on this list, and are followed by two open ranking fifth and sixth; two close ones rank twelfth and thirteenth, and are followed by two open ones ranking fourteenth and fifteenth. Open and close alternate throughout.

But there is another consideration. To the imagination of the public all Oxford appears as absorbed in this system; but the real fact is that not a large proportion of the fellowships are affected by it. By local restriction is meant the selection of *birth* in a particular locality, as a necessary condition of election. The proportion of fellowships which are subject to this condition will appear from the subjoined table, which contains two lists of fellowships (including, under this term, the studentships of Christ Church), one wholly free from local restrictions, the other free to a large extent, being open to spaces equal to or larger than the province of Canterbury. We have put down the foundations of All Souls' and Trinity under the former head, because, though under some statutable restrictions, the practice of these societies opens them to the whole University: Wadham under the latter, because only a preference is given in this foundation to two counties, 'in certain cases.'

Fellowships wholly free from local restrictions:—

Christ Church	.	.	101
New College	.	.	70
St. John's	.	.	50
All Souls'	.	.	40
Pembroke	.	.	18
Worcester	.	.	13
Trinity	.	.	12
Balliol	.	.	12
Oriel	.	.	10
Queen's	.	.	8

334

Fellowships comparatively free:—

Merton	.	.	.	24
Wadham	.	.	.	15
Exeter	.	.	.	8
Worcester	.	.	.	6
University	.	.	.	6

59

Sum total of fellowships . . . 542

Fellowships free	.	.	.	334
Comparatively free	.	.	.	59

393

Fellowships confined to counties, dioceses, &c. . . . 149

The proportion, then, of locally-restricted fellowships is but something more than one-fourth of the whole; the school restrictions in fact, assisted a little by founder's kin, absorbing a larger number than the local ones do; while the rest, under an open or a partial, or a nomination system of election, are free from all ties. Nor do the school restrictions *involve* the local ones, for even county schools, by circulated statements of their privileges, attract boys from distant parts of the country. It must be added that

that the greatest cases of abuse have arisen from the school restrictions; nor is the Commission to be excused for endeavouring under the phrase 'local body of electors,' to fasten upon local, instead of its real cause, *school* restriction, a notorious case of tremendous havoc made at the Oxford pass examinations, in a certain foundation alluded to in page 150 of the Report. The 'electors' were a local body indeed in this case, but the *elected* were not.

In this state of the case it may fairly be left to judicious reforming counsels to effect that relaxation of local or school restrictions, which may be wanted for the due rewarding of talent. An entire removal is not wanted for this end, and would certainly disappoint expectations; for when the ablest men are rewarded as they are to a large extent now, you have only a class below them left to reward. Nor, of another kind of restriction, viz., the selection of fellows out of scholars, does more than a modification appear to be wanted? It is certainly the opinion of practical men, that Colleges want, for their proper administration, some principle of unity, besides that which the inclosure of a number of men within four walls affords. This want has been supplied at Cambridge by the all but universal practice of electing Fellows out of the particular College—a practice which the Cambridge Commission seems to approve and sanction by silence. Election out of Scholars, whom the society itself has trained, affords a useful bond to the society, and has a good effect upon the Scholars, where election is not obligatory but only conditional. But while a relaxation to this extent might be useful, the reduction of the whole class of fellows to a simple *numerus* is a hazardous experiment.

With these remarks, we take leave of the subject of University Reform and the Oxford Commission. Their Report exhibits a considerable mass of information, which has not only an imposing effect, but gains the substantial respect of the reader; but when he comes to perceive, as he does before long, and perceives more and more as he advances, one fundamental deficiency throughout the scheme, he does not allow the industry of the collector to stand as a substitute for it. The board has probably given to all the parts of this scheme a fair amount of consideration; but boards as such talk and suggest rather than think. For that tossing of ideas and questions across a table, in battledore and shuttlecock fashion, which goes on at a board, is not worthy of the name of thought; though it is very useful to test, modify, or fill up a plan which has already had the advantage of being thought out. The individual only can dive into himself, and bring up out of the deep reservoir of a fertile brain and a reasoning

soning imagination all the postures, contacts, alliances, and relations of a scheme in operation, its situation amid surrounding matter, the points of attraction and repulsion, where things combine and where they jar; can, in short, be prophetic, call up an unborn future, and set things going before they are. But when individuals compose a board, they are apt to leave this hard and somewhat unsocial work to one another to do, and so to suppose often that a foundation, which only requires the social kind of thought to complete, has been laid, when it never has been: and though men are ready enough to undertake the thinking out of their own hobbies, they do not suppose it necessary to think accurately or patiently on such self-evident truths. Thus time after time the Commissioners' plans and arrangements break down on their first submission in idea to a working test, and show no foundation of true head-work; and amidst a lavish obtrusion of blue-book industry high mental labour is an absentee. Free as our comments, however, upon the Commission have been, we have at no one moment forgotten the high character and the distinction of the gentlemen who composed it. We have given them credit for a true and honourable zeal for the promotion of knowledge, and for a sincere desire to improve the University upon their type. But they are—and we might use a harsher word—enthusiasts. They have started with a particular idea of a University in their heads, and have made everything give way to that. To a fictitious revival of an old type, and to one order's supremacy, all sound policy, practical convenience, and established proportions have been sacrificed. They have thought that they could not do anything but what was wise, discreet, temperate, and modest, so long as they filled every place and department with that occupant. They have treated the University like the most insatiable carpet-bag; stuffed it with legislators till it cannot stir, crammed it with teachers till its head turns round. And enthusiasm is generally the next door to injustice. They have degraded and disgraced every other order to make way for this one; while at the same time they have wholly passed by rightful claimants, and neglected reforms which were wanted on the ground of solid justice. From such a temper has proceeded a scheme of University reform, of which the University constitution is a blunder, the University instruction a theory, and the University extension a joke.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. 1853.

WE have given our general views of Mr. Moore's literary character, as well as of some of his principal productions, so fully on former occasions that, on the present, we shall confine our observations to the *special contents* of the volumes before us. This is a task which we wish we could have spared ourselves; for we have but little to commend either in the substance or the circumstances of the publication—which has not merely disappointed the general reader, but must, we believe, have given pain to every one who has any regard for the memory of poor Moore.

The book presents us with, first, an autobiographical sketch of Moore's earlier life, of which a good deal seems to us very apocryphal, and what is of any value has been already before the public in the prefaces to the collected edition of his works; secondly, a number of letters, already above 400, chiefly to his mother, and Mr. Power the publisher of his 'Melodies;' thirdly—but much the larger and more important section, occupying half the second and the whole of the third and fourth volumes—a Diary—beginning in August, 1818—and thenceforward most assiduously and minutely kept—of not merely the incidents of his literary and domestic life, but the sayings and doings of the extensive and variegated society in which he moved.

These materials he bequeathed under the following clause of his will (dated 1828):—

'I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family.'—*Preface*, p. i.

On this Lord John observes 'that the reader will not wonder that he has thought it right to comply with the request of his deceased friend.' To the general proposition we cheerfully assent, but the manner in which the task has been executed is a very different question. Every one recollects his friend Sydney Smith's description of his Lordship's readiness to undertake *any* thing and *every* thing—to build St. Paul's—cut for the stone—or command the Channel fleet. We cannot guess what he might have been as an architect, an anatomist, or an admiral, but he is assuredly a very *indifferent* editor.

His

His position, indeed, is altogether a strange one. We see him in the political world executing the most important duties without an office, and in his literary capacity accepting a very important office without performing its most ordinary duties. He is also, we find, simultaneously editing the correspondence of Mr. Fox. Yet it evidently never once occurs to him, that one who has so many irons in the fire runs a risk of burning his fingers.

In the first place, the volumes are—what is called—*edited* in the most slovenly and perfunctory style. For instance:—

At the close of the Letters we find one of the few, and generally very idle notes that he condescends to give us:—

‘* * * These letters are, many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I *fear* several have been wrongly placed.—*J. R.*’—i. 141.

‘*Fear!*’ any one who had read the Letters must have been *sure* of it; and why is it so? What is the use of an *editor* but to look after such things? and, in this case, we really believe that it might have been done by an hour’s attentive perusal and comparison with the other contents of the volumes. But the materials are not only negligently misplaced—but, if Lord John had, as he intimates, a power of *selection*, in many instances very ill chosen. We by no means quarrel with his having given us much that may appear trifling—it was incident to the nature of the task he had undertaken—but we smile at the pompous solemnity with which he endeavours to excuse such an unsifted accumulation of littlenesses and nothings as we have now before us.

‘Mr. Moore,’ his Lordship says, ‘was one of those men *whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life and the lesser traits of his character.*’—p. vi.

To this we may make the old reply, *Je n’en vois pas la nécessité*. Mr. Moore was a lively and popular writer, and a most agreeable companion, and well entitled to a special biography, but we never imagined that the recesses of his private life were to afford anything so emphatically important to mankind.

Admitting, however, as we are quite willing to do, the amusement and even the instruction to be derived from a Dutch delineation of the smaller details of social life, it is essential even to that petty pleasure to know something about the company into which we are thus introduced. Of the many hundred persons who are more or less prominent actors in the long *melo-drame* of Moore’s life, there are not above a couple of dozen that would not require a nomenclator, while the editor has not thought fit to fix the identity of *any one*, and leaves us a mere
mob

mob of undistinguishable names. There are, or seem to be, five or six different tribes of *Moore*s, three or four septs of *Nugent*s, four or five clans of *Douglasses*, *Smiths* in their usual abundance, and long strings of 'Brown—Jones—Robinson,' and the like, but not a hint from the writer or the editor which of the Browns, Joneses, or Robinsons is the party concerned. Lord John, we admit, may say that in the great majority of cases we should probably think any explanation that could be given very barren and unprofitable. Just so: but what is that excuse but a proof that the greater part of the work is itself unprofitable and barren; for what interest can there be about the sayings and doings of people whose personal identity is not even worth realizing?

There is one instance of this neglect or reserve so remarkable and so unaccountable that it seems to throw something of suspicion where we are sure Lord John could have had none—we mean the announcement of Moore's *marriage*. We need not say in what a variety of ways such an event influences any man's subsequent life. In Moore's case it seems to have been singularly imprudent, and, if not clandestine, at least very mysterious, and must have been the cause of much embarrassment, and, in spite of his joyous and sanguine temper, of constant anxiety. Almost every page of the *Diary*, and many pages twice or thrice over, testify how vividly, how ostentatiously he produces and reproduces the happy consequences of this alliance; but those who will take the trouble of looking closer will see that he seems to have been in a constant fidget about the various shades of coolness or countenance with which his choice was received, and that his feelings towards individuals were evidently sweetened or soured according to this special influence; and yet all that either he or his editor tells us on this affair which predominates over every hour of his after life is this—

—At page 252 of the first volume, under date 'May 1811,' he writes to his *mother* that he is to meet at breakfast at Lady Donegal's* and at dinner at Mr. Rogers',

A person whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week.'

To which the editor appends this note:—

* Barbara, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Godfrey, became, in 1790, the third wife of the first Marquis (then Earl) of Donegal. He died in 1799. Lady Donegal and her sisters Mary and Philippa seem to have lived together; hence Moore always speaks of them as *the Donegals*. They were amongst the earliest, kindest, and most sensible of Moore's friends; and a few of Miss Mary Godfrey's letters to him, full of lively talk and excellent advice, are certainly the best things in the volumes. It is not stated, and we very much doubt, that Lady Donegal knew anything of Miss Dyke *before* the marriage, but she immediately, as Moore phrases it, 'took her by the hand.' Lady Donegal died in 1829. Of Miss Godfrey we regret that we know nothing but her half-dozen agreeable letters.

'Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke on March 22, 1811, at St. Martin's Church in London.'

Surely after Lord John's dissertation on the necessity of the world's being made acquainted with the minute details of Mr. Moore's life, it is very strange to find him thus slurring over the chief personage and topic of all. We throw into a foot-note a few words on this subject (chiefly collected from the Diary) which seem necessary to supply the editor's injudicious omission, and to explain Moore's real position. We do so the more willingly, lest our silence, added to that of Lord John, should lead to a suspicion that anything could be truly said derogatory in the slightest degree from the merits of 'this excellent person,' as she is, no doubt justly, described by Lord John, and by every one else that we have ever heard speak of her.*

But besides these obvious defects of Lord John's editorial system, some questions of more serious importance present themselves. He considers it, he says, 'clear,' that

'by assigning to me the task of "looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals" he might leave behind him, "for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.'—i. ix.

It is clear Lord John could not rationally have accepted the duty without some degree of control—not, however, an arbitrary, but a responsible control.

When a man of strong party feelings like Lord John Russell has an unlimited power over a miscellaneous mass of papers, written on the spur of every transient feeling by a *partizan of his own*, and teeming with all the political partialities and personal antipathies of their *common* habits and opinions, it would be only

* Mr. Dyke was, we are informed, a subaltern actor on the Irish stage; he also gave lessons in dancing, and showed some artistic talents in scene painting. He had three daughters; the eldest married a Mr. Duff, also, we have been informed, on the stage, and the youngest Mr. Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre (ii. 208); the second, Elizabeth, born in 1793, was the wife of Moore. They were all on the stage (i. 304), when young as dancers, and afterwards as actresses; in both these capacities they were engaged to fill the female parts in the *Amateur Theatricals* of Kilkenny in the years 1809 and 1810, when Moore, then one of the performers (and it is said a very good one), became acquainted with them, and enamoured of Miss E. Dyke. The courtship commenced at Kilkenny (iv. 103), was continued in Dublin (*ib.* 126), but, it seems, without the knowledge of *his* family, as his mother, we see, did not hear of the match for two months after it had taken place, and then, as being with 'one she little dreamed of.' It appears that these young persons were always under the care of their mother, and their personal characters were irreproachable. The Kilkenny play-bills supply a fact that should be noticed. The season was about the October of each year. In 1809 Miss E. Dyke appears constantly, and she and Moore played repeatedly *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom* together. In 1810 *her* name is not found in the bills, and her sisters took her usual parts. We conclude that Moore had then made up his mind to the match, and his delicacy had induced the lady to quit the stage.

fair to tell us *distinctly* at the outset, whether he makes a *selection* or whether he prints *in extenso* the whole work as he finds it; and in the former case he should indicate by *blanks* or *asterisks* where any suppression occurs. We observe that Lord John in a few places does introduce, in the exercise of his discretion, blanks and asterisks. This would imply that he has made *no other suppressions*—and, if so, the Diary must have been, on the whole, singularly inoffensive, and a dozen similar suppressions would have removed the chief blots of this kind that we have heard complained of; but here a recent circumstance suggests some rather puzzling considerations. There occurs in the Diary the following passage:—

‘June 16, 1825.—Breakfasted at Rogers’s: Sydney Smith and his family, Luttrell, Lord John [Russell], Sharpe, &c.—highly amusing. Talked of Sir Robert Wilson:—after the battle of Leipsic, to the gaining of which he was instrumental, Lord Castlereagh, in sending over to Lord Stewart the public document, containing the order for thanks to Wilson, among others, on the occasion, accompanied it with a private one, desiring Lord Stewart [now Marquis of Londonderry] to avoid the thanks to Wilson as much as he could, in order not to give a triumph to his party. Lord Stewart, by mistake, showed this letter, instead of the public one, to Wilson, who has had the forbearance never to turn it against the Government since.’—iv. 291.

This very naturally produced a letter from Lord Londonderry to Lord John, denying the whole statement, and strongly reproaching him with not having consulted any of the legitimate and accessible sources of information which were within both his private and official reach, and which would have shown that the story was a scandalous falsehood. Lord John’s answer was prompt and gentlemanlike:—

‘Chesham Place, May 21, 1853.

‘MY LORD—I AM deeply concerned that the passage to which your Lordship alludes should have been published by me.

‘My first impulse on reading it was to strike it out, both as extremely improbable in itself *and* as injurious to the memory of the late Lord Londonderry [1]. In the hurry with which the publication was conducted, for a peculiar purpose, the passage was afterwards *overlooked*. I shall, however, expunge it from a new edition which is now preparing. The anecdote itself I had entirely forgotten; nor do I know who mentioned it, in the year 1825, at Mr. Rogers’s breakfast-table.

‘It is certainly inconsistent with the bold and open character of the late Lord Londonderry.

‘Your Lordship’s denial that there was any foundation for it is enough to prove its falsehood, nor do I require for that purpose the additional testimony of Mr. Bidwell. The story must be placed among those calumnies which float in the idle gossip of the day, and I must

repeat to your Lordship my regret that I should have been instrumental in reviving it.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'The Marquis of Londonderry.'

'J. RUSSELL.

This candid and graceful explanation is, of course, quite satisfactory as to the facts of the Castlereagh and Wilson case, but it is rather the reverse on the point which we are discussing, and which is of more extensive consequence. In the first place, the proposed *suppression* in a second edition could go but a short way in remedying the specific mischief—since, as we presume, the sale of the *editio princeps* has been extensive;—but besides, we think that *other* parties calumniated in Moore's Diary have an interest in having this flagrant proof of its inaccuracy *kept on record*. Lord John's reparation to Lord Londonderry should be not the suppression of the passage, but the addition of a note to correct it. But we must further, and with a more general view, observe that Lord John's statement that, when he first read it, '*his impulse was to strike it out*'—though it was 'afterwards overlooked'—admits that he exercised the power of expunging passages which he thought 'injurious' or even 'improbable'—a vast power in partizan hands, and which substitutes Lord John Russell's private judgment for Mr. Moore's evidence. It further associates Lord John in the responsibility of ALL the 'injurious' or 'improbable gossip' which these volumes actually contain—it proves the culpable heedlessness with which he deals with his own editorial duties and with other folks' feelings—and it confesses that the Diary issued to the world under his auspices was in fact a receptacle for 'calumnies which floated in the idle gossip of the day.' These are serious admissions, nor is their importance in any degree diminished by his attempting to lay a share of the blame on the 'hurry with which, for a particular purpose,' the publication was conducted. He might have been in some 'hurry' to conclude the bargain with the bookseller;—there might even be some hurry in arranging and getting out the first *livraison* of the work; but this is in the *second batch*—which was a long time delayed—and would have equally, as far as we can see, answered its 'peculiar purpose' if it had been delayed till the whole was completed. We are, however, glad that things have turned out as they have. We are glad that Lord John had not time to expunge the passage, for it now helps to *characterise* the Diary, and it might be produced by and by, when Lord Londonderry would not be alive to contradict it, and the memories of his brother and himself would have remained stigmatised to posterity for a most base fraud.

But, though we think that Lord John Russell's editorial proceedings are very questionable, we must on the other hand admit—

admit—supposing that there have been no serious deviations from the original materials—that a more diligent editor could not have remedied in any essential degree the innate defects of the book. So voluminous a polyglot of gossip—such a gigantic distention of nothings and next to nothings—cannot, we believe, be paralleled, even in its present state; and what may it not grow to? The present work occupies but *seven* years—1818-1825—of Moore's life—so that *five or six and twenty* remain. Not that it is all mere gossip, nor all trivial; nor unamusing—nor even altogether uninteresting. Its most substantial value is, undoubtedly, that it throws a great deal of light, and *corrective* light, both on Moore's genius and the character and tendency of his most popular works; and the '*world*,' we admit, may be in some degree the better for it—as Rousseau's *Confessions* tended to correct the mischief of the *Héloïse* and the *Emile*. It also affords some glimpses (though less than might be expected) of the state of society and manners. It sketches or rather touches—slightly indeed, and seldom impartially—many public characters: and skims over as much of the literature of the day as had any relation to Moore's own productions. But these more interesting topics are so loosely and incidentally handled, so comparatively scanty in quantity, and so scattered through the inferior matter, that we do the Diary no injustice in calling it like Gratiano's talk—'an infinite deal of nothing, two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:'—or, to use Moore's own words, which are really prophetic of this work in an extraordinary degree—

'With crumbs of *gossip* caught from *dining* wits,
And half-heard jokes *bequeathed* like half-chewed bits,
With each ingredient served up oft before,
But with fresh *judge* and *fiction* garnish'd o'er.'—*Works*, p. 520.

Any extent of extract for which we could find room would give a very imperfect idea of the *miscellaneity* of the whole, and the tenuity of at least half of the Diary; but, as our readers ought to have some general idea of the style and fashion of the work, we shall lay before them a transcript *in extenso* of a couple of pages—and, to escape all cavil as to our selection of entries, we shall take the four or five at the commencement of his last year of exile at Paris and the first at his residence in Wiltshire after his return.

'1822, *January 1st*.—Walked out with Bessy [his wife] in the morning to choose an *étrenne* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took to games of forfeit; drank champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

'*2nd*.—Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party. Went from thence

thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the divertissement in the Opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod, and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Élysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera; stayed only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to day.

'3rd.—Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons: no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers), which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy gone to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box.'—iii. 313-14.

Such were among the most rational of the Parisian days and nights. As to those of the Wiltshire cottage—

'*Sloperton, January 1st, 1823.*—The coat (a Kilkenny uniform) which I sent to town to be new-lined for the fancy ball to-morrow night, not yet arrived. Walked to Bowood. Found Lady Lansdowne and Jekyll, Lady L. again expressing her strong admiration of the poem. Said she had proposed to the Bowleses to dine at Bowood on Saturday, and hoping that Bessy would have no objection to be of the party.

'2nd.—Obliged to make shift for to night, by transferring the cut steel buttons from my dress coat to a black one, and having it lined with white silk. Dined with the Phippses. Went in the same way as before; Mrs. P. dressed as a Sultana and looking very well. The ball at a Mrs. Hardman's (a German) beyond Devizes; odd enough, and amusing, though in a small, ill-lighted room. Two fine girls there, the Miss Holtons, the eldest beautiful. Not home till between four and five.

'4th.—The day very wet. Had promised the Bowleses to meet them at dinner at Bowood to day (Bessy having given up the whole plan), and go on with them to Bremhill, to stay till Monday, but sent an excuse, and offered myself to the Lansdownes for to-morrow instead. An answer from Lady Lansdowne, begging me to stay till Tuesday, and as much longer as Mrs. Moore could spare me.'—iv. 32.

'5th.—Have received several newspapers with reviews of the poem; all very favourable. Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippses, &c.'

These extracts, though affording no doubt an average sample of the whole, happen to contain no entries of a class of mere trivialities too large to be left altogether out of our account, but of which a very small taste will suffice—such as his thus registering (A.D. 1819) for the benefit of posterity when and where he ate an ice:—

'Sept. 8th.—Eat ice at the Milles Colonnes.'—iii. 7.

'9th.—

'9th.—An ice at the Milles Colonnes.'—ib.

'10th.—Eat an ice at Tortoni's.'—p. 8.

'16th.—Took an ice with Lord John at Rucheses.'—p. 11 :—
and whether, when he went next summer—(A.D. 1820)—to lodge
at Sèvres, he got to town (on his almost daily visit) by a *cab* or
an *omnibus* :—

'July 7th.—Villamil and I went in a *cuckoo*.'—ib. 126.

'13th.—To town in a *célérier*.'—

'Aug. 4th.—Returned in a *célérier*.'—

And so on in fifty places—varying occasionally the *cuckoo* and
célérier for the *gondole* and the *Parisienne*. He might just as
well have added the *Nos.* and the *fare*.

With what possible object could he, even the morning after
they had happened, register such events as the following of his
country life?—

'1823, Dec. 29th.—[Dined] at Dr. Starkey's. Company the
Phippses, Hughes, and ourselves. The P.'s left us at home at eight.

'„ Dec. 4th.—Power [the Music publisher] arrived.
Asked the Phippses to dinner, as Power had brought fish and oysters.

'„ Dec. 5th.—The Phippses again dine with us to finish the
fish. Also Hughes.'—iv. 151.

Or in London :—

'1825, Sept. 8th.—Walked about with Luttrell, but *he was obliged
to go home, not being well* !'—iv. 315.

'„ Sept. 17th.—Called at Power's on my way to Shoe-lane, and
felt such a *sinking in my stomach* that—I stopped to dine with him.'
—ib. 317.

The Diary, as it is now presented to us, beginning the 18th
August, 1818, has all the appearance of being only a continua-
tion. So that it affords no indication of either when or for what
precise object it was commenced. It may have been in part
designed as a *bonâ fide* collection of memoranda for an autobio-
graphy—partly as a repository for odds and ends that might be
turned to account in some literary shape or other—and evidently
as a magazine of jokes and stories, to be occasionally brought out
à la Joe Miller in conversation. He may also have calculated that
it might one day be a profitable pecuniary speculation for the
benefit of his family—an idea which the gift of the *Byron
Memoirs*, and the price of 2000 guineas for which he sold them,
may have confirmed; but neither this nor any other conjecture
we can make will account for the quantity of lower topics which
intrude themselves. We suppose that he must have intended to
revise and expurgate them.

But there was, no doubt, a still earlier feeling—one indeed, in
a greater or less degree, at the bottom of all diaries written for
publication—

publication—personal vanity;—and this influence, which is ‘like Aaron’s rod and swallows all the rest,’ very speedily showed its predominancy. It is as constant and as strong in his journals as in poor Madame D’Arblay’s—though unquestionably he manages it with more tact and dexterity. In his social manners it was admirably veiled, and no one we ever saw received so much personal admiration with more ease and simplicity. But such reserve is hardly maintainable when a man is soliloquizing in the tempting solitude and (as he tries to persuade himself) the secrecy of a Diary. It is a kind of intellectual dram-drinking, which becomes irresistible and ends in a *delirium tremens* of morbid vanity. We are satisfied that neither Lord Lansdowne, nor Mr. Rogers, nor any one of Moore’s habitual society, had any idea of the extent of this weakness. Sometimes it transpires silyly in little inuendoes of his own—sometimes he puts it adroitly, oftener clumsily, into the mouths of other persons—sometimes it flares out boldly in long transcripts from books, newspapers, or letters. The amount of the Diary which this sort of matter occupies would be incredible if we did not produce rather copious specimens of the various ingenious devices by which Moore manages to tickle himself:—

‘Received a letter from Rogers, which begins thus:—“What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been *born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed.*”—iv. 139. Born ‘at the corner of Little Longford Street’ *with a rose in his mouth*, and not, as most people are, in *his mother’s bed*, but in *his own*! Was Mr. Rogers laughing at him?

‘Saw the Examiner, which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the Chronicle, and says “Their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate *the poet and patriot* from whose pen they come.”’—iii. 224.

‘The Examiner quoted some lines I had sent to Perry [of the Morning Chronicle], and added, “We think we can recognise *whose easy and sparkling hand it is.*” I wonder he found me out.’—ii. 183.

Other persons might be in doubt whether there was not some other *poet and patriot*, and some other *easy and sparkling hand* in all England: but Moore has no doubt at all, and *finds himself out* directly.

‘A flourishing speech of Shiel’s about me in the Irish papers. Says I am *the first poet of the day*, and “join the beauty of the *bird of Paradise’s* plumes to the strength of the *eagle’s* wing.”’—iv. 243.

One is at first surprised to find copied into Moore’s London Diary an extract from ‘Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk,’ about Mr. Jeffrey’s dress at an evening party at Edinburgh—A.D. 1819.

It

It seems the last thing to be expected in another man's autobiography, and to be left by him for re-publication:—on looking closer we find the cause—

'He [Peter] says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he is more of a dandy than any *great* author I ever saw—*always excepting Tom Moore.*"'—ii. 357.

Argal—Moore is, even by the hostile evidence of *Peter*, a great author!

Going one night to Almack's, he asks a lady whether she did not think Lady Charlemont lovely—'Beautiful,' replied the lady—so notorious a truism that we doubt whether Moore himself would have thought of noticing it—if the lady had not added—'*as lovely as Lalla Rookh herself!*' (ii. 333.)

Of the conversation of a most accomplished gentleman and scholar, whom he mentions as *Duncan of Oxford*—and whom, of course, he had not had the good fortune to meet before—he can remember only his having said, after having heard a speech of Moore's at a Literary Institution at Bath, 'I have had that sweet oratory ringing in my ears all night.' (iv. 273.)

Mr. Bowles publishes one of his controversial pamphlets on Pope, which Moore used habitually to laugh at as twaddle—but Bowles, 'grown wiser than before,' secures honourable mention of this one by an inscription transcribed from his fugitive title-page into the safer asylum of the Diary—'*inter Poetas suaves, suavissimo.*' (iv. 273.)

Moore laughs at the vanity of old Delille, who, on Lord Holland having paid him an elaborate but well-turned compliment in French, answered, 'Savez vous, Milord, que ce que vous dites-là est très joli' (iv. 276); but he does not see anything ridiculous in having himself registered a few pages before that, on hearing Moore himself sing, the Duchess de Broglie had '*exclaimed continually, Oh, Dieu! que c'est joli!*'

On the 28th Nov., 1818, he goes to dine with Mr. Rogers's brother and sister, at Highbury, and finds 'Miss Rogers very agreeable.' No doubt; and we dare say the lady was always so: but what was the peculiar agreeability of that day?—

'She mentioned that she had had a letter from a friend in Germany saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read'—

Milton, Shakspeare?—No:—

'Lord Byron and ME.'—ii. 229.

'Bayly' takes him to an amateur play and fancy ball. Moore remembers but one detail:—'*an allusion to me, in the epilogue by Bayly, as Erin's matchless son, &c., brought thunders of applause and stares on me.*' (iv. 274.)

He

He meets Lady Cochrane at an assembly—is introduced to her—finds her ‘pretty and odd,’—which he exemplifies by her having told him ‘that she would at any time have walked *ten miles barefoot to see me.*’ (iv. 290.)

He dines with his old friend Lord Strangford at the Athenæum, and both are delighted with his renewal of their early habits. Two days after he meets his Lordship, who, with true diplomatic tact, reads him part of a letter he had had from Lady Strangford, saying how pleased she was at his account of the meeting, and adding, ‘*I shall henceforward love Moore as much as I have always admired him.*’

His daughter’s schoolmistress at Bath fails—and her pupils are sent home; another offers to take the child:—‘terms would be a minor consideration indeed with the daughter of *such a man as Moore!*’ (iv. 313.)

When he has a mind to regale himself with some flattering recollections which do not exactly fall in with the thread of the Diary, he drags them in with a *by the bye*—which is with Moore a happy version of *à propos de bottes*:—

‘*By the bye*, was pleased to hear from Rogers that Luttrell said, “If anybody can make such a subject [Captain Rock] lively, Moore will.”

‘*By the bye*, received a letter from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologising for such a liberty with the *first poet of the age.*’—iii. 11.

He meets Mr. Hutchison, just come from being made M.P. for Cork, where—

‘*By the bye*, they hipped and hurraed me as the *Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland.* I am becoming a stock toast at their dinners. Had seen this very morning an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny of Cork, when I was drunk as the *Poet and Patriot* with great applause.’—ii. 157.

‘Forgot, *by the bye*, to take notice of some verses of Luttrell’s:—

“I am told, dear Moore, your lays are sung—

Can it be true, you lucky man?—

By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,

Along the streets of Ispahan.”—iii. 301.

But he does not tell us that Mr. Luttrell’s authority for the fact was—Moore himself, who in another *by the bye* tells us where he got it.

‘*By the bye*, Mr. Stretch, with whom I walked yesterday [in Paris], said he had been told by the *nephew of the Persian Ambassador*, that Lalla Rookh had been translated into their language, and that the songs are sung about everywhere.’—iii. 167.

Moore, generally so profuse of proper names, omits to tell us those

those of the Persian Ambassador and his nephew—but we have little doubt they were of the illustrious house of *Mamamouchi*, which has had so long a tenure of Oriental embassies at Paris. *Stretch*, too, seems a singularly appropriate name for the retailer of such an Eastern story!

This Mamamouchi report is, we suppose, Moore's authority for saying that Lalla Rookh

'has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and *Persian* languages.'

'Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wished to be made much of—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his head turned—let him go to Berlin; there is nothing talked of there but Lalla Rookh."—iii. 219.

He meets Mr. and Miss Canning at a Paris dinner, and observed—

'a circumstance which showed a *very pleasant sort of intelligence* between the father and the daughter.'—iii. 160.

Our readers will, by this time, not be surprised at the '*pleasant sort*' of sympathy which Moore's ingenuity was on the watch to detect between these two brilliant intelligences. '*I*,' adds the Diarist—

'*I told a story* to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently *struck them both* as very comical.'—*ib.*

Occasionally his self-importance takes a still higher flight. At an assembly at Devonshire House—

'The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the *Duke of Wellington*, near whom I stood, turned aside *first* to shake hands with *me*—though the great Captain's hand *was waiting ready stretched out*.'—iv. 76.

Sometimes when we think that he is about to offer a sugar-plum to a bystander, we are surprised at the legerdemain with which he pops it into his own mouth. Thus—Catalani visits Dublin when Moore happened to be there; a Mr. Abbot

'brought my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her *kindness* to Nell, calling her'—

of course one expects some little *kind* compliment to the young lady herself—not a bit of it—

'calling her—*la sœur d'Anacréon*!'

We shall conclude these, after all, scanty samples with one which takes the unusual form of humility, and is, with its context, even more amusing. After a page of recapitulation of the various forms of compliment and odours of incense which he received at a Harmonic meeting at Bath, he concludes with the most amiable *naïveté*:—

'During

‘During the ball was stared at on all sides without mercy. *In such a place as BATH any little lion makes a stir.*’—ii. 280.

This is rather hard on Bath, as we have just seen what pains the same *little lion* takes to let us know that he was making the same kind of *stir* all the world over—in various shapes and distant regions—as a nightingale, a bird of Paradise, an eagle, and a dandy—at Berlin, Cork, Ispahan, and the corner of Little Longford Street!

In short, Moore reminds us in every page of what Johnson said of that caricature of authorly vanity, old Richardson the novelist—‘That fellow could not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation *without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar.*’

This excess of *amour propre*—so judiciously veiled in society, but, as we now see, so active and industrious in turning the smallest circumstances to its own private account—was, of course, as morbidly sensitive of anything to which his fear or his fancy could give a less flattering colour. These latter were obviously distasteful matters, and not to be registered; but, like action and reaction, the two opposite but inseparable principles were always at work. We have heard and *seen* many individual complaints of the misrepresentation and malevolence of several passages in the Diary. Of the frequent misrepresentations there can be no doubt; but whatever there may be of malevolence (except always on *party* matters) we are inclined to attribute rather to the momentary impulses of the *amour propre blessé*, than to any predisposition to ill nature or cynicism. The truth, we believe, is, that he was naturally kind and loving, but proportionately susceptible of petty jealousies and imaginary slights. And having, as these volumes too clearly show, passed his whole life in a more habitual state of *public exhibition* than any other person—not being a professional performer—that we ever heard of, he acquired much of the irritability of professional people—outwardly checked indeed, but internally sharpened by his anxiety to combine his artistic powers of amusing with the dignity of an author and the independence of a private gentleman. In society he played these united parts admirably. The Diary has now furnished us with a less satisfactory analysis of the elements.

We are restrained, by considerations too obvious to require explanation, from entering into the individual complaints to which we have just alluded; but it would be a dereliction of our duty not to apprise our readers that they involve grave charges of inaccuracy, misstatement, and culpable insincerity on his part. We have had an opportunity of examining the evidence
in

in some of the cases—and we regret to say, there must be, on all those counts, an unhesitating verdict against Moore.

There is one instance of the caution with which his most deliberate assertions of facts should be received that is innocuous and ‘highly amusing.’ He was extremely sore on the subject of his ridiculous duel with Jeffrey, when the Bow Street officer who interrupted the proceeding found that *one* at least of the pistols had no ball. We find in these volumes a formal account of the affair from his own pen—some of which is certainly untrue, and most of it, we think, coloured and discoloured.

We have no doubt of Moore’s courage, or that *he* meant to fight, but we incline to suspect that his *second*, Doctor Thomas Hume,* always considered an honest and good-hearted man, saw the extreme absurdity of the quarrel, which Moore, in a very wanton and braggadocio style, chose to fasten on Jeffrey, and being intrusted, as Moore admits, by Jeffrey’s friend Horner—*propter ignorantiam*—with the loading of both pistols, very wisely omitted to insert any balls; and that this omission (unnoticed by the anxious and inexperienced Horner) was the reason why the Irish doctor refused to sign a fine statement on the subject which Moore had drawn up—a refusal which, adds Moore, occasioned an estrangement of thirty years between him and that old friend. How it happened (as the police report seems to indicate) that a bullet was found in one of the pistols (Moore’s), and in the other a paper pellet, we cannot explain, unless by the supposition that Hume, after the interruption, contrived to slip the bullet into one pistol and had not time or opportunity to do so in the other. It may be thought, no doubt, an easier solution to suppose (with Jeffrey’s learned biographer among others) that the pistols were fairly but loosely loaded, and that one bullet dropped out; but if that had been the case, there was no reason why Hume should have refused to attest Moore’s statement.

But there are points of Moore’s narrative which exhibit strong specimens of that species of rodomontade which throws doubt over all the rest. He says of the evening before the meeting—

‘I forget where I dined, but *I know* it was *not* in company. Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I *bought* in the course of the evening at some shop in Bond-street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score duels.’—i. 202.

All a fable. We have before us a letter of his to Lord

* Not, as has been sometimes supposed, Dr. J. R. Hume, the friend and physician of the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Thomas Hume was for some time attached to the army in the Peninsula—which accounts for this confusion of him with a mere distinguished medical officer.

Strangford, then minister at Lisbon, written on the eve of the great encounter, which contradicts every syllable of the foregoing statement, and is curious also on other accounts :—

‘ MY DEAR STRANGFORD,—I have owed you a letter this long time, and now that I *do* write it will be perhaps for the last time. I have thought proper to call out Mr. Jeffrey, who has been so long abusing you and me, and we are to fight to-morrow morning at Chalk-farm. I am afraid, my dear Strangford, much as I value you, I should have forgot sending a valedictory word to you if it were not for a pretty little woman who has this moment reminded me of a promise I made to procure her letters from you for Madeira. The cloth has been but this instant taken from the table, and, though *to-morrow may be my last view of the bright sun*, I shall (as soon as I have finished this letter) drink to the health of my Strangford with as unaffected a warmth as ever I have felt in the wildest days of our fellowship. My dear fellow, *if they want a biographer of me when I am gone, I think in your hands I should meet with most kind embalmment*, so pray, say something for me: and now to the object of my letter. Mrs. W—, a very particular friend of mine, is ordered by her physicians to Madeira, and she thinks it would be pleasant to know some of the Portuguese grandes of the island: if you can get her letters from your friends at Lisbon, you will oblige me not a little. Who knows, my dear Strangford, but it may be a *posthumous* obligation? For fear of the worst, send the letters enclosed to Mrs. W—, W— street, London, and remember me as one who has felt your good and social qualities, who at this moment recalls with pleasure the days he has spent with you, and who hopes that his good genius to-morrow will allow him to renew them hereafter. *These fine women have their glasses filled* to your health. So good bye.

God bless you, yours *while I live*,

Sunday, August 10th.

T. MOORE.’

We shall say nothing of the silly vapouring style of this letter, which would certainly be a most characteristic prelude to a mock duel. We need only observe that *this* was the day that Moore *knows* he did not dine in company, and this—*Sunday*—was the evening on which he *went to a shop in Bond-street* to buy all that superfluity of ammunition. Which of the stories is true? or was either? We must further observe that, as the letter was written late on *Sunday* night, it could hardly have been *posted* till Monday, when it might have been suppressed as some other valedictory epistles were (i. 207), and a simpler request substituted, which would have spared Lord Strangford a long doubt of his friend’s safety; but Moore, it seems, could not resist the temptation of sending it—nay, perhaps, of writing it on the Monday—as a proof of the *anacreontic* spirit with which he could face death *while fine women were filling their glasses*, and that, in the

words

words of his own song, his last hour was dedicated to '*smiles and wine.*'

Next after his own self-worship—if indeed it was not a branch of it—there is nothing so prominent throughout the volumes as his adoration of his wife. Let us say, once more, that she seems to have been worthy of his affection; and there is no praise—prodigal as it may sometimes seem—which she does not appear, from the evidence of all who knew them, to have deserved; but, after this tribute of justice to the lady, we confess that there is something in the way in which Moore *parades* her throughout his Diary that we cannot understand, and that seems evidently artificial. Why have expended so much time and trouble in elaborating on paper the expression of a steady and habitual feeling, which he could find fresh and fresh in his own heart? What could be his motive for making such an *étalage* of what we must suppose was the daily bread of his happiness?

We can have no doubt of the sincerity of Moore's attachment to and admiration of his wife, but we must observe that these ultra-uxorious expressions occur with peculiar emphasis just before and just after some *escapade* from home; they are the honey with which he sweetens the edges of his absences. It is evident that Mrs. Moore saw the Journal (iv. 16); and we now have no doubt that many of these flattering phrases were peace-offerings to his *Ariadne*. The instances are too numerous and too regularly recurring to be accidental.

We shall select a few here, just to direct our readers' attention to this ingenious device.

'1818, April 24th.—*Arrived at my cottage—always glad to return to it, and the dear girl that makes it so happy for me.*'—ii. 151.

'1818, Nov. 18.—Walked with my *dear Bessy* . . . my *darling girl!* 21st.—Told L. Lansdowne *I was going to town.*'—ii. 218.

'1819, Aug. 23rd.—Employed in *preparing for my departure*. My *darling Bessy* bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven, we shall not be long separate.'—ii. 353.

'July 21st.—Making preparations for my departure. Bessy much *saddened and out of sorts* at my leaving her for so long a time—but still most *thoughtfully and sweetly* preparing everything comfortable for me.'—97.

'1825, Oct. 17th.—Bessy would not hear of my staying at home. Insisted that, if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland to amuse myself a little. *Dear, generous girl! there never was anything like her warm-heartedness and devotion.*'

Other instances will occur in future extracts.

We have no doubt that Moore calculated that these tender expressions

expressions would not merely sooth the lady's feelings at the moment, but would also tell very much in his own favour—as a *model* husband—when his Memoirs should come to be published; but they are accompanied, as we shall now show, by many circumstances which make a strong and unamiable contrast with the exuberant and passionate expressions of his devotion to the tutelary angel at home.

Legal proceedings taken against Moore for the defalcation of his deputy in an office which he held in the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, obliged him to quit England; and Lord John Russell—not yet, we suppose, aware of the besetting weakness of Moore's mind—advised him to fix his temporary residence in Paris, where he became, as he did everywhere, the delight of all his acquaintance, and wasted his time and his money—which in such circumstances could hardly be called his own—in a style as giddy and extravagant as any that has been imputed to either of the improvident classes, to both of which he happened to belong—of poets and Irishmen.

His longest residence was in the *Allée des Veuves* in the Champs Elysées, but in the summer months he was allowed by a Spanish gentleman of the name of Villamil—to occupy a small cottage, a dependence of a fine villa which he had at Sèvres. Nothing could be more convenient and promising. The place was rural and extremely pretty, and the retirement exactly suited for the various literary pursuits in which Moore was engaged. But though these were his only means of livelihood, he worked at them in a very desultory way; and whether in Paris or the country, spent more than half his mornings, and all his evenings, in a constant whirl of gaieties, alike inconsistent with study and economy.

'1820. *June*.—Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a-week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together: the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot days that we have had this summer, and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which, with champagne and *vin de Grave* well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties, too, to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli, which *brought tears into my eyes*, being the first I have seen since I was a little child.'—iii. 124.

There were matters nearer and more urgent which might have brought less irrational tears into his eyes. But when any gleam of reflection as to his position did occur, it was hardly ever to awaken a proper sense of his own imprudence, but only

only to make him wonder that his friends in England were not more thoughtful and more active about him than he showed the least inclination to be about himself.

'1821. *June 14th.*—A letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how *dilatory and indifferent all parties* have been in the Bermuda negociation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed any, end to my *exile*.'—iii. 242.

If his friends in England could have guessed what the Diary has now revealed to us of the life of the *Exile of Erin*, they would not have thought it any great hardship. Dinners, concerts, operas, theatres two or three of an evening, suppers, balls, &c., occupied almost every day and night. Visiting with a childish impatience and enjoyment the public gardens of Beaujon—Tivoli—Jardin Suisse—and carefully registering when and how often he went down in the cars of the *Montagnes Russes*, and what ladies were the companions of these flights—strange ones, we think, for a father of a family aged 43: for instance:—

'1821. *May 7th.*—Went to the *Beaujon*; descended in the cars three times with each of the [Miss] Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S.'—iii. 229. [No 'Bessy.']

'1821. *Aug. 19th.*—At *Beaujon*; went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl.'—265. [No 'Bessy.']

'1822. *Aug. 11th.*—With Lucy [Miss Drew, it seems] to the *Jardin Suisse*: very pretty; went down in the cars.'—365. [No 'Bessy.']

While he was living in this way, the idea of writing *The Epicurean* most appropriately presented itself to him. To read up for this projected work, he wanted *Les Voyages de Pythagore*, but hesitated at the price—three Napoleons. This economical scruple is dated 8th September, 1820. Three days after, we find the following entry:—

'1820. *Sept. 11th.*—Went into Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the *Père la Chaise* before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected. . . . Gave them—Bessy, Dumoulin [a poor starving Irishman, who soon after died in an hospital], Miss Wilson [we believe a governess], Anastasia [his own little child], and Dr. Yonge's little girl—a dinner at the *Cadran bleu*, and took them afterwards to the *Porte St. Martin* [a melodrame theatre]. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the *Voyages de Pythagore*. Bessy, however, told me when we came home that she had saved, by little pilferings from me at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.'—iii. 146-7.

All this—the *Père la Chaise* and the *Cadran bleu*—the funereal flowers and the *Porte St. Martin*—the iced punch and the

Voyages de Pythagore—reads like a mere farce, but the smile it creates is a bitter one when we reflect on poor Bessy's honestly-pilfered Napoleons, so wantonly squandered.

At last the season drives them back to Paris:—

'1820. Oct. 16th.—We took our leave of La Butte, after three months and a half's residence; and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the Allées des Veuves. *We dined alone with our little ones for the first time since the 1st of July*, which was a great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, "*This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.*"

On this Lord John adds a note—saying very coolly:—

'Mrs. Moore was quite right. In reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy.'—*Ed.*, iii. 157.

This appears to us altogether inadequate to the occasion, and laying the chief blame on Moore's popularity is a poor evasion of the real state of the case, which was his inability to refrain from such self-indulgence. We say *self-indulgence*, for it is remarkable, in all this *tourbillon* at Paris as well as in his English life, both in town and country, that 'Bessy's' share in all external gaieties was infrequent—and it seems reluctant. Illness is frequently given as an excuse for her absence from these gaieties—but, even when she appears to be well enough, we can trace little or no change in these arrangements. There can be no doubt that the foolish and unaccountable mystery in which he chose to envelop his marriage continued to hang about her. The ladies of the highest rank and character who were the best acquainted with all the circumstances of the case—Lady Donegal, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Loudon—all received her with unreserved attention, and even cordiality; yet it is evident that Moore was in a constant fidget about her reception in mixed society, while she herself seems to have been unwilling to step beyond her own narrow circle both of intimates and amusements. Her conduct throughout appears to have been perfect; but this difference of tastes, or at least of practice, in their social tendencies must, we suppose, have contributed to the very singular phenomenon that—notwithstanding Moore's constant and enthusiastic eulogiums on his domestic paradise—he seems to have given to either *wife* or *home* no more of his time and company than he could possibly help.

Sometimes

Sometimes he diarizes specimens of behaviour which a husband of but ordinary feeling might have been ashamed to practise, and one of the very commonest sense to record.—What comfort could he expect from reading in after-life such entries as these?—

‘1820, Jan.—*Bessy very ill* on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahaults on the 14th, but she could not go. *I did.*’—iii. 97.

So small an incident as a gentleman dining out, though his wife was not well enough to accompany him, would not be worth notice: but we shall see that it was not an exceptional case—indeed the exceptions were all the other way:—

‘1822, Feb. 18.—*Bessy very ill*. Dined at home uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and *forgot my uneasiness* in the beauty of the *Ballet!*’—iii. 327.

‘April 2nd.—The Macleods wanted Bessy and me to join them at the Café Français. Bessy not liking to go, *I did.*

‘3rd.—*Bessy ill* with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres: *I went alone* to the Ambigu.’—ib. 338.

This contrast between his professions and his practice may, in the hurry and bustle of the Diary, escape a cursory reader—but will be exhibited in the following synopsis of Moore’s movements and engagements for a fortnight at the *Allée des Veuves*—which we select, not as being peculiarly erratic, but only for the singularity of its concluding day having been dedicated to ‘*Bessy*’:—

	Morning.	Evening.
Nov. 24.—	Into Paris at 3	Dined at Very’s. [No Bessy.]
25.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Lord John’s hotel. [No Bessy.]
26.—	Walked into Paris.	[Not stated where dined, but probably at home.]
27.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Very’s. [No Bessy.]
28.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Mad. de Souza’s. [No Bessy.]
29.—		Party at home, sung.
30.—	In Paris . . .	Dined at Lord Granard’s, sung. [No Bessy.]
Dec. 1.—	[Not stated] . . .	Dined at Lord Raneliffe’s, sung. [No Bessy.]
2.—	[Not stated] . . .	[Probably at home.]
3.—	[Probably at home]	Dined at home.
4.—	Into town . . .	Dined at a restaurateur’s, then went to the Forsters, sung, and home by 12. [No Bessy.]
5.—	Into town at 4. . .	Dined at Very’s. [No Bessy.]
6.—	Walked for an hour by the Seine.	Dined at home.’

—iii. pp. 172, 176.

At last, on the 7th, we find a remembrance of 'Bessy,' and a pleasing one:—

'Dec. 7th.—A note from Lord Raneliffe, asking me to meet Lord John to-day; but having given Bessy the *hope* of our *enjoying a day together*, did not like to disappoint her, so refused.'—*Ib.*

But, alas! Here is the 'promised day of enjoyment';—

'Bessy and I went shopping; dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue de la Paix; and in the evening to the Variétés: four pieces, none of them very good.'—*Ib.*

And so home, we presume, in the *vélocifère*. Such a return, after a fortnight's racketing, to an appropriated day of conjugal quiet, and such a careful record thereof, are perhaps *unique* in life and in autobiography. But other extracts have a still more serious appearance:—

'1821, July 8th.—Dined at Lord Granard's. [No Bessy.]

'9th.—Dined at General Fuller's, at Versailles. [No Bessy.]

'10th.—Dined at Lord Holland's. [No Bessy.]

'11th.—Late dinner with Villamil. [No mention of Bessy.]

'12th.—Dined at home.

'13th.—Dined with the Villamils at Riche's [a restaurateur]. [No mention of Bessy.]

'14th.—Dined with Lord Holland. [No Bessy.]

'15th.—Went in [to Paris] for the purpose of passing *two or three days* with the Storys. [No Bessy.]

'16th.—A ball at Story's in the evening, in honour of her [Mrs. Story's] birth-day. *A strange evening, from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the erysipelas again by dancing.* I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. Supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock.'—iii. 255.

We pause to remark that there is no previous note of 'Bessy's illness,' nor indeed had she been so much as mentioned for a fortnight before. The four days that followed this '*strange evening*' were spent as usual in dinners with the Storys and Villamils and visits to Tivoli, without the slightest allusion to 'Bessy' since the 16th; so that we are quite startled at reading, without any preparatory hint—

'21.—Went into town early in order to get *Bessy's passports, take places, &c.* Dined at Villamil's. [No Bessy.]

'22nd.—Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's [no Bessy], and came out at eight in the evening.

'23rd.—All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the *dear girl*. Dined at Story's. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

'24th.—All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy *comfortably off!* at nine o'clock, with dear little Tom [their boy]. *Heaven guard her!*'

No

No hint is given of either the *why* or the *whither* of this sudden movement of one so generally quiescent as 'my darling Bessy,' till, on the 6th of August, she turns up in Wiltshire. On the 17th Moore is 'in low spirits,' and 'cries bitterly' over the loss of the Liverpool packet, which he had 'just read in the newspaper;' but 'a picnic with the Villamils and Mrs. S.,' and 'a letter, too, from Bessy,' make a material 'alteration in his spirits' (268). Then went on the usual routine—ices at Tortoni's—dining at taverns—singing with the Villamils—supping with the Storys—and we hear nothing more of the wife and child till the 3rd September, when a letter announces, 'to his great delight,' her approaching return; and on the 4th 'he was right happy to see' alight, at the Messageries Royales, 'the dear girl and her little one' (p. 274). But short, alas! was his enjoyment of their loved society—for, at the end of one week—on the 12th of the said September—we find that he embraced the 'lucky' opportunity of accompanying Lord John Russell to England, where he remained two months. What sudden call after that 'strange evening' the *dear girl* and her *little boy* had in Wiltshire, or why Moore could not have combined any business he might have had in England with *her* visit, we are not told; but the Diary scraps look very like a mystification of something which there was some reason or other for not clearly explaining.

We have already hinted that our poet was not always insensible to the extravagance and culpability of his Parisian life:—

'1822. Jan. 7th.—Dined by myself at the *Trois Frères*, and found great pleasure in the *few moments of silent repose* which it gave me'—

The inhabitant of the *Allée des Veuves* finding 'silent repose' at the *Trois Frères*—the best perhaps, certainly the busiest, and therefore not the quietest *café* of the Palais Royal!—but he proceeds in a still more serious style:—

—'never did I lead such an unquiet life: *Bessy ill*; my *home uncomfortable*; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and *full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety*.'—iii. 315.

One would be inclined to respect and pity his 'remorse;' and we can well understand his recording it in his Diary as a pledge of amendment. But mark what *immediately* follows:—

'Jan. 8th.—Dined at Pictet's—a Swiss banker's, &c.: thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly, &c.

'9th.—Dined at home quietly, for a wonder. Evening to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, &c., &c.: did not get to bed till 5 o'clock.

'10th.—Was to have dined with Hibbert, but preferred Lambton. All went to the Français afterwards to see a new tragedy.

'11th.—Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's;—company, &c. At nine

to the Variétés—laughed almost to pain. Went afterwards to the Macleods, and thence, at twelve, to Lady Charlemont's ball.

'12th.—Dined at the Douglas's, &c. In the evening to Mercer's—sung a little—then went to Lafitte's ball, &c. &c.

'13th.—Dined at Colonel Ellice's; company, &c. Thence to Madame de Flahaut's, &c. Did not stay, meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's ball. Went to the wrong place—found it was Marshal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in looking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent's. Went to the Macleods.

'14th.—Dined at the Douglas's—a party in the evening. For half an hour to Mrs. Newte's ball.'

And so on for ten consecutive days, without—amidst so copious a variety of places and persons—one single mention of the word '*home*' or the name '*Bessy*'—the last we had heard of either being that '*it was uncomfortable*' and that '*she was ill*.' Under what infatuation Moore should have made these entries directly following the penitential remorse at the *Trois Frères*, we cannot conceive; and indeed as little, how Lord John (since it is clear that he has omitted some things) should have published details so worthless in themselves, and, we should suppose, so exceedingly disagreeable to the amiable person in whom he has taken so much interest.

His Lordship expresses, as we have seen, some regret at having contributed to throw Moore into this Parisian vortex. But he may console himself:—it was the nature of the man, and not the influence of place, that produced these effects.

'*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*'

The same passion for *exhibition* and enjoyment, and the same kind of dislike or weariness of domestic habits, seem to have influenced his English life almost to the same extent. As Mrs. Moore remained in the country while her '*bird*'—as he says '*she generally called him*'—and surely the word was never better applied than to her volatile little songster—was pursuing his business or his pleasures in town, the contrast is not so constant and striking as it was in France; but even when in the country, the Diary lets us see that the same principle of escaping from mere domesticity was still as active as the decency of English manners would permit.

His cottage in Wiltshire, fortunately for his tastes, but unluckily for his studies and his business, was within a short walk of the elegant and intellectual hospitality of Bowood, and surrounded by a circle of country neighbours less distinguished but not less joyous, kind, and clever. The neighbourhood of several little towns, and that great mart of idleness—Bath—afforded frequent occasions or excuses for escape from the monotony of home; and this

this sometimes even under circumstances similar to those at Paris, which might have been expected to keep a less devoted husband more at home.

'1824, Nov. 21st.—Bessy *by no means well*. Walked over to Bowood. *Sung in the evening. Slept there.*

'22nd.—Walked home after breakfast to see how Bessy was. Found Bessy *not much better*. Got wet in returning to Bowood. *Sung again. Slept there.*'—iv. 253.

A morning call to the sick wife—but breakfast, dinner, supper, singing, sleeping, at Bowood.

We could fill pages with similar extracts, but the following summary of occurrences in the autumn of 1825 will superabundantly suffice.

It appears that in the summer of 1825 Mrs. Moore was really suffering under some painful, though we presume not serious, complaint, for which she was ordered to Cheltenham, where she arrived on the 22nd July. Moore followed the '*darling girl*' on the 4th August, and remained with her two whole days (!), during which she was wheeled about in a chair. On the 7th he left '*the dear girl*'—'*his darling Bess*'—for London. There he remained between eight and nine weeks, working no doubt in the morning at the Life of Sheridan, but spending his afternoons and nights in more than his usual whirl of dinners, suppers, concerts, theatres, without making, during all the time, the slightest allusion to the state of the poor lady at Cheltenham, of whom the first we hear is that, when Moore returned to Sloperton on the 27th September, he found her there, but *not recovered*. Then follows a series of entries in the Diary, of which our space allows us only to give the dates and chief *memorabilia* :—

'1825. Sept. 28th.—Dined at home.

'29th.—Dined at Bowood. Company, &c. Sang in the evening, and slept there.

'30th.—Walked home to breakfast to see Bessy—the boil coming to a head. Returned to Bowood to dinner, &c. Sang again in the evening. Slept there.

'Oct. 1st.—Bowles called at Bowood, while I was listening to Mrs. Fazakerley's singing to the guitar. Wanted me to dine with him to-day, but told him *Bessy's illness rendered it impossible*. After luncheon, home, &c.; found Bessy better, and anxious I should go to Bowles, &c., so returned to Bowood. Thence walked to Bowles's. Company, &c. &c. A great many glees, duets, &c., in the evening. My singing much liked.

'2nd.—Dined at home.

'3rd.—Dined at Bowood, &c. &c.

'4th and 5th.—[No entry. Still, it seems, at Bowood.]

'6th.—

'6th.—[Breakfast, it seems, at Bowood.] Returned home. Dined at Money's [another neighbour], &c. &c.'—iv. 321.

Where he may have dined the following days is not noted; but enough is told. We lay no stress on the silence of the Diary about 'Bessy' while he was in London; he no doubt received frequent, perhaps daily, accounts of her. Our wonder is that, finding on his return that she was still so ill that it *was impossible to leave her for a single day*, it should turn out that of the *nine* succeeding days he spent but two at home, and all the rest in the various gaieties of the neighbourhood.

Even when at what he called *home*, it is surprising to count up how seldom he really was *en famille*, and his joy at his escapes. Take one sample:—

'1824. April 13.—Started at 3 o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the masquerade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days. *Bessy, however, not well enough to go.*'—iv. 179.

That, however, was so little a damper on his spirits, that on the second day of the visit he exclaims in rapture:—

'The day very agreeable; could hardly be otherwise. A pretty house, beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good Champagne and Moselle, charming music—*What more could a man want?*'—179.

'Tis a pity that there was no Irish echo to answer—'*Bessy!*'—poor Bessy that was sick at home.

But though Mrs. Moore seems, like a prudent as well as an affectionate wife, to have in general submitted to these wanderings, and even (as Moore says in a preceding extract) sometimes encouraged them—seeing probably that she could not resist his restless disposition—yet it is evident that she was not insensible to these derelictions. The first symptom of this is in a letter to Mr. Power, his music-publisher—who *jobbed* his songs from him at 500*l.* a-year; here we find a paragraph which is really a clue to much that would be else unintelligible in Moore's life; it confirms our former observation, that his existence was essentially one of theatrical *exhibition*, and adds—what we never suspected—*exhibition for profit*:—

'You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone; to take her would be too expensive; and indeed it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* [*sic*] with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by *singing them about*, that she agreed to my leaving her. *This is quite my object.* I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition* [*sic*], which will do more service to the *sale of the songs* than a whole year's *advertising.*'—i. 330.

Little

Little did the fashionable coteries whom he *obliged* and delighted with his songs imagine what was 'quite his object'—that he was really going about as Mr. Power's *advertising van*.

'1823. April 14th [in London].—Received an impatient letter from *Bess*, which rather disturbed me, both on her account and my own. Perceive she is getting uncomfortable without me.'—iv. 55.

Yet still he lingered in town, 'leading,' he says, 'a restless and feverish life' (iv. 89), till the 24th June, when he returned home, but only for three weeks—for a proposal from Lord Lansdowne for a tour in Ireland was irresistible.

One of these absences was marked by a peculiar incident.

'1825. 28th May.—With an *excellent, warmhearted, lively wife*, and dear promising children, what more need I ask for? Prepared for *my trip to town*.'—iv. 283.

And *next day was off*; but Bessy was this time on the alert also. She followed the truant (unbidden, it is pretty clear) two days after, and stayed six days in town—but without seeing much more of her '*bird*' than if she had remained alone in the cage at Slo-perton; for they were not lodged in the same house—and of the six days of her stay they dined together but twice, breakfasted not at all, and passed no evening together but one at the opera. But on the sixth morning—

'8th June.—Up at five. And *saw my TREASURES safe in the coach!*'—iv. 284.

The reader will observe how the cup is sweetened to Bessy's taste—when he was going off, he had hoped to reconcile her by a tribute to her '*liveliness*' and '*excellence*,' and when he sends her back he consoles her with the record that she is a '*treasure!*'

Having thus got rid of his *treasures*, he remained in London, in his usual round of amusements, for near two months, when at last he paid his invalid at Cheltenham that visit of two days which has been already mentioned.

Such are the very unexpected details of Moore's domestic life which these volumes reveal, and which, we think, with all deference to Lord John Russell, instead of being thus blazoned to the world, might rather better have been suffered to 'sleep in the shade.'

Some other circumstances no less surprise us. In the midst of all the gaiety and brilliancy in which Moore figured, who could have suspected an extreme of penury at home? We find a pompously recorded visit to the High Sheriff of Leicestershire—with turtle, venison, and so forth—wound up with a confession that he and his wife were forced to remain there longer than

than they had intended, from not possessing a few shillings to give to the servants at coming away. He writes to Mr. Power:—

‘[Langley Priory], Nov. 12, 1812.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—I have only time to say that if you can let me have *three or four pounds* by return of post you will oblige me. I have foolishly run dry, without trying my other resources; and I have been this week past literally without a shilling. . . . You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret-drinking longer than I wish, and merely *because* we have not a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away.’—i. 315-16.

From this novel mode of being in the *custody of the sheriff*, Mr. Power, by a remittance of 10*l.*, enabled the captives to redeem themselves: and, indeed, throughout the whole of Moore’s after-life, Mr. Power’s highly-tryed but always ready liberality enabled Moore to work through the ‘never ending still beginning’ difficulties in which, what appears to us, a most reckless improvidence involved him. With receipts which to a poet who did not set up for a man of fashion would be thought enormous, he never had a penny in his pocket, and seems to have existed by loans, kite-flying, anticipations, and petty shifts, hardly reconcilable with integrity, or, at least, delicacy. What shall we say to such anecdotes as the following, which we are almost ashamed to repeat? In December, 1818, Lord Lansdowne stood godfather to Moore’s second boy:—

‘After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper which contained, he said, *a present for the nurse*. The paper contained two 5*l.* notes, one of which Bessy gave the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother.’—ii. 239.

and this strange misappropriation of Lord Lansdowne’s bounty is followed up by a cool observation that ‘*they*’ (Bessy’s mother and sister)—

‘have latterly been very *considerate* indeed in their applications for assistance to me.’—*ib.*

We hardly think that Moore was in this case sufficiently *considerate* as to the source from which he assisted them.

A Mr. Branigan, with whom he had made some acquaintance in the country,

‘announces to me by letter that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a Bank post-bill to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum, but *it’s very convenient just now*.’—ii. 331.

When we recollect his appearance in society and now see the real misery of his position, we are struck at once with pity and wonder. We know not whether it may be thought more like praise or censure to say that in his personal deportment no one could

could trace anything of the constant anxiety and embarrassment which such a condition of affairs would produce on most men's manners and temper. He seemed always cheerful, always at ease, making no *étalage* of finery or foppery; and we believe we may say that none of his friends—none but those with whom he had money dealings—could have the slightest idea that he was not in easy circumstances, and on a footing of independence and equality with any other member of good society.

He says on one occasion—December 23rd, 1825:—

'Shearer said that the Longmans had told his brother that *I had the most generous contempt for money of any man they had ever met.*'—iv. 262.

That 'contempt for money' which consists in throwing it away Moore may have had, but we must say that this is the only passage in the Diary that affords us the slightest hint of his liberality in money affairs. An author in the sale of his works is as fairly a tradesman as the bookseller with whom he deals, and we do not in the least cavil at the eagerness which Moore shows in his bargains, but we really cannot allow him thus to record his own easy liberality without showing from the same pages how little the praise was deserved. All that he tells of himself is of so different a character, so full of tricks, and what would be called *sharp practice*, that we can only rejoice that Messrs. Longman fared better than their neighbours;—yet we have Moore's own evidence that even *they*, had they known all, might have had some grounds of complaint. He had, as early as July, 1814, commenced his negociation with Messrs. Longman for his poem of Lalla Rookh, which came (after a good deal of sharp bargaining on Moore's part) to an agreement for 3000 guineas. Mr. Longman, finding, it seems, some unexpected delay in the production of the poem, inquired in April, 1815, about its progress, and Moore answers on the 25th of that month,—

'*I had copied out fairly about four thousand lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I had promised, but I have changed my intention.*'—ii. 14.

And then he proceeds with some *ingenious* reasons for requesting his leave to withhold the said *fairly copied MS. from his perusal*:—

'but I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished* [*sic*], and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season.'—*ib.*

But in the *very next page*—in a letter, dated a fortnight later, to a private confidant in Ireland—he confesses that all this was sham—that there were no 'four thousand lines fairly copied for Mr. Longman's

Longman's perusal;' that there was no possibility of the poem's being published at any period of that year; and that 'it can hardly be till this spring *twelvemonth* that it can be finished off fit for delivery' (*ib.* p. 76.) It was not, in fact, published till *two years later*.

Here is another private confession to his mother:—

'There is so much call for the opera [M.P.], that I have made a *present* of it to little Power to publish; that is, *nominally* I have made a *present* of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—one that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light of the piece myself; and the *second*, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman.'—i. 264, 265.

Tricks of this sort are not so openly confessed in the Diary as in these confidential letters; but the scattered indications of them are frequent, and we do not remember one single instance of liberality in money dealings on the part of Moore, nor any one proof—though many imputations—of a contrary disposition in any of his publishers. To this class of topics belongs, we are sorry to say, a great deal of double dealing and shuffling with Messrs. Murray and Wilkie, with whom he had made his first agreement for the 'Life of Sheridan,' and which he afterwards transferred to Messrs. Longman, who furnished him with near 500*l.* to repay what Murray had already advanced him on the credit of that work. The transaction—vaguely shadowed as it is in the Diary—shows anything rather than that *contempt for money* which Lord John seems to rank among Moore's higher characteristics. But still more remarkable is the story of Lord Byron's Autobiographical Memoirs, their sale, redemption, and destruction—very confusedly and disjointedly told in the Diary; but which, as it involves not only personal character, but a question of considerable literary interest, and perhaps of some future importance, we shall endeavour, though it will occupy more space than we can well spare, to bring into one comprehensible view.

It appears that Moore had at first offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman, who declined to purchase them; and this, we suppose, brought him over from Paris in September, 1821, to endeavour to dispose of them to greater advantage. He arrived in London at eleven o'clock on the night of the 25th, and *early* next morning 'wrote a note to summon Murray.' Murray came next day—'agreed to his own terms—viz. two thousand guineas for the Memoirs—and took away the MS.'

When Moore communicated his bargain to Lord Holland, his lordship

lordship looked at the case with a gentlemanlike delicacy which was natural to him when party prejudices did not intervene, and which may, on this occasion, have been a little quickened by some *personal considerations*—

‘He expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.’s Memoirs; said he wished I could have gotten the 2000 guineas any other way. Seemed to think it was *in cold blood depositing a quiver of poisoned arrows for future warfare on private character.*’—iii. 298.

We wonder that Lord John Russell, when he came to read this opinion of Lord Holland’s, did not agree with him that the sale of such a work was not a creditable way of obtaining two thousand or even three thousand guineas.

After meditating on this suggestion, Moore *seemed* to think it so important that he ought to attempt a rescinding of the bargain. Subsequent circumstances, however, leave no doubt that it was not Lord Holland’s suggestion, but the prospect of making a better bargain, that induced Moore to try to recover the property of the MS. We hear no more of the affair for six months, but on the 22nd of April, 1822, we find the following entry :—

‘Spoke to Murray on the subject of Lord B.’s Memoirs; of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to *with the best grace imaginable*. Accordingly there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as security till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, *an over delicate deference to the opinion of others*; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction, and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain.’—iii. 345.

We see no ground whatsoever for this self-applause; for the only practical effect of this new arrangement was one which seems to have been for some months occupying no trivial share in Moore’s ponderings—namely, that if he could at any time get any one to give him 2500*l.* or 3000*l.* for the Memoirs, he had a right to pay off Murray, and transfer the MS. to a new purchaser—*putting the difference in his own pocket*. Such an arrangement, we need not say, did not at all meet Lord Holland’s objection—and Mr. Murray was certainly the most liberal of men to consent to it, for he remained 2000 guineas out of pocket, and must have done so as long as Lord Byron should happen to live—while Moore had the option, when he pleased, of turning the MS. to better account and leaving Murray in the position of having had so much risk and trouble, only to be laughed at by some higher bidder in Mr. Moore’s auction. We shall see that
all

all this, and worse than this, did in fact *take place* to the fullest extent, as far as concerned Murray's pecuniary interests.

So (omitting some minor details) matters stood till the 3rd of May, 1824—we request attention to the dates—when Moore had 'a letter from Lord Byron, at Missaloughi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy, the physicians do not know which.'—iv. 182.

No observation whatsoever follows this serious announcement; but we have not long to wait for its collateral consequences:—

'1824. May 12th.—Dined early with Rees [managing partner of Messrs. Longman]. Rees asked me if I had called on Murray to get him to complete the arrangement entered into when I was last in town [of which we find no other mention than we have quoted] for the redemption of Byron's Memoirs?—said I had not. Told me *the money was ready*, and advised me not to *lose any time about it*.'—ib. p. 186.

Who can doubt that Moore had been on the look-out for a better bargain?—for here is what he significantly calls a '*rival bibliopolist*' who has the *money ready* to pay off Murray, and who advises Moore to lose no time in doing so. But, lo! by one of the most extraordinary coincidences we have ever read, on the *very next* morning Moore learns by accident, in another bookseller's shop—

'that Lord Byron was dead. . . . Recollected then the unfinished state of my agreement for the redemption of the Memoirs.'

It needed, we think, no great effort of memory to '*recollect*' a subject which Mr. Rees had brought so strongly before him the day before.

This event made a total change in the circumstances of the case. Murray had paid, two years before, 2000 guineas on the *speculative* value of the Memoirs when Lord Byron should die. Lord Byron was but thirty-three when the bargain was made. Murray had, according to all calculations, many a year to wait before he could expect any return for his capital—or rather indeed, being considerably Byron's senior, he could hardly have anticipated any such return during his own life-time;—but now the event had unexpectedly occurred—the *contingent reversion* of the MS. had become a *possession*, and its value proportionably increased—probably doubled—as it ought to be, on a mere business calculation of Murray's previous risk. But again (Diary, 15th May) Moore luckily '*recollects*' that he had

'directed a clause to be inserted in the [second] agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, I felt,

felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, *who promised to bring the two thousand guineas for me on Monday morning.*—iv. 189.

With such a clause, how could Moore have had a moment's alarm or even doubt about his right? The fact, however, turned out to be that *there was no such clause!*

But in the mean while there had started up a third party. The Diary for the previous day (May 14th) ends—

'Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird anxiously inquiring in whose possession the Memoirs were; and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.'—iv. 187.

Murray, at this time, had no communication from Moore, nor could he have the slightest idea that Moore could have any claim to the MS., the *absolute* property being vested in Murray by Byron's death; but he at once, with a liberality and feeling which did him honour, offered to forego the prize he had drawn in this lottery of business, and to place the Memoirs at the disposal of Lord Byron's friends.

This it is obvious would have been the best and most delicate way of carrying out the spirit of Lord Holland's suggestion, by which Moore had professed to be guided in his efforts to get hold of the MS., but it would not at all have suited his real object—evidently that of selling them elsewhere—and he therefore vehemently opposed this arrangement, and, relying on his own version of the second deed, denied Murray's right to give up the MS. to any one but himself—whom (so Moore asserted) the *alleged* clause in that deed constituted, under existing circumstances, the sole and rightful proprietor. Murray was very much surprised at hearing of such a clause, but unluckily *the deed had been mislaid*, and he had only his own disbelief to oppose to the positive assertion of Moore.

Then follows, in the Diary, a long, very confused, but of course unilateral history of the discussions that ensued between Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, as the friends of Lord Byron—Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, on the part of Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh—and Moore—in which the latter insisted on his right of property in the MS., and protested in the strongest manner against its destruction; offering, indeed, 'the suppression of all that might be thought objectionable,' but contending that what was *not* so should be retained for *his own benefit* and that of the public. The progress of the affair is, we have said, very confusedly told even in what Lord John
Russell

Russell gives us of Moore's Diary—but it becomes more so by his Lordship's choosing to suppress a separate and '*long account of the destruction of the MS.*' left by Moore, and to substitute for it some *studiously obscure* sentences of his own. Lord John says:—

'The result was that, after a *very unpleasant scene* at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*—who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. *After the whole had been burnt, the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.*

'The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton [Hobhouse], and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the *irritation* which the circumstances of the moment produced, but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which *recall a painful scene*, and would excite *painful feelings*.'—iv. 192.

We cannot omit to enter our protest against Lord John's assertion, that the MS. was destroyed with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*: we know not what may be said in the portions of the Diary that Lord John has suppressed, but in all that he has published, and in all the other evidence, we find the most resolute opposition to any such measure.

All seemed now ended—but Moore conjured up a fresh difficulty, of which, whatever may have been the real motive, that which he assigned seems absurdly punctilious. The *actual cash* in which the repayment to Murray was made, was supplied to Moore by the Longmans (on the security of his bond); and of course Lord Byron's family and friends, who had received and destroyed the MS., were immediately prepared to reimburse Moore. Moore positively refused to be reimbursed; he persisted (contrary to the direct and indisputable terms of the agreement) in asserting that the MS. was his, and that his honour required that it was he who should have the merit of the sacrifice. *Merit*, we have seen, there was none, for he had opposed the sacrifice to the utmost: and his alleged *rights* had been extinguished by the production of the deed; but he still pertinaciously pleaded his honour, and spends a great deal of verbiage to justify a punctilio for which we can see no ground nor any object. If we could see or imagine any rational or even colourable

colourable *point of honour* in the case, we could understand and admire Moore's feelings and conduct. As it is, we confess that this part of the affair remains to us a suspicious mystery.

The final result will surprise our readers and the public as much as it did us when our recent inquiries brought it to our knowledge. Moore—through the unheard-of liberality of Murray—finally *pocketed* more than double the sum he had been intriguing and squabbling about. For the 2000 guineas originally agreed on for the Memoirs, Moore had engaged to Murray to edit them, and to accompany them with a *Life*. After the destruction of the Memoirs, Murray recurred to the idea of a *Life*; and as Moore was certainly, for many reasons, the person best fitted for the task, Murray proposed it to him. But the sum originally agreed on for *both* Memoirs and *Life* had now become, through Moore's complicated manœuvres, wholly inadequate for the *Life* alone. His debt to the Longmans, arising out of these transactions, had grown to a sum of 3020*l.*, for which they had his bond; and Moore seems to have been in a state of irremediable insolvency—for whatever he might be able to earn by his pen could at most have met his current expenses, but not availed against such a permanent and growing burden as this. Murray, who had—like everybody else who knew the fascinating little 'bird'—a strong personal feeling for Moore, hoped that he might combine his own interest as a tradesman with the extrication of the author; and he not merely consented to relieve him from Longman's bond—(though it was a debt incurred in hostility to Murray)—but, to enable him to exist while he was employed at the *Life*, he gave him a further sum of 1200*l.*, which, with some other small advances of cash, interest, &c., amounted in the whole to 4870*l.*, which was, in fact, what Murray paid to Moore for the '*Life*,' half the materials of which Murray himself contributed. Such generosity is we think unparalleled; and would probably have never been known but for an additional exhibition of Moore's greediness, almost as surprising. The *Life* was published; but Moore, over-rating its success, and under-rating what it had cost Murray, endeavoured to obtain a *further remuneration*. In answer to an attempt so unreasonable—and, might we not say, so ungrateful?—Murray, in a letter to Moore, dated the 24th of May, 1831, stated, first, the fact that the book had not paid its expenses, and he then detailed the circumstances above stated; which we think a *coup de grace* to the pretence of his having a '*most generous contempt of money*.'

Long as this detail has been, there are still two collateral points of the case on which we must make some observations.

The first is that Lord John talks only of the destruction of

Lord Byron's *original MS.* He passes *sub silentio* the possibility of copies of the MS.—and their fate. One complete copy we know was made with Lord Byron's concurrence, and, of the variety of hands through which it passed, some at least attempted copies. One transcript (complete or incomplete) is stated by Moore to have been given up, or torn up, by a lady who had made it, upon her hearing of the 'painful scene' at Murray's:—but this only heightens the probability that there might have been other irregular transcripts. And, if so, what proof is there that they were *all*, penitentially or delicately, destroyed? We see it surmised in several publications of the day 'that they were *not* ; and that, after all, it is probable that the Memoirs may be still in existence, and one day published.' *We ourselves* give no credit to these surmises; and Lord John Russell could not be expected to answer for surreptitious copies—but we think he ought to have made some inquiry after *the* copy which the Diary states to have been made, or at least have added a line to state—as we believe the fact to be—that no trace of any copy appears in Moore's papers.

The second point we have to notice is one that touches Moore's character for veracity, and which Lord John Russell should surely have endeavoured to explain. Our readers will have seen in the extract in p. 272, that Moore asserted that he had *dictated* and *saw* the solicitor insert a clause in the *draft* of the agreement, which, when the *deed* itself was produced, did not appear in it. This assertion, ostentatiously repeated by Moore, implies certainly a serious charge against both Mr. Murray and his eminently respectable solicitor (the late learned and ingenious Mr. Sharon Turner), as if they had *omitted in the deed* the clause which Mr. Moore *dictated* and *saw inserted in the draft*. This has induced Mr. Turner's son, naturally solicitous for his distinguished father's reputation, to make search for the original draft. He has been lucky enough to find it, and it is now under our eyes. Well—it contains *no such clause*—it agrees exactly—*literatim*—with the *deed*. Here, then, are Messrs. Murray and Turner, as might have been expected, fully acquitted; but what becomes of Mr. Moore, who seems as clearly convicted of deliberate and reiterated falsehood and fraud? We are glad to be able, *from the examination of the document itself*, to suggest an hypothesis which would acquit him of so grave a charge—though only by finding him guilty of what seems to have been habitual with him—great confusion and inaccuracy. We see on the face of the draft that there *was* an interlineation made allowing a limit of *three months*—not as Moore asserted for *his redemption* of the MS.—but for Murray's publication

publication of it—(viz. ‘within three months after Lord Byron’s death’)—and this addition, so far from being dictated by Moore and written in by the solicitor, is written in by Moore’s own hand. Here, then, is another palpable misstatement; but it affords us a probable clue to the whole imbroglio. Moore most likely had in his mind the intention of extending the limit of redemption to three months, but, instead of dictating what he desired to the solicitor, he, with his own pencil—and perhaps without fully explaining his meaning—wrote in the words ‘within three months’—but wrote them in at a wrong place. So that, instead of providing, as he may have intended, to give himself a power to redeem—he in fact only imposed on Murray the obligation of publishing—within three months. We think ourselves very fortunate in having, by the inspection of the original paper, arrived at this solution, which relieves Moore’s character from so deep a stain as his own Diary had thrown, and his own editor had left, upon it. But on a review of the whole affair it cannot be denied that Moore is convicted on his own evidence of gross inaccuracy, a very unhandsome double-dealing with Murray, and an ostentatious parade of liberality and disinterestedness which existed neither in his thoughts nor his acts.*

There is another revelation made in these volumes equally, or, indeed, more unexpected, as to Moore’s literary character. Every one sees at a glance that all his works—except a few of his earlier songs—smell a good deal of the lamp; and that the text, and still more the notes, are redundant with all sorts of out-of-the-way reading. There are more Greek quotations in Moore’s works than in all the English poets put together, from Chaucer to Crabbe. Most readers, we believe, skip them over, like the student of Euclid, who never looked at the cuts. They were thought to be nothing more than a misplaced *étalage* of the early studies of the *Translator of Anacreon*; and in great measure no doubt they were so; but these volumes show that they were something more. We here see that Moore’s poetical impulses arose more from reading than from feeling—from books rather than nature; that his genius was not inventive. He looked for inspiration neither to the skies nor the seas, nor the forests, nor even the busy haunts of men, but to the shelves of the library, where, accordingly, we find him studying, or rather *reading up*, for each of his greater poems—*Lalla Rookh*—the *Angels*—and *Alciphron*—as assiduously, and copying as

* We shall add at the conclusion of this Article a letter which the late Mr. Murray addressed at the time to Mr. Wilmot Horton, and which most satisfactorily explains his share in this extraordinary transaction.

copiously, as one would for so many *Dissertations* on Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian scenery and manners. It is true that he has worked up his materials with great taste, and all the verbal powers of poetry—sweetness, polish, brilliancy, splendour; but still it has all the air of exquisite manufacture rather than of spontaneous effusion—*materiem superabat opus*; the inventive genius is wanting. In some of his lighter love-songs we are startled with pedantic conceits, which require a learned note. And even when he degrades his muse into a drab, and sets her to talk *slang* with Tom Cribb, we find him interlarding it with the most laborious pedantry, till at last, when he finishes this stupid *fatras* (which his publishers seem ashamed to reprint in their last edition of his works), he cannot help exclaiming, ‘What a *rag-fair of learning* I have made it!’ In the labours of the Scriblerus club the affectation of learning heightens the ridicule; but that is not Moore’s case. There is no fun at all in his pedantry; nor is it intended for fun, but simply to exhibit what in the sincerity of the Diary he calls ‘a rag-fair of learning’—not seeing that his greater poems are, in the original conception as well as in the illustrations, obnoxious to much the same kind of criticism.

We are not so absurd as to reproach Moore for studying to invest his fictions with all attainable reality and truth—our surprise is, that a poet so cried up as ‘possessing in his own fancy and feeling an inexhaustible fountain of ingenious creations’ (*Lord John, Preface*, xxiii.) should have selected for all his great efforts *non-natural* subjects, so little sympathetic even with his own heart or mind that he himself is driven to hunt through utterly unfamiliar authors for any available scrap of information about them; and, after all, so little is there of distinctive and appropriate either in the substance or details of those works, that it would, we believe, have cost Moore no great trouble to have incorporated his Angels with Lalla Rookh, or Alciphron with the Angels. A curious illustration of this occurs in the Diary. After the Loves of the Angels, founded on a passage of Scripture, helped out by the apocryphal book of Enoch, had been published and four editions sold, Moore found the imputation of impiety so strong, that he took the bold resolution of shifting his whole machinery to Mahomet’s Paradise; and did so in a few weeks by the assistance of ‘*D’Herbelot*,’ ‘*Prideaux’s Life of Mahomet*,’ ‘*Beausobre’s Manicheism*,’ ‘*Hyde’s Religio Persarum*,’ ‘*Philo-Judæus*,’ &c. &c. (iv. 41-2). Yet, when after so substantial a change the metamorphosed work came forth, we do not remember that the public ever seemed to observe the difference any more than

if

if it had been an ordinary second edition. Such a *disponability*, as the French call it—such a *dissolving view*—would not have been possible if there had been anything of truth or nature, or even fictitious interest, in the original composition. Johnson ridiculed *epitaphs to let*; but here was a whole poem *to let* like furnished lodgings, and nobody took the least notice of the newcomers, nor discovered that they were not the old occupants.

In the midst of so much show of odd erudition—he even, we think, had the temerity to *review* some of the Greek Fathers!—Moore ever and anon betrays utter ignorance of literary points with which we might expect any educated man of his day to have been familiar. This must we suppose be attributed to the desultory habits of his life. He seems to have been by no means a bookish man, and to have given but little of his time to general or even current literature, though by fits very studious of ‘all such reading as was never read’ when he wanted to work it into some particular design.

‘Colonel Henley mentioned a play of Racine’s (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon.’—iii. 240.

It is odd that he should forget the name of one of the few tragedies of this great dramatist. Colonel Henley, no doubt, alluded to the first lines of *Alexandre*. And in some remarks that Moore makes (iii. 225, 238) on the structure of the French heroic or tragic verse, he shows that he knows nothing about it.

‘1822, July 30th.—Came home by the *gondole*. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about *some lines of Malesherbe’s*. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming, from my dark corner, at the end of each of his recitations, *C’est de Malesherbes, ça. Oui, Monsieur. C’est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*’—iii. 359.

Astonished the poor man might well be at the interference of a ‘learned Theban’ from the Western Bœotia, who confounded the names of *M. Lamoignon de Malesherbes*, the celebrated minister and venerable friend of Louis XVI., with that of *Malherbe*; a poet of the days of Henry IV., of whom we will venture to guess that Moore never read a line but one little elegiac ode on the death of Rose Duperrier, which is preserved in all the French *Recueils*, and which every one has by heart. Moore’s intrusive parade of his learning, and his real confusion of two such different and well-known persons, seem to us quite as comical as his own story of another Frenchman, who, when Lord Moira showed him the castle of *Macbeth* in Scotland, corrected him, ‘*Maccabée, Milord:—nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent—Judas Maccabéeus, Empereur Romain*’ (ii. 247).

We find him gravely quoting *Mr. Luttrell* as complaining—
‘that

'that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, "like that king of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town."—iii. 262.

Is it possible that Moore should not have known whence Mr. Luttrell's pleasantries were derived? It seems so: and there is a similar instance in vol. iv. p. 72.

Again, he quotes, from *Lord Holland*, Cowper's burlesque lines, 'Doctor Jortin,' &c. (iii. 272), evidently having either not read or forgotten one of the most delightful and popular publications of his own time—Cowper's Letters.

'19th Sept. 1818.—Dined at Bowood. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner. Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and *Swift's* ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy, which I must see.'—ii. 167.

'Swift's ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy—which I must see!' He would have to search long enough before he saw any such thing. It is wonderful that he should not have known that Swift was himself *Bickerstaff*, under which pseudonyme he ridiculed the prophecies of the notorious almanac-maker *Partridge*, where, however, there is nothing at all about 'the end of the world.' But neither *Bickerstaff* nor *Partridge* had anything to do with the passage referred to at Bowood, which is from an altogether different drollery, in ridicule of *Whiston's* theory of comets. We should have hardly thought that there was any reading man in England who was not familiar with all these pleasantries.

Moore talks of a Mr. Theophilus Swift who had in his time some squabble with the heads of the University in which his son Mr. Deane Swift had a share—'Mr. Swift,' says Moore, 'having had his son so christened in honour of the name' (i. 38). Moore must have looked but little into the Dean's history not to know that one of his uncles had married the daughter of Admiral Deane, whose surname had thence become a Christian name of the Swift family. It is strange that he should not have read Swift's Correspondence, the second letter of which, dated 1694, is addressed to 'his cousin, Deane Swift, Esq.': and stranger still that he should never have seen or heard of so well-known a work as the *Essay on the Life of the Dean of St. Patrick's*, by an elder Mr. Deane Swift—the father of Theophilus and grandfather of the second Deane, whom Moore supposes to have been the first.

Again:—

'Douglas said he supposed that it was from the Patriarch that the garment called a *Joseph* was named. Douglas must have been thinking of a *Benjamin*, for a *Joseph* is, I believe, a woman's garment.'—ii. 182.

How

How could Moore forget the highest poetical authority for *Joseph* as a man's garment?—

‘He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a John.’—*Dunciad*, ii. 128.

He had not even read, it seems, that ‘handbook’ of anecdotes—the *Walpoliana*—for he thinks it necessary to transcribe (iv. 247) a story as told by Lord Lansdowne which is printed there. Lord Lansdowne might very naturally tell it, but Moore’s transcribing it proves that he had never read it.

‘Lord Lansdowne mentioned an epigram as rather happy in its structure: I forget the exact words:—

‘[The hearer] perplex’d
 ’Twixt the two to determine—
 Watch and pray says the text,
 Go to sleep says the sermon.’—iv. 241.

Moore might have found it in the *very first page* of epigrams in the ‘Elegant Extracts.’

Presently, however, we find him sneering at Lord Lansdowne, as ‘*showing off*’ some criticism on Dryden’s translation of the opening of the *Æneid*, and especially on the imperfect rendering of *fato profugus*, which Moore had heard from him before (ii. 246). If Lord Lansdowne—who is as little of a mere *show-off* man as we ever met—did repeat himself, it certainly was not Moore who, enjoying his hospitality, should have been on the watch to detect and record it. Moore goes on to attribute to Lord Lansdowne some further remarks on the word *profugus*:—

‘Bowood, 1818, Dec. 30th.—Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profugus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profugus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q.E.E.) called the word *profugus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—“*Errat Virgilius, forte profugus erat.*”’—ii. 246.

All we can understand from this strange passage—marked and accented as we have given it—is, that Moore seems not to have had the slightest idea of what his friends were talking about—that he confounded the *meaning* with the *prosody* of the word—that he fancied *Florus* to be a *poet*, whose authority would determine the penultimate syllable to be long—and that Dr. Paley having, in consequence of his northern education, pronounced it as short, he was ridiculed by his fellow Cantabs for so monstrous a blunder! We cannot imagine how Moore, even with his western education, could have accumulated such absurdities, and suppose rather some error in the transcription of his MS.; but we may safely acquit Lord Lansdowne of having any share in them.

On

On another question of prosody he also gets out of his depth in very shallow water. In confessing that the Dublin University men were in his day deficient in prosody, he admits that they make mistakes as to the *longs and shorts* (i. 50)—believing that the *longs and shorts* of our great schools refer to *long and short syllables*, and not, as they do, to *long and short lines*—i. e., hexameters and pentameters: and twenty years later (ii. 200) he had not discovered his mistake.

It makes a significant conclusion to the foregoing negligences and ignorances to find that it was only one week before his final departure from Paris, after a residence of near *two years*, that he found his way to the royal library:—

‘1822. Nov. 15th.—Went to the library. What a shame that I should not *till now* have availed myself of the facilities of this treasury!’—iv. 20.

He left Paris on the third day after this compunctious entry.

On the whole, there is hardly anything in the Diary that has surprised us more than the frequent, and, as it seems, conclusive, evidence of Moore’s deficiency, not only in more serious, but even in ordinary, reading. There are hardly any of his acquaintance, and we should note more especially his noble friends Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, who do not appear to have been—*quod minime reris*—better versed than this voluminous poet and historian both in English and classical literature.

A very prominent feature of the Diary is—and, indeed, one of its least irrational objects would be—the record of the jokes and stories that Moore’s taste should think worth remembering. Knowing that he lived with all the wits of the day, Whig and Tory, and having ourselves often admired his tact and humour in reproducing such things to enliven his own conversation, we expected a choice harvest: but there, as everywhere else, we have been disappointed. Few are good, and the majority are downright failures. Amongst the few tolerable with which we are not familiar the following are the best. Foremost we place two of Kenny’s, the dramatist, who—

‘said of Luttrell’s “Julia” that it was too long, and not broad enough.’

An excellent critique on that somewhat ponderous levity.

And again, when Moore’s troubles came upon him, without appearing to affect his spirits, Kenny said, with a pleasantry that reminds one of Gil Blas,—

‘Tis well you are a poet: a philosopher never could bear it.’—iii. 169.

‘On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, “Tis from want of practice,” says Rogers: Knight being a very bad listener.’

Lord

Lord Ellenborough showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused, and said—

“Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?” “Pleasure, Mr. —, has been out of the question for a long time; but you may proceed.”—ii. 312.

Moore, confessing that he was not a scientific musician—

‘mentioned the tendency I had to run into consecutive fifths, adding that [Sir Henry] Bishop now revised my music; [George] Lord Auckland said, “Other Bishops take care of the *tithes*—but he looks after the *fifths*.”’—iv. 263.

‘Curran, upon a case where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley's for acting *Lock and Key*, said, “My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said *Lock and Key* is to be considered as a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind.”’—iv. 7.

At a stag-hunt at Killarney, the animal

‘came close to where Lord Avonmore, then Attorney-General, and Dr. O'Leary were standing—O'Leary said—How naturally instinct leads him to you for a *nolle prosequi*!’—iv. 112.

A dialogue between a visitor and a servant at a hall door in Dublin:—

“Is your master at home?” “No, Sir, he's out.” “Your mistress?” “No, Sir, she's out.” “Well, I'll just go in, and take an air of the fire till they come.” “Faith, Sir, it's out too.”—iii. 288.

These are at least among the best that have any novelty; they are generally hackneyed, and, what is surprising, sometimes very ill told. ‘It is not every one,’ says Johnson, ‘who can carry a joke.’ Moore we always thought was one of those who could, and indeed he had considerable success in that way; but the following failure is almost as bad as the Joe-Miller story of him who called the fall of a shoulder of mutton a *lapsus linguæ*:—

‘1821. Feb. 2.—Talking of letters being charged by weight, Canning said that the Post Office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hipplesley, “it was so *dull*.”’—iii. 166.

Oh no, Mr. Moore, Canning said ‘it was so *heavy*.’ He attempts to repeat after Tierney two pleasantries of Mr. Pitt—of one he makes nonsense, and the other he maims and loses its point. It is truly told in *Q. R.*, vol. 79, p. 513. Here is an imbroglio, to us quite incomprehensible. Creevey, he says, who had passed some time with Sheridan at Mr. Ord's in Northumberland, described—

“Sheridan's gaiety: acted over the *battle of the Pyramids* on *Marston Moor*, ordering Captain Creevey to *cut out that cow*—pointing to a cow in a ditch.”—iv. 295.

Was

Was it Creevey or Moore who imagined that either the battle of the *Pyramids* or that of *Marston Moor* was a maritime exploit—like the celebrated *cutting out* the *Hermione*?

‘I quoted the following on *Cæsar Colclough’s* taking boat at *Luggelaw* to follow the hounds:—

“*Cæsarem vehis et fortunas. (sic)*

“When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough crossed at *Luggelaw*,
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
You carry *Cæsar* and his—saddle-bags!”—iii. 5.

This pleasantry, not itself a very choice one, is miserably mangled in every way. *Luggelaw* is a mountain *tarn*, in the county of Wicklow, where no one ever took boat unless to fish or sketch, and where hounds never could come—nor, if they did, do sportsmen hunt with saddle-bags. The epigram was made, we believe, by Charles Bushe on Mr. *Cæsar Colclough*, a barrister riding the Leinster circuit, who, in a storm that deterred others, crossed the ferry at *Ballinlaw*, between Waterford and Wexford. It was said that he took this short cut to anticipate the rest of the bar by an earlier arrival at Wexford, and that Bushe took this kind of revenge on him. This blunder is the more remarkable because it proves that Moore never could have visited *Luggelaw*, one of the most striking scenes of that picturesque district so often mentioned in his *Melodies*. How this should have happened we cannot imagine, particularly if he saw the ‘*Meeting of the Waters*,’ *Glandelough*, &c., in going to which he must have passed close to *Luggelaw*, which is nearer to Dublin, and we think finer than any of them.

Moore professed to feel great pleasure from natural scenery, but this and several other passages in the *Diary* lead us to doubt whether the feeling was very strong. *Dovedale*, for instance, gives him no more distinct idea than that it is the very abode of—*genii*! (i. 301). To be sure, both he and Lord John tell us that he wept at the sight of *Mont Blanc*, but he also tells us that he wept at seeing a Frenchman go up in a balloon. We know also that he never saw *Killamey* till his English friends the *Lansdownes* took him there in his forty-second year; and when he was asked which of two different confluences he meant to describe in his celebrated song of the ‘*Meeting of the Waters*,’ he was unable to say.

The specimens he gives of his own *bons-mots* or repartees are very poor—take one, which, from the rank of the lady and the care with which he records it, was, we presume, a favourite recollection:—

‘Had music in the evening [at Woburn]. The Duchess [of Bedford]

ford] said she wished I could transfer my genius to her for six weeks ; and I answered, " Most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time."—iii. 283.

The good taste of agreeing so readily in the Duchess's humble estimate of herself, and in her Grace's high opinion of *him*, and of estimating his own superiority at just the worth of *Woburn* (!), seems to us equal to its pleasantry.

After the publication of the *Life of Sheridan* there was some talk of his undertaking those of *Grattan* and *Byron* :—

' Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for *Lives* I was likely to have—I said I had better publish *nine* together, in one volume, and call it *The Cat*.'—iv. 323.

Spoiled it seems from the old drollery in *Walpole's Letters* : ' If I had as many *lives* as a *cat*, or as one *Plutarch*.'

Finding some difficulty in lighting a fire at a French inn,—

' I said the wood was like the houses in Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie*—which amused Lord John.'—iii. 13.

Having thus endeavoured to collect from the scattered evidence of the *Diary* a kind of synopsis of some of the chief points of Moore's personal and literary character, we now turn to the consideration of some circumstances of a more public nature ; and here it is that we can cordially say that, whatever neglect or error of detail may be imputed to Lord John Russell's editorship, his work is a public—we had almost said historical—benefit. Moore's political satires had a considerable effect in their day, not so much from their gaiety and wit—which was often feeble, and more often forced—as from the deep bitterness and personal rancour by which they recommended themselves to that combination of factions self-styled the *Whig party*. Of this active and unscrupulous Opposition Moore became the poet-laureate ; and though his vituperatory verses are as essentially effete as the panegyrics of any court laureate of them all, they have left behind them, both in common talk and in the *olla-podrida* literature of our day, a kind of vague impression, which these volumes will tend to correct and efface to a degree of which Moore's egotism was, and Lord John Russell's prejudice is, we suspect, alike unconscious.

To exhibit this in its true light we must revert a little to Moore's autobiography.

We here find more than we had ever before heard or suspected of his early initiation into the United Irish Conspiracy. Moore tells us that he was not actually a United Irishman—and his youth would, no doubt, prevent his being in their councils—but he frequently boasted that he was heart and soul devoted to their principles,

principles, and, to the extent of his little power, active in propagating them. All of what are called his *patriotic* songs were calculated to revive and feed the spirit of the Irish Rebellion; and, to the very last, he seems to be proud of being considered a *Jacobin*, and even a *traitor*—which latter title is evidently viewed by him as equivalent to that of *patriot*.

This leads us to observe on two passages of Lord John Russell's Preface, penned no doubt with the object of justifying Moore's extreme politics, but which we think deserve, on higher grounds, serious animadversion. In his critical summary of Moore's works, Lord John says of his Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, that 'the character and fate of Lord Edward are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot;' and in speaking of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the noble Editor affirms that it was '*wickedly provoked*' by the Government. This canonization of treason and murder as *patriotism*, and this calumny on the Government of the country, are among the legacies that Lord John has had from Holland House. Our readers know that Lord Holland avowed both these scandalous opinions in his last volume of *Memoirs*; and we hope they have not forgotten our refutation of them (Q. R. June, 1852). We need hardly say that we have very little reliance on Lord John Russell's judgment on any question where party prejudices can intervene; but that an author who has published largely on modern history—a statesman who has been successively Secretary of State for the Colonial, the Foreign, and the Home Departments, Prime Minister, and who is now Leader of the House of Commons—should go out of his way to gild over rebellion as *patriotism*, and to assert so gratuitous and so absurd a slander as that the English and Irish ministers of those days had '*wickedly provoked*' the rebellion, passes our understanding: it is like nothing we ever read of, except the assertion of certain French historians that Mr. Pitt provoked the massacres of September.

We are astonished at Lord John Russell's venturing to reproduce such a misrepresentation if it were merely *historical*:—it is worse, as we have just intimated, when a man in such a station endeavours to palliate not merely rebellion—but a rebellion of which we can scarcely say that the ashes are yet cold;—but worst of all it is, when the very book he is editing—notwithstanding the *avowedly* rebellious bias of the author—contradicts Lord Holland's and Lord John Russell's fable of the rebellion having been '*wickedly*' or in *any* way '*provoked*' by the Government. Moore's *first* political recollections—dating many years before 1798—he tells us, were that—

'all the oldest acquaintances of his father and mother were some of those

those most deeply involved in the *grand conspiracy against the Government.*'—i. 48.

Again, in the year before the rebellion, Moore says—

'the celebrated newspaper called the Press was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and the other chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy [*Were they the tools of Pitt and Camden?*], with the view of preparing and *ripening* the public mind for the *great crisis* that was *fast approaching.*'—i. 55.

Moore would have been willing enough to palliate the rebellion—but he had been too near an observer to attempt any such imposition; and every line and every word of his record of those times is a contradiction of Lord John Russell's most indecent and most unfounded—we might almost borrow his own term 'wicked'—charge on the Government of the time.

From those perilous political connexions—though never from these rebellious principles—Moore seems to have soon escaped into a very different and—in spite of his *Jacobin* opinions—more congenial society. His musical taste introduced him to one or two musical families, which he surprised and delighted by a combination of poetry and music in a style altogether peculiar to himself. He sang his own verses to his own tunes, in a style still more his own; the songs were indeed rather little amatory breathings than poetry—the voice rather a warbling than singing—but both were set off by an expression of countenance and charm of manner the most graceful, the most natural, and the most touching that we have ever witnessed; in truth, we believe that those who have ever heard Moore's own performance will agree that from no other lips—not even those of female beauty—did his songs ever come with such fascinating effect. With this singular and seductive talent, accompanied by perfect good manners and lively conversation, he soon made his way in the 'singing, dancing, suppering' society of Dublin; and it is evident from all the names that occur in the letters of this period that it was of an altogether different political complexion from his former associations.

At this time his parents, though little in a condition to meet such an expense, decided on his being educated for the Bar—and accordingly, in April, 1799, he proceeded to London, to be entered at the Middle Temple. The preparations for this journey are told with singular naïveté, and include a peculiarity which we should not have expected from what he says of the general good sense of his mother:—

'A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she

she could scrape together, towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also *another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular* (as it is called), or *small bit of cloth, blessed by the priest*, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.—i. 72.

He remained here, it seems, only long enough to keep, as it is called, two law terms, and returned to Dublin in July; where, the season of the year having no doubt thinned the gay company in which he had before lived, he probably worked more assiduously at preparing for the press the translation of *Anacreon* which he had begun while yet in college. This work—then his only ticket in the lottery of life—being at last ready for the press, he returned to London, where he immediately circulated proposals for publishing it by subscription.

He had brought also a letter of introduction to the Earl of Moira, who at that time was the chief professor of Irish patriotism in England; the intercourse of that date was confined to a morning visit and a dinner; but he then received an invitation to the Earl's seat at Donington Castle in Leicestershire, of which he availed himself on his way to London the *second* time, in November, 1799.

He made for many years not merely frequent visits to Lord Moira at Donington, but several lengthened abodes with which his Lordship indulged him, in the absence of the family, to pursue his studies free from expense and the absorbing distractions of society, and with the advantage of a fine library—a considerate kindness on the part of Lord Moira which showed an early appreciation of the danger to which Moore's taste for the dissipations of London exposed him. Soon after his marriage Moore hired a cottage in the neighbouring village of Kegworth, where he had the library always, and occasionally the society of the castle, within his reach.

Very early in their acquaintance Lord Moira seems to have obtained from George IV., then Prince of Wales, the acceptance of the dedication of the forthcoming *Anacreon*; and as Moore's subsequent conduct towards that Prince was altogether, we think, the least creditable as well as the most remarkable circumstance of his whole life, it is our historical duty to give as particular an account

account of it as we can gather from these volumes. Some time before the personal introduction Moore writes:—

‘[1800. May.]—My dear Mother,—I have got the Prince’s name [to the subscription], and his permission that I should dedicate Anacreon to him. Hurra! Hurra!’—i. 104.

‘*Hurra! Hurra!*’ We pause for a moment, not to sneer at this burst of exultation, very natural in a youth of Moore’s then circumstances, but to lament that the next time we meet these words from Moore’s pen should be in an insult to the very personage of whose favour he was once so proud—in a burlesque description of the Regent’s opening Parliament:—

‘*Hurra! Hurra!* I heard them say,
And they cheered and shouted all the way,
As the great Panurge in his glory went
To open in state his Parliament.’—*Works*, 511.

At one of the fashionable assemblies in which Moore’s agreeable talents soon rendered him so universally acceptable—a party, we believe, of Lady Harrington’s—he had by and by the honour of being personally introduced to His Royal Highness:—

‘1800. Aug. 4th.—I was yesterday introduced to His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. He is, beyond doubt, a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honour he had done me, he stopped me, and said the honour was entirely his,’ &c. &c.—107.

‘1801. March 8th.—I last night went to a little supper after the opera, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were.’—111.

‘March 28th.—You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, “How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you.”’—112.

This is all we find before Moore’s trip to America; but immediately after his return he writes:—

‘[1804] Saturday [Dec. 7th].—My darling Mother—I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night at a small supper party at which I met him. Every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these:—“I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you (laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time) it was a subject of general concern.” Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially—was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father’s and mother’s hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and, pointing

pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing. It was at Lord Harrington's.'—i. 178.

'1806. May.—I believe I told you the kind things the Prince said to me about my book [the Odes and Epistles].—193.

'1811. June 21st.—My dearest Mother,—I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête [at Carlton House], which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was *in reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eye with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. . . The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.'—i. 254-5.

This was one of those two *fêtes* at the beginning of the Regency to which Moore's subsequent libels make so many offensive, and, as we now see, ungrateful allusions. We see also that he had once at least dined at Carlton House.

The Prince was certainly struck with the talents and manners of the young poet, and partook of Lord Moira's good will towards him:—and during Mr. Addington's administration—in 1803—their *joint* influence (we speak advisedly) procured for their protégé a *very easy* office in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It is no doubt to palliate Moore's subsequent ingratitude to *both* his patrons that he and his partisans, and of course Lord John, take the tone of denouncing this appointment as 'the greatest misfortune of Moore's life,' and even of treating the kindness of his early protectors as a matter of reproach. This is altogether unfounded. We nowhere find any distinct account of the value of the office, and on the contrary there seems a studied reserve on that subject; but we see that both Moore and his father made close inquiries into that important point, the results of which were so satisfactory as to induce Moore to make a voyage to Bermuda to take possession of the post. We know that it yielded *something* (i. 184):—and indeed during *twelve* years—the most struggling years of his life—we hear no complaint of its not being productive. On the contrary, in 1810, he talks of 'his *Bermuda treasury*,' and expects 'to receive something thence very shortly' (i. 245). In May 1812 he expected 'money from Bermuda,' which turned out to be '*money indeed!*' (i. 280). In the winter of 1813 we find him entering into a negotiation for getting an immediate advance on the credit of his coming profits (i. 369); and in December 1814 we have him acknowledging the remittance of no less a sum than 500*l.*, which he immediately invests in the funds, and glories in being 'a stock-holder'

'a stock-holder' (ii. 58). It is just a year after the receipt of this 500*l.* that we find his first complaint about Bermuda—'I get as near nothing from it as possible' (ii. 88). No wonder: he had been twelve years pocketing whatever moneys his deputy chose to send him—and, though warned and advised both *officially and privately* that he ought to look after this important business, he never took, as far as appears, any trouble about it. At last, in the spring of 1818—after *fifteen years'* enjoyment of the office—came the real disaster, which was this:—The proceeds of the sales of two or three ships and cargoes, which had been condemned, were lodged in the registry of the court pending an appeal; this sum Moore's deputy embezzled, and Moore, who had, he says, 'forgotten both the deputy and the office,' was disagreeably awakened by a demand from the injured parties to make good the deposit. What the real defalcation was is not exactly stated, but it was finally compromised for 1040*l.* Twice or thrice that sum need not have *overwhelmed* a prudent man in Moore's circumstances. He was in the receipt of very large sums for his works, and for immediate aid, on this occasion, Messrs. Longman offered to advance the whole sum on his own security, and several of his private friends—Mr. Rogers, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Richard Power, Lord John Russell, and the present Duke of Bedford, were anxious to enable him to have settled the affair at once. These offers his delicacy rejected, and he proceeded to resist the demand by dilatory proceedings in the court. We do not understand this kind of *delicacy*: would it not have been more delicate, or, in plain English, more honest—even if he had exhausted his own immediate resources—to have accepted temporary loans from such old and affluent friends as we have named—or, still better, Messrs. Longman's proposal in the way of business—than to have not only left the claimants unpaid, but increased their loss by a litigious resistance? Instead, however, of feeling either for himself or the claimants, it appears from the Diary that for a year and a half—from April 1818 to August 1819—Moore was enjoying himself in his usual round of fashionable amusement, and it was not till the progress of the suit rendered delay no longer possible that he thought of escaping from arrest, first in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, but, as the safety of that asylum was doubtful, finally by retiring to the Continent.

Why should the bounty of his royal and noble patrons be in any way made responsible for all this personal neglect and imprudence on Moore's part? They gave him an office, estimated, as we think we have heard, at 400*l.* a year clear profit, which—besides being as much as they had any chance of obtaining from

a Government with which they were not connected—was also in every way suitable to Moore's then position. It secured him a moderate income, and, being almost a sinecure, left him at liberty to dedicate his time to his literary avocations. Such is, we believe, the truth of this long misunderstood and misrepresented affair.

We must now revert to Moore's political prospects. In 1806 All the Talents came into office, and amongst them Lord Moira. Moore, with as keen an appetite for place as ever a *patriot* had—and we can say no more—is in a perfect fever of greedy delight. He writes to his mother, Feb. 4th, 1806,—

'I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety; the very crisis of my fate is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and *my fate* now depends upon his sincerity, which it would be profanation to doubt; and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence! Tierney goes [Chancellor of the Exchequer] to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for my father's advancement. In short, everything promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune smiles.—192.

Fortune smiled—but not so bountifully as Moore anticipated. Lord Moira was only Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which has little civil patronage, but he did for Moore all that he could, and more than he ought. He made his father barrack-master of Dublin, for which the old man's years and habits rendered him wholly unfit; and having in his own gift 'a small appointment to give away, he proposed it to Moore himself—till something better offered' (i. 192). Moore does not say what it was, but declines it, telling his Lordship he would wait till something worthier of *his* [sic] 'generosity and my ambition should occur' (*ib.*). Lord Moira, instead of being offended, applies to Mr. Fox for that 'something worthier,' and Mr. Fox seems good-naturedly to have promised compliance with his request.

'You may tell my uncle and aunt of Fox's *promise* . . . Lord Moira has told me that it is one of the Irish *Commissionships* that I am to have; but that these will not be arranged until those in England are settled.'

Whatever the *promise* may have been, it and Lord Moira's influence vanished at Mr. Fox's death; and Moore, ignorant, no doubt, at the time, of the delicate situation in which Lord Moira was placed after Mr. Fox's death, never forgave his Lordship for the neglect and lukewarmness to which he attributed his disappointment.

Dissatisfied with Lord Moira and the Talents, Moore became outrageous at their successors.—'Fine times,' he says, 'for changing a ministry—and changing to such *fools* too' (i. 222); the

the *fools* being—*inter alios*—Perceval, Liverpool, Harrowby, Huskisson, Palmerston, Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington!—He goes down in despair to Donington Park, to vent his bile on this New Ministry:—

'I am not [he says to Lady Donegal, 27th April, 1807] writing love verses. I begin at last to find out that politics is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better to *rebel* against Government than have nothing to do with it. So I am writing politics, but all I fear is that my former ill luck will rise up against me, and that, as I could not write love without getting into —, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason* (sic).'-i. 225.

This, a confession more candid than delicate to be made to a Tory lady, was followed up by his two political satires of 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance,' which, bitter and even personally libellous as they are, may be fairly forgiven to a papist who had lost the prospect of an Irish Commissionership by the cry of 'No Popery.' But he still had hopes from Lord Moira, which the melancholy illness of George III. and the prospect of a new reign kept alive. On this latter subject we find in a letter of the 17th of August, 1811, a passage so discreditable that nothing but his own evidence could make us believe. He had it seems at that time his silly opera of 'M. P.' in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and thus expresses his apprehension that the *King's death* might interfere with it:—

'I have been a good deal and *loyally* (sic) alarmed lest a *certain catastrophe* should interrupt the performances of the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before HE is—(N.B. before he is dead, I mean—don't mistake me).'²—i. 258.

He then proceeds to repeat an account of the 'poor King being turned loose and suffered to range blindly and frantic about his apartments at Windsor, like Polypheme in his cave,' which, however, 'he is quite happy to find was all a fabrication' (*ib.*). This brutal trifling with the two most awful incidents of human nature—insanity and death—is rendered additionally painful and pitiable by the recollection that the giddy author was doomed to have his own reason quenched and his own life closed under the calamitous circumstances which he then treated so lightly.

In February, 1812, the restricted Regency expired; and the Prince—after an ineffectual effort to form a combined ministry, which was chiefly defeated by the dissensions and extravagant pretensions of the Whigs themselves—continued Mr. Perceval's administration. Moore writes to Lady Donegal:—

' In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power I see an end of

of the *long hope* of my life, and my intention is to go far away into the country, &c. . . . the truth is, that the political events of the last few days, so suddenly breaking up *all the prospects* of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.'—i. 269, 270.

In an immediately following letter he states his own motives still more clearly—no loyalty to the Prince, no devotion to Lord Moira, no Whiggery, no popery, no patriotism—nothing but a personal speculation. He tells Lady Donegal that he needs no consolation, for—

'the truth is, I feel as if a load had been taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense in which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-wisp* all my life, and the only thing I regret is, that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance.'—i. 271.

But he has still another consolation:—

'I, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) *am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I meet him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege.*'—i. 271.

That is, in plain English, 'having no longer any hope of a *place*, I am free to become a libeller, and I mean to use my privilege.'

This laudable resolution soon connected him with *Holland House*—where Lord Moira had become an object of suspicion or worse, because the Prince showed more reluctance 'to desert Lord Moira than the rest of the party,' amongst whom Lord Moira was now evidently *de trop*.

Moore, already secretly dissatisfied (as we have seen) with Lord Moira, now began immediately, under Lord Holland's special auspices, that series of *personal* libels on the Prince which made so much noise in their day, but which, when we are now obliged to look through them, appear to us to have less of *wit* or even gaiety than we thought, and to have owed their vogue to what we may call, in the original and most appropriate meaning of the word, their *scurrility*. The salt of these productions was their ingratitude, irreverence, and insult against one who ought to have been in a peculiar degree exempt from them—not only by the absence of every private provocation and the existence of personal obligation on Moore's part, but still more—by *his* public station, which, besides its legal claims to respect, had one which should have been even more binding on a man of delicacy and honour—that he was as helpless as a woman against such *polissonnerie*.

These showers of garbage, flung in newspapers at the Sovereign,

reign, as if he had been a criminal in the pillory, Moore in 1813 collected, with some additional lampoons, in a little volume called *The Twopenny Post-Bag*. One of Lord John Russell's rare notes—and a rare one this is—assures us that this *Post-Bag* 'is full of fun and humour, without ill-nature' (i. 331). We will not dispute Lord John's taste as to what he may think fun and humour. Anything that abuses a political opponent is, no doubt, fun and humour; but we should have been utterly astonished at his finding no *ill-nature* in the *Twopenny Post-Bag* if we did not know that there are palates so disordered as not to find vinegar sour, nor aloes bitter. We can only say that to our taste, and that we think of the majority of mankind, there never was a bitterer or sourer specimen of concentrated malignity; and we quite agree in the judgment passed on it by a Whig—a clever man, and a personal friend of Moore—that it was 'ribaldry not to be palliated even by its wit;' and that '*deep must have been the hate that prompted it; and bitterly and rancorously it was uttered.*' And we shall see by and by that Lord Holland himself repented him of such impolitic as well as unworthy libelling. Lord John's strange compliment to his friend's *good nature* puts us in mind of Foote's to the Duchess of Kingston. 'Well, I have heard of *Tartars* and *Brimstones*, but your Grace is the *flower* of the one and the *cream* of the other.' Such seem to us the *cream* and *flowers* of Moore's poetical lampoons. A more practical and conclusive commentary on Lord John's estimate of these *goodnatured* verses is furnished by the fact, that Moore was afraid to own, and Carpenter of Bond Street, then his usual publisher, to print them; and so the title-page announced some obscure name, or perhaps pseudonyme, under which the poison might be safely disseminated.

This course of libelling ran on for many years, and in a spirit still more ignoble than it began. Moore might be excused for preferring Lord Holland to Lord Moira—for resenting the discountenance of the Catholic claims—for sharing the sudden disappointment of his political party; but an *odium in longum jacens*, bad as it is, would be less discreditable than such a motive as the following, which it seems to us astonishing that Moore should have confessed even to his own pen:—

'1818. Nov. 20th.—Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! *money must be had*, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest.'—ii. 218.

'Dec. 17th.—Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which

which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a *little money* without much trouble.'—ii. 240.

The first, certainly the most remarkable, and artistically, we think, the best, was a parody on the letter (Feb. 15, 1812) of the Prince to the Duke of York, explanatory of his motives for retaining his father's ministry, whose measures had at that important crisis of the affairs of the world been so successful, but proposing to combine with them—to resist the common danger—the Whig party under Lords Grey and Grenville. The latter peremptorily declined. We do not stop to inquire whether these Lords were right or wrong—Moore pronounces them decidedly wrong, because they spoiled his hopes of a place—nor do we mean to revive that or indeed any other merely political question of the day, further than to say that the Prince's letter received the general assent of the country and of what was left of independence in Europe, and was the basis of that triumphant policy which led Wellington from the Tagus to the Seine, and Buonaparte from the Tuileries to St. Helena.

Moore did not trouble himself with any such considerations. He saw in the royal letter nothing but the destruction of the '*long hope*' of his life that he had been building on the Prince's friendship for Lord Moira and Lord Moira's friendship for himself, and he endeavoured, like other disappointed fortune-hunters, to disguise his own vexation under the cloak of patriotism. It was on or about the same day that he announced to Lady Donegal his intention to use his 'privilege' of libelling that this parody was read to a select conclave at Holland House, preparatory to its being published in the Morning Chronicle. There is a curious sequel to this affair. We find in the Diary, near ten years later—

'1821, Nov. 2.—Lord Holland anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's letter, whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrell. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. *Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with.* I should much like to know the *secret* of his reviving this matter just now.'—iii. 297.

And four years later still—

'1825, Aug. 16.—Lord Holland read to me several cahiers of what I rather suspect to be memoirs of his own times. There was mention
in

in it of my parody on the Prince's letter. "Another poet," he said, "Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than of worldly prudence," &c. *This is too bad*—Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody.—iv. 304.

The secret is now plain enough. Lord Holland, when he came in a less heated moment to write an account of the affair, saw it was indefensible, and was desirous of implicating poor Lord Moira in the blame, and so disguising a main point of the Prince Regent's case, which was, that the party had thrown Lord Moira overboard, not he them.

We know not where we could find a stronger instance of prophetic self-censure than is afforded by some lines of a satire of Moore's called *The Sceptic*, published in 1809, in which, with that blindness to the *tu quoque* which so often afflicts writers of this class, he says:—

'Self is the medium through which judgment's ray
Can seldom pass without being turned astray.
Had Walcot first been pension'd by the Crown,
Kings would have suffered by his praise alone;
And Paine perhaps, for *something snug per ann.*,
Had laughed, like Wellesley, at the Rights of Man.'

We forget to what phrase of Lord *Wellesley's* he may have alluded, but certainly any one who reads of his own morbid anxiety for government patronage and place might not uncharitably apply the preceding line to his own case—

'And Moore perhaps, for *something snug per ann.*,'
would have taught his Muse a different song than those libels on the Sovereign. The poem proceeds:—

'Woe to the sceptic, in these party days,
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise.
For him no *pension* pours its *annual fruits*,
No *fertile sinecure* spontaneous shoots,
Nor *his* the meed that crowned Don *Hookham's* rhyme;
Nor sees he e'er in dreams of future time
Those *shadowy forms of sleek reversions* rise,"
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes;
Yet who that looks to History's damning leaf,
Where *Whig* and *Tory*—*thief* opposed to *thief*—
On either side, in lofty shade, are seen,
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between.' &c. "

Works, 145.

Who would believe that the penman of this sneer at that eminent scholar, writer, and diplomatist, Mr. Hookham Frere, and this tirade against all placemen, was himself in possession of a '*sinecure*,' and a '*fertile*' one too, till he mismanaged and
lost

lost it by his entire neglect; that he procured for his father a place almost a '*sinecure*,' which the old man also mismanaged and lost; that his own life was passed in *dreams of reversions* as '*dear*' as any Scotchman ever entertained; that when those '*thieves*' the '*Whigs*' had come into power, in 1806, he was in '*a bewilderment of hope and anxiety*' for a place;—and that he was destined to be at last '*pensioned by the Crown*'?

So far we have only looked to Moore's personal relations with the Prince and the *patriot* pretences under which he endeavoured to colour his libels; but we find in these volumes some elucidation of a more important matter. The great point of Moore's attack, and that which in a variety of shapes was urged against the Prince by the Whigs, was His Royal Highness's desertion of his old political friends in forming that ministry of *fools* in 1807. We should not have thought it worth while to discuss such a charge—as if great national interests were to be made subservient to the partialities of private life—as if Prince Henry ought to have preferred Sir John Falstaff to Chief Justice Gascoyne—but unreasonable and unconstitutional as the indulgence of such personal partialities would have been if they had existed, the fact is that they did *not* exist, and that the imputation against the Prince was an anachronism and a misrepresentation. The Prince is charged with '*deserting his old friends*.' Now, the plain historic fact is, and Moore himself is forced to attest it, that, whatever it may be called, coolness, separation, desertion was the act of the party and not of the Prince. Those of the party who possessed especially his private regard were Mr. Fox, Lord Moira, and Sheridan (Moore, *Life of Sheridan*, ii. 384). These composed the heir-apparent's '*little senate*.' His deference for Mr. Fox induced him to submit to his coalition with Lord Grenville, but he was '*never friendly to it*' (*ib.* ii. 383-409), so that on Mr. Fox's death, as Moore himself states—

'the chief *personal* tie that connected the Heir Apparent with the party was broken—its *political* identity has been already disturbed [by the Grenville coalition]; . . . and *immediately* after Mr. Fox's death His Royal Highness made known his intentions of *withdrawing from all interference in politics*, and expressed himself as no longer desirous of being considered as a *party man*—his own phrase.'—*ib.*

What possible pretence could there be, four or five years after that explicit declaration, to consider him as bound to that party?

Lord Holland himself, in 1818, confessed to Moore that Lords Grenville and Grey were to blame for the final rupture with the Prince in 1812—and this he did so strongly that Moore goes on to say—

'All

'All this accounts *most satisfactorily* for the *defection* of the Prince, and, if anything could justify his *duplicity* and *apostacy*, it would be their arrogance and folly.'—ii. 184.

This is but a cross-grained candour; for of what duplicity and apostacy, as respects friendly relations, was the Prince ever accused, except in this *defection* so '*satisfactorily accounted for*'? But in justice to Moore we must say, that at this time he probably was not aware of the extent of Lord Moira's separation from the party in 1807—which the Earl subsequently told him, and authorized him to repeat.

So far as to the pretence of the Prince's deserting his friends. Now a word about the principle of Catholic Emancipation, which he was also said to have deserted. It is well known that the Prince's own opinion never was in favour of that question; indeed it would have been a strange abnegation in one whose power and station had no other basis in this country than Catholic exclusion; and Moore himself furnishes us with evidence, not merely of this adverse feeling, but of its being well known to those of the Prince's most intimate friends who took the opposite view. That question was first broached in the Imperial Parliament in the spring of 1805. The Prince's opposition to it was immediate and decided. Being informed that Fox had consented to present the Catholic petition in the Commons (as Lord Grenville was to do in the Lords), the Prince endeavoured to dissuade him from that step. This we learn from Fox's answer to *Sheridan*, who conveyed the Prince's wishes. Fox avowed and persisted in his intention, adding, '*I am sure you know how painful it would be to me to disobey any command of His Royal Highness, or even to act in any manner which might be in the slightest degree contrary to his wishes, and therefore I am not sorry that your information came too late*' (Life, ii. 334). At this time—the beginning of May, 1805—there was no prospect of any political change; Mr. Pitt was alive—the King in good health—the Catholic question was new—it had not yet taken its strong party colour, and had none of the *prestige* which in a long subsequent struggle it acquired—there was nothing therefore at this time to affect the sincerity of the Prince's opinion; and in that *opinion* there is no reason to suspect that he ever for a moment wavered. Shortly after this, when the Catholic question had grown to be a thorough party measure, we find (*ib.*, ii. 364) a letter from *Sheridan* to the Prince, in which he states the Prince's position on that question to be *so different from his own*, that he had not liked to talk to him on the subject. This letter is undated, but it must have been two or three years before the Regency.

Moore himself was, about this time, no very zealous emancipator,

pator, and talks what we dare say he would a little later have called the language of bigotry and intolerance. He writes to his mother in the summer of 1807:—

‘ Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still*, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. *The Roman Catholics deserve very little*; and even *if they merited all they ask*, I cannot see how it is *in the nature of things that they could get it.*’—i. 231.

This paragraph is much more significant than it seems at first sight. The month or day is not given, but it was written from Donington, where he then was *with Lord Moira*; and it appears from the context that it was towards the end of June or beginning of July in 1807—just at the meeting of the new Parliament which followed the dismissal of All the Talents, and when Catholic Emancipation had become the leading—indeed the paramount principle of the Whig party, now again become the Opposition. Can it be reasonably doubted that Lord Moira’s opinion was not very different from Moore’s? Moore, in his ‘Life of Sheridan,’ makes an awkward and tardy confession of the injustice of his calumnies on the Prince in this matter:—

‘ With respect to the chief personage connected with these transactions, it is a proof of the tendency of knowledge to produce a spirit of tolerance, that they who, judging merely from the surface, have been most forward in reprobating his separation from the Whigs, as a rupture of political ties and an abandonment of private friendships, must, *on becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances that led to this crisis, learn to soften down considerably their angry feelings*, and to see, indeed, in the whole history of the connexion—from its first formation in the hey-day of youth and party, to its faint survival after the death of Mr. Fox—but a natural and distinct gradation towards the result at which it at last arrived, after as much fluctuation of political principle on one side as there was of indifference perhaps to all political principle on the other.’—*Life*, ii. 408-9.

The cloudy verbosity of this confession shows the reluctance with which it was made; but, as it finally gives the substantial truth, we shall not quarrel with its style or taste.

There remains, however, another incident in this affair, hitherto very indistinctly noticed, but which really was the hinge on which Moore’s fortune turned. Towards the close of 1812, when Lord Moira was appointed Governor-General of India, Moore’s own hopes began to revive, but he soon saw, from Lord Moira’s cool and distant manner, that *something* had changed his Lordship’s disposition towards him; he begins to foresee a disappointment, which he accounts for to his two most confidential correspondents in the same repeated words:—

‘ I do

‘I do not think that Lord Moira—*eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers* that he has about him—will be able to offer me or procure me anything worth my acceptance.’—i. 312-13.

Vexation and vanity are blind guides, or Moore would not have thus irreverently described a class to which he himself so prominently belonged; for it is but too evident that he was as *hungry* as any of the *pack*, and that the rest of the *pack* probably thought as contemptuously of him. But this suggestion was no more true than it was decorous. The real cause was much simpler. It was that of which Moore must have been conscious, though he affected not to see it—it was that indicated by Lord Holland in the conversation of the 2nd of November, 1821, above quoted; namely, the self-evident fact that neither Lord Moira nor any other friend of the Prince or servant of the Crown could have ventured to propose any species of favour to a person who had made himself so gratuitously, so prominently, and so personally offensive to the Sovereign. It was therefore, as we have shown, neither the Prince that deserted Lord Moira, nor Lord Moira that deserted Moore; it was Moore who, under the joint influence of personal disappointment and of Holland House, had giddily abandoned Lord Moira, outrageously insulted the Prince, and rendered absolutely *impossible* any further kindness that either might have originally designed him.

Amongst all these libels there is one that deserves special notice, not only for its untruth, but because Moore himself furnishes us with proofs of its deliberate malignity; we mean that concerning the conduct of the Prince towards poor Sheridan towards the close of his life; and as the matter is of more lasting interest than almost anything else in these volumes, and as we have it in our power to add something to what we said on the same subject in our review of Moore’s *Life of Sheridan* when first printed (*Q. R.*, vol. xxxiii.)—the *Diary* itself, indeed, affording additional confirmation of the view we then took of this almost historical question—we shall be excused for entering the more fully into its details.

On the 5th of August, 1816, a month after Sheridan’s death, Moore published, anonymously of course, in the *Morning Chronicle* nine malignant stanzas on ‘The Death of Sheridan,’ of which three were addressed especially to the Prince Regent. Those three we feel it necessary to quote in this place, not merely as a specimen of Moore’s style of insulting the Sovereign, but because we are able to accompany them with a fuller refutation from Moore’s own confessions, now fortunately, and in spite of himself, supplied:—

‘And

'And THOU too whose life, a sick Epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast :

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine :

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou hast,
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last
And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd.'

The ground of this outrageous insult and calumny was as follows :—A very few days before Sheridan's death, Mr. Vaughan, commonly called 'Hat Vaughan,' an old friend of his, called at Carlton House, and told Colonel Macmahon, the Prince's private secretary, that poor Sheridan was in a deplorable state of both health and circumstances—in fact dying of disease and starvation. Sheridan had of late (from a motive which we shall mention in the sequel) made himself a stranger at Carlton House, where therefore this news created equal sorrow and surprise; but Mr. Vaughan's picture of the destitution was so vivid, that the Prince, without any further inquiry, authorised Colonel Macmahon to advance in the first instance to Mr. Vaughan 500*l.* to be employed in the immediate relief of the sordid misery he described, but with an injunction that what was done should appear to be done by Mr. Vaughan as a private friend, and most especially that the Prince's name should not be mentioned. Mr. Vaughan declined to take more than 200*l.* at first, and with that sum he instantly went to Sheridan's house: under his direction, and at the expense of about 150*l.*, the pressing distress was relieved; and he saw poor Sheridan and his wife—who was almost as ill and quite as destitute—in a state of comparative comfort. Two days after this had been accomplished, the comforts provided and paid for by Mr. Vaughan, and while he was preparing ulterior measures, he was surprised by having the money he had expended returned to him, as from *Mrs.* Sheridan's friends, who, it was said, would not allow Mr. Sheridan to want for anything—and Mr. Vaughan's further interposition was rejected. Such are the naked facts of the case, at least as Mr. Vaughan reported them to Col. Macmahon. He added, as his own conjecture, that it was soon suspected that he was only the secret agent of the Regent, and that some zealous political partizans, who had hitherto taken no notice of Sheridan's distress, thought this a good

good opportunity of insulting his Royal Highness, and, under pretence of 'Mrs. Sheridan's independent spirit,' had induced and enabled her to repay Mr. Vaughan's advances. Of the justice of this conjecture we have no direct evidence, for Mr. Vaughan did not know whence either the money or the advice came, but, seeing how exactly it tallies with Moore's libellous misrepresentation, it cannot be reasonably doubted that they came from the same source.

We must now go back to account for Sheridan's estrangement from Carlton House, and here we have the evidence (imperfect as we shall afterwards see, but substantially sufficient) of Lord Holland—as stated in Moore's record of a conversation between them. We omit a passage or two very abusive of Sheridan's general character, but which do not immediately apply to the point to which we wish to confine ourselves. What we are obliged to tell is painful enough, and needs no aggravation. The first and main charge is that 'this *gracious Prince*,' as Moore ironically calls him, abandoned to obscurity and even absolute want an old and faithful friend. Hear Moore's report of Lord Holland's own answer to that:—

'1818, 7th Oct.—Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan; told me the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the *meanest and most swindling kind* A proof of this mixture was that, after the Prince became Regent, he *offered to bring Sheridan into parliament*; and said, at the same time, *that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so*; but Sheridan refused, because, *as he told Lord Holland*, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord Holland of an *intrigue he had set on foot* for inducing the Prince to *lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough, &c.*'—ii. 184.

The intrigue Lord Holland alludes to took place after Sheridan's defeat at Stafford, in October 1812, which, as Moore says,

'completed his ruin. He was now excluded both from the theatre and parliament—the two anchors of his life—and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck on the waters.' &c.—*Life*, ii. 437.

We need hardly observe that exclusion from Parliament was the more serious in poor Sheridan's case, as it exposed him to the personal degradation of arrests, from which, during his long course of pecuniary shifts and difficulties, he had hitherto been exempt. But did the Prince then abandon him? The foregoing extract

answers

answers that question—and Moore himself acknowledges that the Prince offered to find him a seat; but, adds Moore—

‘the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the Royal owner’s mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear, *and he declined it.*’—*Life*, ib.

So Moore, in the published ‘*Life*’ (1825), chose to colour the case; but we now see in the *Diary* of seven years’ earlier date (1818), that, when Lord Holland told him of this *affectation* of independence, it was only as illustrative of Sheridan’s habitual system of ‘meanness and swindling;’ and that it was refuted by the concomitant fact that Sheridan was ‘setting on foot an intrigue’ to induce the Prince to advance 4000*l.* to buy a borough. This decisive fact, told to Moore by Lord Holland at the same time as the rest of the story, was—may we not say fraudulently, *suppressed* in the ‘*Life*’—as was also that other important fact that the Prince had told Sheridan that the seat was ‘*by no means to fetter him in his political conduct.*’ To this double *suppressio veri* Sheridan’s biographer, to complete his fable, added a *suggestio falsi* of his own invention—that Sheridan had declined the Regent’s offer. For this supplement Lord Holland, it appears, did not afford him the slightest colour, and, we can add, it never had the least foundation. On the contrary, Sheridan was naturally and notoriously anxious to avail himself of the Regent’s offer, and very active in endeavouring to discover how and where the seat was to be obtained: *that*, and that alone (and not any question of independence, which had been already provided for), was the difficulty. It was while Sheridan was employed in this search after a seat that a circumstance occurred which terminated all these negotiations, and produced the self-banishment of Sheridan from Carlton House. The case was this:—After the negotiation mentioned by Lord Holland about the seat that was to be had for 4000*l.*, and which had failed—not through either Sheridan or the Prince—Sheridan, in his renewed inquiries, found, or pretended to have found, that a gentleman, returned at the general election for a close borough, wished to resign it, and would do so, and secure the election of his successor, for 3000*l.* This sum we know, from the best authority, the Prince also consented to advance, and *did advance*, and it was placed in the hands of a third person (a solicitor named by Sheridan) to be paid to the anonymous gentleman on Sheridan’s return. Sheridan being then, as he had been all his life, in great pecuniary straits, was unfortunately tempted to obtain possession of this 3000*l.* There even seems reason to doubt whether the whole story had not been an invention to get the cash into

into this solicitor's hands. At all events, however, nothing that we have ever heard, even of Sheridan, was more complicated, more farcical, or more disgraceful, than the devices which he employed to get hold of this money—which *he eventually did*; but not without grievous complaints on his part that some of the people he employed in cheating the Prince had, in their turn, cheated him. The result was, that the 3000*l.* vanished, and with it all hope of the seat. It was not till *then* that Sheridan was, as Moore says, 'completely ruined'—'a wreck,' indeed, but of his own making. He never had the courage to see the Prince again. He soon hid himself, as it were, in a different class of company, and was, as we ourselves remember, lost sight of by all his former society.

On this last point also we must say a few words. In the verses in the 'Chronicle' there were, besides the three stanzas against the Prince before quoted, several more, in which Moore reproaches, in the most bitter terms, the Princes, noblemen, and gentlemen who, he says, ostentatiously paraded themselves at Sheridan's funeral, but had suffered him to die of want; and this, another gross calumny, he reproduced in the 'Life.'

'Where were they all, those Royal and noble persons, who now crowded to "partake the gale" of Sheridan's glory?—where were they all while any life remained in him?—where were they all but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking?—or when zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted his death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with *patience*.'—*Life*, ii. 461.

So it seems. Mr. Moore, at least, had not *patience* to investigate the *truth*—the truth being, that these most respectable personages, whose names Moore carefully enumerates—that is, as he thinks, gibbets, for thus paying him the last office of humanity—knew, and could know, nothing of the previous destitution. Sheridan—a self-immolated victim to his own lamentable and shameful weaknesses—had hidden himself from their society; and it was, as Lord Holland told Moore (which Moore ought not, when dealing out his censures, to have forgotten), a peculiarity of Sheridan's disposition, that he had all his life endeavoured to put a false face on his difficulties, and to conceal his private embarrassments and wants. He was still living—nominally at least—in his usual respectable residence in Saville Row; beyond that circumstance everything about him had long been obscure. No one knew or suspected the extremities to which he was reduced; this Moore himself confesses. The first signal of distress was a private one, a request to Mr. Rogers, dated the 15th May, to
lend

lend him 150*l.*, which, he said, would 'remove all difficulty.' Moore himself was the bearer of the money.

'I found Mr. Sheridan as good-natured and 'candid as ever; and though he was within a few weeks of his death [he died on the 7th of July], his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre, for which his eyes were so remarkable, diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price he expected for his dramatic works, &c.'—*Life*, ii. 456.

There was nothing, it seems, like *destitution*—nothing to alarm Mr. Moore—nothing to induce Mr. Rogers to increase or repeat the advance of 150*l.* Moore proceeds to say, that he cannot find that during the following month any of his royal and noble friends called at his door or sent to inquire after him. Why should they? What reason had they to suspect a danger which neither Moore nor Mr. Rogers appear to have done? And a little further on we find this passage:—

'About the middle of June the attention and sympathy of the public was, *for the first time*, awakened to the desolate situation of Sheridan by a paragraph in the *Morning Post*.'—*Life*, ii. 459.

'*For the first time*!'—and what was the consequence?

'This article produced a strong and general sensation. Its effect, too, was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan's door, and in the appearance of such names as the Duke of York, Duke of Argyle, &c., amongst the visitors.'—*Ib.*

That is, they came as soon as they heard that he was ill; and now, we ask, with what fairness or candour did Moore, in his libel of 1816, and, still worse, in his history of 1825, hold up to public execration or contempt those *royal and noble personages*, as not having shown sympathy for a danger they had never heard of, while he knew and confesses that they showed that sympathy as soon as the truth reached them? Moore had sharpened his original libel by what he thought a striking contrast; and ten years after, when he came to publish his history, he adhered to and reprinted the libel, utterly regardless of having in the same pages proved its falsehood.

But we have not yet done with this series of deliberate misrepresentations.

Moore is very indignant at the tardy parsimony of the Prince's assistance through Mr. Vaughan. He first heard the story, four days after Sheridan's death, by a *letter from town*—that is, no doubt, from one of the Holland House clique—and he writes to his mother:—

'1816. July 10th.—Poor Sheridan! The Prince (I hear from town), after neglecting him and leaving him in the hands of bailiffs *all* the

the time of his illness, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.'—ii. 102.

A more malignant sentiment than that '*I hope it is true*' we never read—'*hope*' that something painful, cruel, scandalous, that must have sharpened the death-pangs of one friend, and stained the character of one who had been a friend and benefactor, '*may be true!*' But, again; if Sheridan was in the hands of bailiffs *all the time of his illness*, it was not the fault of the Prince—for there is no proof that the Prince knew anything about it—but rather of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore, who, as we have just seen, themselves visited him in his last illness; and if he was then in the hands of bailiffs, must have known it, and left him so. Moore could have afforded no pecuniary relief, but the wealthy brother-poet and banker might; at all events, neither Moore nor any of his correspondents could be justified in saying that the Prince had left him in the hands of bailiffs. Upon this '*letter from town*'—*which we should like to see*—Moore's libel was founded, and to that he stuck, even after its falsehood was proved to—we cannot say his *satisfaction*, but—his *conviction*.

The point in dispute was, whether the 200*l.* which Mr. Vaughan brought was the whole intended donation, or whether it was only a first instalment to relieve the urgent necessities of the moment. Now we entreat our readers to attend to the following dates and circumstances. Moore's Diary has this entry:—

'1820. Aug. 16.—Received a letter from Lord Strangford, telling me that he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200*l.* gift to Sheridan, and can furnish me with facts which he says will completely disprove that story. *Shall be glad to hear them* [we doubt *that*, for we have seen that he *hoped* the scandal might be true]. I can only say that *I have the authority direct* of Vaughan (him of the Hat) for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money.'—iii. 138.

This is an evasion of the question. There was no doubt about the money having been sent. The point was, whether that was an inchoative or a final contribution. Now there is not in the Diary, in which all his inquiries about Sheridan are so minutely registered, any trace that he had *at this date* ever seen Mr. Vaughan. We have the evidence of his own note on this subject in the '*Life*,' that he had had

'a conversation with Mr. Vaughan, in which Mr. Vaughan told him that a further supply was intended.'—*Life*, ii. 457.

This, therefore, must have been *the same conversation* subsequently reported:—

'1822. April 30th.—Met *that* [misprint for *Hat*] Vaughan, who

said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be *merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted.* This alters the complexion of the thing materially.'—iii. 348.

Now, we put Moore's veracity as to a point of fact and his candour in point of statement in issue on his own assertions. How could he, on the 16th August, 1820, quote, against Lord Strangford's suggestion, Mr. Vaughan's authority, when it appears that he did not see Mr. Vaughan till near two years later—30th April, 1822; and how could he, under the former date, misrepresent Mr. Vaughan's communication as the very reverse of what it turns out to have really been in the interview in 1822! and which Moore is forced to admit *materially altered the complexion of the case*—that is, overthrew Moore's whole calumny. If it should be suggested that Moore might possibly have seen Vaughan *twice*, we disprove any such hypothesis: first, by the silence of the Diary—so minute in all that relates to his collectanea about Sheridan; secondly, because, if Vaughan has told him two different stories, it is hardly possible that, writing in the spirit Moore did, he should not have availed himself of such a contradiction—instead of saying of the *last* communication that '*it altered the complexion of the thing,*' he would have said, '*it is contradicted by what Vaughan told me before.*' And finally, why did he, so late as the 25th May, 1825, in restating the affair, say that Dr. Bain, the physician who attended Sheridan,

'never understood (as *Croker* and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come'?—iv. 281.

Why, we say, did he at this last date put the fact on *Mr. Croker's* authority—which had never been mentioned before, and which could only have been hearsay, at second or third hand—when he had himself heard the facts so long before as 1822 from Mr. Vaughan, the sole agent and *testis ipsissimus* of the transaction?

There are one or two other equally slippery passages concerning this affair in the Diary, with which we need not trouble our readers after the decisive extracts we have made; but, to complete the picture, and exhibit Moore's obstinate resolution to obscure the truth of the matter, we must add that in the '*Life*' he reproduces the calumny in the *text*, and only throws into a *foot-note*, as if he disbelieved it, the *fact* which he thought had made *so material an alteration in the complexion of the case.*

The revival of these calumnies against George IV., by the publication of Moore's *Memoirs*, induces us to insert here part of

a memorandum

a memorandum taken down from His Majesty's own lips on the 26th of November, 1825, shortly after the appearance of Moore's Life of Sheridan. His Majesty, in dictating these notes, intended them to be made use of to repel Moore's misstatements; and, by now producing the portion that relates to Mr. Vaughan's mission, we feel that we are at last doing what, from an over-delicacy, has been perhaps too long delayed. The communication was made in the familiar tone of private conversation, and we have not presumed to alter a word, but we have omitted some of the very painful details reported by Mr. Vaughan—which, however, add nothing to the main point of his narrative.

THE KING.—‘The last time that I saw Sheridan was in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, on the 17th August, 1815. I know the day from this circumstance, that I had gone to pay my brother a visit at Oatlands on his birthday, and next day, as I was crossing over to Brighton, I saw, in the road near Leatherhead, old Sheridan coming along the pathway. I see him now in the black stockings, and blue coat with metal buttons. I said to Bloomfield, “There’s Sheridan;” but, as I spoke, he turned off into a lane when we were within thirty yards of him, and walked off without looking behind him. That was the last time I ever saw Sheridan, nor did I hear of or from him for some months; but one morning MacMahon came up to my room, and after a little hesitation and apology for speaking to me about a person who had lately swindled me and him so shamelessly, he told me that Mr. Vaughan—*Hat* Vaughan they used to call him—had called to say that Sheridan was dangerously ill, and really in great distress and want. I think no one who ever knew me will doubt that I immediately said that his illness and want made me forget his faults, and that he must be taken care of; and that any money that was necessary I desired MacMahon should immediately advance. He asked me (to name a sum, as a general order of that nature was not one on which he could venture to act; and whether *I* named, or *he* suggested, 500*l.*, I do not remember; but I do remember that the 500*l.* was to be advanced at once to Mr. Vaughan, and that he was to be told that when that was gone he should have more. I set no limit to the sum, nor did I say or hear a word about the mode in which it was to be applied, except only that I desired that it should not appear to come from me. I was induced to this reserve by several reasons. I thought that Sheridan's debts were, as the French say, “*la mer à boire*,” and unless I was prepared to drink the sea, I had better not be known to interfere, as I should only have brought more pressing embarrassments on him; but I will also confess that I did not know how really ill he was, and, after the gross fraud he had so lately practised upon me,* I was not inclined to forgive and forget it so suddenly, and without any colour

* This is the affair imperfectly stated by Lord Holland (see *ante*, p. 301), but the general result was, that Sheridan obtained 3000*l.* from the Prince by what can really only be described by Lord Holland's phrase—*swindling*.

of apology or explanation; for a pretended explanation to Mac Mahon was more disrespectful and offensive to me than the original transaction: and finally there is not only bad taste but inconvenience in letting it be known what pecuniary favours a person in my situation confers, and I therefore, on a consideration of all these reasons, forbid my name being mentioned at present, but I repeated my directions that he should want for nothing that money could procure him.

‘MacMahon went down to Mr. Vaughan, and told him what I had said, and that he had my directions to place 500*l.* in his hands. Mr. Vaughan, with some expression of surprise, declared that no such sum was wanted at present, and it was not without some pressing that he took 200*l.*, and said that if he found it insufficient he would return for more. He did come back, but not for more; for he told MacMahon that he had spent only 130*l.* or 140*l.*, and he gave the most appalling account of the misery which he had relieved with it. He said that he found him and Mrs. Sheridan both in their beds, both apparently dying, and both starving! It is stated in Mr. Moore’s book that Mrs. Sheridan attended her husband in his last illness; it is not true, she was too ill to leave her own bed, and was in fact already suffering from the lingering disease of which she died in a couple of years after. They had hardly a servant left. Mrs. Sheridan’s maid she was about to send away, but they could not collect a guinea or two to pay the woman’s wages. When Mr. Vaughan entered the house, he found all the reception rooms bare, and the whole house in a state..... that was quite intolerable. Sheridan himself he found in a truckle bed in a garret, with a coarse blue and red coverlid, such as one sees used as horse-cloths, over him. Out of this bed he had not moved for a week,nor could Vaughan discover that any one had taken any notice of him, except one lady—whose name I hardly know whether I am authorised to mention. Some ice and currant water was sent from Holland House—an odd contribution, for if it was known that he wanted these little matters, which might have been had at the confectioner’s, it might have been suspected that he was in want of more essential things.

‘Yet, notwithstanding all this misery, Sheridan on seeing Mr. Vaughan appeared to revive; he said he was quite well, talked of paying off all his debts, and, though he had not eaten a morsel for a week, and had not had a morsel to eat, he spoke with a certain degree of alacrity and hope. Mr. Vaughan, however, saw that this was a kind of bravado, and that he was in a fainting state, and he immediately procured him a little spiced wine and toast, which was the first thing (except brandy) that he had tasted for some days.

‘Mr. Vaughan lost no time in next buying a bed and bed-clothes, half a dozen shirts, some basons, towels, &c. &c. He had Sheridan taken up..... and put into the new bed—he had the rooms cleaned and fumigated—he discharged, I believe, some immediately pressing demands, and, in short, provided, as well as circumstances would admit, for the care and comfort, not only of Sheridan, but of Mrs. Sheridan also.

‘I sent

‘I sent the next day (it was not till next day that MacMahon repeated this melancholy history to me, for I myself did not see Mr. Vaughan) to inquire after Sheridan, and the answer was that he was better and more comfortable, and I had the satisfaction to think that he wanted nothing that money and the care and kindness of so judicious a friend as Mr. Vaughan could procure him; but the day following, that is two days after Mr. Vaughan had done all this, and actually expended near 150*l.* as I have stated, he came to MacMahon with an air of mortification, and stated that he was come to return the 200*l.* “The 200*l.*!” said MacMahon, with surprise; “why, you had spent three-fourths of it the day before yesterday!” “True,” returned Vaughan, “but some of those who left these poor people in misery have now insisted on their returning this money, which they suspect has come from the Prince. Where they got the money I know not, but they have given me the amount with a message that *Mrs.* Sheridan’s friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan wanted for nothing. I,” added Mr. Vaughan, “can only say that this assistance came rather late, for that three days ago I was enabled, by His Royal Highness’s bounty, to relieve him and her from the lowest state of misery and debasement in which I had ever seen human beings.”’

As this article is passing through the press we are surprised by receiving an extraordinary supplement to the work we have been discussing, in the shape of a catalogue of autograph letters of Moore to his music-publisher, Mr. Power, which are, at the moment we write, sold or selling by auction. Of these letters it is stated that *only* fifty-seven have been printed in Lord John Russell’s work. This implies that Lord John had a wider choice, and indeed we find that there are about *one hundred and sixty* lots, each containing several letters, whose dates are contemporaneous with those given by Lord John. But the striking peculiarity of the catalogue is this, that it notes that Lord John has made many *omissions* in the letters he has printed, and it gives large extracts from the much greater number that are still unpublished. As far as we can judge from the short notices of the catalogue, Lord John’s *omissions of passages* seem not to have been many, nor of any importance; but if *all* the letters here catalogued were (as seems implied) placed at his disposal, he has pretty evidently *not selected* the most *characteristic*. As to the great mass of those that are unpublished, the extracts from them given in the catalogue appear to us quite as curious as any that Lord John has published, and even as Moore’s own Diary. Mr. Power seems to have been the person deepest in his personal confidence—most employed in all his concerns—and for many long and struggling years, while
Moore

Moore looked so gay and prosperous to the world, his only resource almost for his daily bread. The details given in the extracts of the catalogue are often very painful—sometimes ignoble—but they are intensely characteristic of a state of things for which not even the humiliating confessions of the Diary had prepared us, and we hesitate not to say, even as they stand in the auctioneer's catalogue, afford a much clearer, and by their vividness, reality, and truth, more interesting view of Moore's habits, circumstances, and feelings, than all Lord John Russell's volumes—of the value of which, as affording a *complete* picture of Moore, the catalogue has very considerably lowered our opinion. We suppose that another *livraison* of his Lordship's work must be near at hand, and we must reserve for that occasion a great deal more than we at present have time or space for, both as to portions of these opening volumes on which we have not touched, and as to this Power correspondence, of which we confidently expect to hear more than the auctioneer has told us.

THE DESTRUCTION OF
LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS.

LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN MURRAY TO MR,
(AFTERWARDS SIR) ROBERT WILMOT HORTON.

DEAR SIR,

Albemarle Street, May 19, 1824.

On my return home last night I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it. However unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot, by any means, admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself.

Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his Memoirs, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman and Co., who however declined to purchase them; Mr. Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him. Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as Editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c.

Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favour to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*.—As the reason pressed upon me for this change

Q. R., No. 185, July, 1853.

was

was that their friends thought there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request ; and, accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, "Whereas Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall redeliver the Memoirs ; but that, if the sum be not repaid *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within Three Months* after the death of the said Lord Byron." I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron* ; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural—namely that, although I consented to restore the work, *while Lord Byron should be alive* to direct the ulterior disposal of it, I would by no means consent to place it *after his death* at the disposal of any other person.

I must now observe that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment, which was my sole lien on this property, although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me into possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker. Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled or *at once executed*.

Finding this application unavailing, and becoming, by the greater lapse of time, still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner,

* The words "within Three Months" were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request—and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the deed, which is still in existence.

and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But, not being at all satisfied with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms on which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him that he would either cancel it, or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider of this proposition. In a day or two he called, and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative—namely, the redemption of the Memoirs—as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*; and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreement. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote nor called upon me as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call);—nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation which had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until *the death of Lord Byron* had, *ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs.

You will therefore perceive that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, *during Lord Byron's life*, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he however neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, being cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work

for immediate publication, and I cannot doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them ; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter.

As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot, from my own knowledge, say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not ; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them I did not nor will inquire ; but, having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honour, and I must add the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that—although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive the repayment of the 2000 guineas advanced by me—yet I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs without any previous agreement for such repayment :—and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, —and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

(Signed)

JOHN MURRAY.

To R^t. Wilmot Horton, Esq.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Étranger, publié sous les auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* Paris. 1846.
2. *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année 1853.* Paris. 1853.
3. *Discours prononcés dans la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la réception de M. le Comte de Montalembert, le 5 Février, 1852.*
4. *Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi.* Par M. Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Paris. 1849.
5. *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Par MM. les Secréaires Perpétuels. Paris. 1835-1853.

IT was on the 25th of October, 1795, or, according to the calendar of that period, on the 3rd Brumaire, an IV., that the National Convention, the very day before it ceased to exist, created the Institute of France, in which it was proposed to re-suscitate and combine in a single body the old Academies, which two years earlier the same Convention had abolished. The new society was divided into three classes; that of the physical and mathematical sciences, that of the moral and political sciences, and that of literature and the fine arts. These three classes were further subdivided into twenty-four sections,* which were intended to include every branch of secular knowledge from Mathematics down to Elocution. Each section was composed of twelve members, six residing in Paris, and six in the various provinces of France. The separate sections had special meetings for their own particular business, and once a month there was a general gathering of the whole Institute. Members were elected

* These twenty-four sections were as follows:—I. The first class was divided into ten sections: 1, mathematics; 2, mechanical arts; 3, astronomy; 4, experimental physics; 5, chemistry; 6, natural history and mineralogy; 7, botany and general physics; 8, anatomy and physiology; 9, medicine and surgery; 10, rural economy and veterinary art. II. The second class included: 1, analysis of sensations and ideas; 2, morality; 3, social science and legislation; 4, political economy; 5, history; 6, geography. III. The third class comprised: 1, grammar; 2, the languages of antiquity; 3, poetry; 4, antiquities and monuments; 5, painting; 6, sculpture; 7, architecture; 8, music and elocution.

by the entire body, and whilst a musician or a comedian decided on the merits of a botanist or a geometrician, the astronomers and veterinary surgeons assisted in their turn to select the best architect or the best poet. The arrangement betrays the influence of the political theories of a time when the intelligence of voters was less considered than their numbers, and when labourers and artizans were supposed to be competent to choose physicians and judges.

The extreme Republican party have often appealed to the creation of the Institute as an unanswerable proof of the solicitude felt by the government of 1793 for the progress of knowledge. To appreciate the justice of the pretension it is sufficient to remark that it was not the National Convention in the days of its dreadful power and sinister splendour—it was not the National Convention of Robespierre and Danton,—but the National Convention—sinking beneath the weight of its own unpopularity, and impelled by a death-bed repentance—which founded the Institute. It would be difficult to believe that a political assembly which listened to Marat and the butcher Legendre, which admired the style of Père Duchesne and sent André Chenier to the guillotine, could take much interest in literature; or that lovers of science could have shed the blood of Lavoisier after attempting to dishonour him, have massacred Bailly and forced Condorcet to commit suicide. No tinge of scholarship could have remained among legislators who, not content with having closed all the educational establishments, burned or pillaged the most valuable libraries and archives, and seriously asked for a collection of the Laws of Minos to assist them in framing a constitution.* The republic of 1793, that republic of which France is incessantly reminded by the self-called *pure* republican party, detested literature, learning, and science, and, in founding the Institute on the last day of its existence, the Convention only yielded to the outcry of the public, who reproached it with having suppressed, by a barbarous decree, the academies which had once shed such lustre on France.

* Here is a characteristic letter on this subject, the fac-simile of which will be found in the second volume of the *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*, a collection well known in France:—

‘ 7 Juin, 1793, l’an 2 de la Répub.

‘ Cher Concitoyen,—Chargé avec quatre de mes collègues de préparer pour Lundi un plan de Constitution, je vous prie en leur nom et au mien de nous procurer sur-le-champ les loix de Minos, qui doivent se trouver dans un recueil de loix Grecques; nous en avons un besoin urgent.

‘ HÉRAULT DE SÉCHELLES.

‘ Salut, amitié, fraternité au brave citoyen Désaulnays.’

It is well known that this Hérault de Séchelles was the principal compiler of what is called the *Constitution de l’An III*. He was of an old parliamentarian family, and was certainly one of the most educated members of the Convention.

The

The collection of laws by which the Institute was first regulated, with their subsequent modifications by the different governments which have succeeded in France since 1795, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année 1853*. In reading the *Annuaire*, it becomes evident at once that the Convention regarded the Institute merely as a literary and scientific machine, acting under the guidance of the ruling power, which was to dictate to the authors and *savants* of the period the course they were to follow in their investigations. The first and fundamental law of the Institute is expressed in a way which assimilates the mental pursuits of a learned society to the manual labour of a company of artizans who worked under the direction of a government agent: 'L'Institut National des Sciences et Arts est destiné. . . . à suivre, conformément aux lois et arrêtés du Directoire Exécutif, les travaux scientifiques et littéraires qui auront pour objet l'utilité générale et la gloire de la République.' The Republicans of the Convention have here assumed a tone of authority which Louis XIV. himself had refrained from using towards the old Academies. Though he has not the reputation of having allowed too much liberty to his subjects, he knew the value of the men whom he was addressing, and, instead of speaking to them as a master, he 'exhorted them to extend their researches to everything that may be useful and curious, in the various branches of mathematics, in the different processes of the arts, and in all that may relate to natural history or physics.'

In addition to the mischievous control proposed to be exercised by the Executive Directory, the Convention marred its project partly through ignorance—as when they allotted to the same section two sciences so distinct as botany and general physics—and partly by yielding to the prejudices of the time, as in the predominance which was given to practical agriculture. Whilst the Institute was annually to choose twenty persons to travel, at the expense of the State, for the purpose of collecting observations upon farming, it was decided that six would be sufficient to glean, in every part of the world, the facts which related to all other branches of knowledge, including geography. It is only too well known that at a period when, by the help of the *maximum*, the horrors of famine had spread over the whole of France, the Convention adopted a language of hypocritical sensibility, borrowed chiefly from agriculture and gardening, and which would sometimes have led a stranger who entered the chamber of the Committee of Public Safety to believe himself transported to happy Arcadia. There are those still living in Paris who remember Robespierre walking with a large bouquet of flowers in the garden of the Tuileries which had been planted with potatoes! Vegetables were then held in great honour, and were

introduced everywhere, even into the almanack. The French Republican Calendar, decreed at this period by the Convention, and which remained in use for several years, is a work to startle the wildest imagination. The duration of the month, the length of the week, the beginning of the year, are all changed ; and in their stead we find an assemblage, at once ridiculous and revolting, of words imported from the Greek, and expressions transferred from the language of the kitchen. The days are divided into ten hours, and the hours into ten minutes. Every day of the year has a separate title, which is generally taken from the farm : one is called *carrot*, another *cabbage*, a third *ass*, a fourth *hog*, and thus through three hundred and sixty days,—the last five of this preposterous year being termed *sansculottides*, in honour of the *sansculottes*. Worse than this merely ridiculous nomenclature, the Convention shocked and insulted all sober feeling by its scandalous impiety, and called *Christmas-day* the *day of the Dog* ! In the phraseology of its leaders, in its public festivals, and even in its fashions, the epoch presented an ignoble combination of classical pretension with rustic vulgarity. A cook could not buy her provisions without being forced to blunder through fragments of the learned languages, and the vocabulary of the markets was frequently, in exchange, introduced into the debates of the National Convention. It was by this body, and amidst these circumstances, that the Institute of France was raised out of the ruins of the ancient fabrics of literature, science, and art.

The government of the Directory succeeded to that of the Convention, and the vote relative to the establishment of the Institute was carried into execution under its auspices. Of a hundred and forty-four members of whom the Institute was to be composed, forty-eight were chosen by the Directory, and the other ninety-six were elected by the first forty-eight, whom the government had appointed. If political prejudices had been less strong, it would have been natural to admit into the Institute all the members of the old Academies who were still living in France ; but though care was taken, on the contrary, to say or do nothing which could connect the newly-modelled republican body with the former monarchical establishment, yet the functionaries of the Institute were necessarily selected, to a great extent, from these experienced guides. Cuvier, in his *éloge* of Adanson, gives a touching picture of the first reunion after the terrible tempest which had dashed to pieces the vessel, and engulfed so many of the crew :—

‘ At the summons of the ruling power, and after four years of dispersion, those illustrious men left on all sides the obscurity of their retirement, and met together once more. The impression produced by that meeting can never be effaced—their tears of joy, their reciprocal and
eager

eager questions regarding their misfortunes, their retreats, their occupations; their mournful recollections of numbers of their colleagues who had fallen beneath the axe of the executioner; and the pleasing emotion of those who, called for the first time to sit beside men whose genius they had long respected, now also learnt from this affecting sight to appreciate the qualities of their hearts!'

The celebrated characters who were thus again brought together had owed their safety during the Reign of Terror solely to the care which they had taken to court oblivion by concealment. The majority of them had passed the intervening space in misery and privation. The illustrious botanist Adanson, who has endowed science with so many novel and pregnant ideas, was reduced, for want of a lamp, to the necessity of working by the uncertain glimmer of his scanty fire. When summoned to take his place at the Institute, he replied to the invitation that he was unable to attend for want of a pair of shoes. Laplace had taken refuge in the house of a peasant in the country, and was dependent for his subsistence on the price of a gold medal which he had received from a foreign Academy. Indeed, such had been his poverty that for a long while he could not afford to purchase a broom. Lagrange, one of the greatest of mathematicians, was threatened with arrest as a suspected person, and only escaped through a powerful friend who procured a decree from the Committee of Public Safety commanding him to make calculations on a subject which was then of primary importance, the theory of *projectiles*. The Abbé Hany, the founder of Crystallography, had been thrown into prison, and was strangely saved in some moment of merciful caprice through the casual remark of a citizen that it was 'better to spare a recusant priest than to put a peaceable student to death.' Lalande, equally famous as an astronomer and a scholar, was reduced to the necessity of standing with a telescope in the evening on the *Pont Neuf*, to show the moon to the persons in the street; and he was probably indebted even for his life to that impiety and cynicism which harmonized well with the ideas of the time. At evening parties he never failed to produce a box of spiders and caterpillars, which he ate like sweetmeats as he talked. If he met a person, whether man or woman, whose conversation pleased him, he invariably requested permission to inscribe their names in his Supplement to Sylvain Maréchal's *Dictionnaire des Athées*, which had been originally undertaken at his own suggestion, and in which, upon all sorts of paradoxical pretences, they had inserted such champions of Christianity as St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, Pascal, Bossuet, and Fénelon. A verse of Delille on humming birds, which commenced with the words, '*Et des dieux s'il en est,*' having appeared

appeared in a journal, Lalande added the poet to his list, and hastened to inform him of his canonization. It proved that *s'il en est* was a misprint for *s'ils en ont*, and Delille retorted: 'You are a fool to see in my verses what I never wrote, and not to see in the heavens what is visible to all the world.' Lalande had the daring, nevertheless, to affirm in his Supplement 'that he was prouder of his progress in atheism than of his progress in astronomy;' nor did his insults to religion prevent him from proclaiming that he believed himself possessed of all the virtues of humanity. 'From these virtues,' said a wit, 'it is at least necessary to except humility.'

The learned Benedictines, whose immense labours had thrown a flood of light upon the ecclesiastical and literary history of France, were too much discredited by their profession and piety to be admitted into the Institute, but it comprised from the very commencement so many men of confirmed or rising reputation that it won the public esteem. The mathematical and physical sciences were the richest in representatives of a first-rate order. The dignity inherent in the new body was increased by the inheritance of glory bequeathed them by the old Academies; for, wiser than the government which founded it, the Institute was eager to trace back its pedigree to its honoured predecessors. The efforts it made with this view were manifested in a thousand ways, and particularly by the care it took to complete, as far as possible, the publication of the memoirs of the ancestral societies. The links by which it had striven to connect itself with the past became stronger still when, under Louis XVIII., the different classes resumed their ancient names.

The Academies which preceded the Institute, and from which it now boasts to descend, were four in number. The oldest in date, the *Académie Française*, was founded in 1635, during the reign of Louis XIII., by Cardinal Richelieu, who filled it with his creatures, and who wished to use it to establish his pretended literary superiority over the great Corneille. The *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes* gives the following curious account of its origin:—

'The French Academy was founded the first among those which now compose the Institute; it dates from the first half of the seventeenth century. Cardinal Richelieu, having learned that several literary men met on stated days at the house of Conrart, a Protestant who was mixed up in all the politics of the time, to discuss various subjects and communicate their works to one another, he became suspicious of the society. He wished to belong to it, and long and earnestly requested to be admitted a member. All powerful though he was, he was refused. Fearing to brave but resolved to conquer them, he determined to constitute them a royal society. Against this they struggled for

for two years, and, either from connivance with the men of letters, all of whom were influential persons, or from jealousy at the establishment of a new power which might become a rival to themselves, the Parliament declined to register the patent. At length, in 1636, they were obliged to yield. The new society was charged with the duty of perfecting the language, and thence received the name of the *Académie Française*. The Cardinal declared himself its head, under the title of Protector. After Chancellor Séguier, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIV. took himself the title of Protector, which has been borne ever since by the Kings of France.

The Parliament bore no good will to Richelieu for encroaching on their political prerogatives, and, when the weighty question of the Academy was referred to them, a member said that it reminded him of the satire of Juvenal where the senate, after ceasing to bear its part in public affairs, was consulted about the dish for a turbot.

The new society fulfilled their instructions by engaging in the compilation of a Dictionary which was designed to be the standard of language for the nation. It did not appear till 1694, and Garrick complimented Johnson on having effected in seven years what it cost forty Frenchmen half a century to accomplish. In truth, their very number was the principal cause of the delay, for, instead of a division of labour, they endeavoured to carry on the work in committee. 'They have all,' said Furetière, 'the art of making long orations on a trifle. They can hardly get over a couple of lines without long digressions, without telling an anecdote, or talking of the news of the day.' 'Every one,' said Boisrobert, 'promises great things; when they meet they do nothing. They have been *six years* employed on the letter *F*, and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they get through *G*.' Colbert, at a loss to understand how the time could be spent, attended a sitting. The word under discussion was *ami*, and there was such a controversy to determine what was meant by a *friend* that the great minister was thenceforth satisfied that it was vain to be impatient. The language, moreover, was in a transition state. Before *Z* was completed *A* had grown antiquated, and the entire road had to be traversed anew.

In 1658 the ex-queen of Sweden, Christina, paid a visit to the Academy, after having just enacted at Fontainebleau the fearful tragedy of the murder of Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse. The murder excited general indignation, and the Academicians, in receiving the Queen, had the spirit to rebuke her. They invited her to hear a specimen of their Dictionary, and read the word *jeu*, under which occurred the proverbial phrase, '*Game of princes, which only pleases the player,*

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to express the malignant violence of a person in power.' The Queen immediately understood the application, and endeavoured to smile, but the smile was as ghastly as the game of princes she had played. The French Academy were content to confine their satire to their hall of assembly, but it is singular how prone lexicographers have been to make their dictionaries the vehicle of their prejudices or their wrongs. Dr. Johnson's definitions of *Whig*, *pension*, *pensioner*, *oats*, and *excise* are familiar to all the world. A more curious, and less known instance, occurs in the once popular French Dictionary of Richelet, who thus exemplifies the word *escroquer*—'The son of François Herrard de Vitri swindled (*escroqué*) M. Richelet of ten Louisdors, and that scoundrel, instead of retrieving the misconduct of his son by restoring what he had basely swindled (*escroqué*), had the insolence to approve what he had done, and in a foolish note to thank M. Richelet for his generosity.'

When the labours of the Academy at last appeared they disappointed expectation. The philological portion was extremely meagre, no quotations were given from standard authors, and the meanings of words were exclusively illustrated by familiar phrases constructed for the occasion. Repeated revisions have done little to remove these radical defects, and, though a useful work for ordinary purposes, we must look forward to the *historical* dictionary of the language, upon which the forty are at present engaged, for anything like a monument worthy of their great names and long reputation.

The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was founded in 1663. In the introduction to the first volume of their Memoirs, which was published in 1717, it is stated that Louis XIV., perceiving that 'France had not yet been sufficiently careful to leave to posterity a just idea of her (by which he meant *his*) greatness, and that the most brilliant actions ran a risk of being forgotten because they were not perpetuated on marble or in bronze, he deemed it for the advantage of the nation to establish an Academy which should devote itself to devising inscriptions, mottoes, and medals.' An enormous volume, entitled *Médailles relatives aux Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis le Grand*, contains engravings and descriptions of three hundred and eighteen medals commemorative of the reign of this magnificent prince. The new Academy, who were destined to transmit his glory to posterity, consisted at first of only four persons, who were selected from among the members of the *Académie Française*. Louis XIV. called them 'his little academy,' and their occupations deserved no higher appellation. Besides their primary duty of devising medals they were to de-
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scribe the King's fêtes, select designs for his tapestries, and, what was still more strange, assist Quinault in the composition of his operas,—to choose the subjects, arrange the scenes, and compose the *divertissements*, or, in other words, the *ballets*! It is evident that it was not at the outset an erudite society, nor were the duties exactly worthy of the genius of Boileau and Racine, who were among its earlier members. The Academy was re-constructed in 1701, and out of a frivolous committee of taste, whose aim was to feed the vanity or minister to the pleasures of Louis XIV. by the most hyperbolic designs, and the most arrogant inscriptions, there arose a body which has never been surpassed for the accuracy, the solidity, and the extent of its researches. Before the Revolution it had already published forty-six quarto volumes full of important dissertations on all the branches of history and scholarship; and Gibbon, who constantly quotes the collection, pays it the compliment of saying that no work had been of greater service to him in his labours. The seventeenth century, which produced Descartes, Pascal, and Fermat in philosophy, and Corneille, Molière, Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fénelon in literature, had also given birth to several prodigies of learning. Everybody knows by name, and every scholar by its use, the admirable glossary of Ducange, which is not merely a dictionary of the barbarous Latin of the middle ages, but contains the most enormous collection of facts on the early history of modern Europe which was ever perhaps brought together by a single man. A learned cotemporary observed that what astonished him most was that Ducange had spent only thirty years upon the work. What he had done for modern Latin he next accomplished for the later Greek, and he was one of the editors of the series of Byzantine historians, which consists, with its supplements, of upwards of fifty folio volumes. The Benedictine monks, combining their labours, published their celebrated editions of the fathers, and could boast the names of Montfaucon and Mabillon, whose prodigious works on antiquity, on the monuments of the French monarchy, in short, on every branch of chronological and archæological learning, have never been surpassed in indefatigable diligence and scrupulous accuracy. Never was there a completer contrast than between the patient concentration of these earnest scholars, and the hasty, discursive sciolism of our superficial age.

The *Académie de Peinture*, founded in 1648, never played an important part under the monarchy; but it was far otherwise with the old *Académie des Sciences*, which, established in 1666, and remodelled in 1699, soon outstripped the rest in European reputation. Though the *Académie Française* could boast the
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names of Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, and Voltaire, their works did not proceed from the body to which they belonged, whereas the *Académie des Sciences* was the vehicle for communicating the researches of its members to the world, and shone with the lustre of the numerous rays of which it thus became the focus. Nor did it stop at the ornaments of France, but enhanced and extended its fame by adopting such men as Peter the Great, Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Boerhaave, Linnæus, and a host of others who were scarcely less distinguished. Louis XIV., who wished for panegyrists everywhere, did not diminish the favour with which the Academy was regarded abroad by bestowing pensions on a certain number of foreign *savants*. The abstruse pursuits of these philosophers became even popular as well as celebrated through the *éloges* of Fontenelle, who for many years was the Secretary of the Academy, and succeeded in interesting a prodigious number of readers in the lives and labours of his colleagues. The ignorant, said Voltaire, understood, and the learned admired him. As a mathematician and man of science he did not belong to the highest rank, and he playfully alluded to the circumstance when he said, on presenting his *Géométrie de l'Infini* to the Regent Orleans, 'There, Sir, is a book that only eight men in Europe can understand, and the author is not one of the eight.' As a writer, again, he has never been classed among the rarest masters of language and style, but in the combination of author and natural philosopher he may challenge comparison with any name in the world. His *éloges*, free from the usual extravagance of panegyrics, and the tawdry commonplaces of pretentious declamation, are remarkable for their liveliness, simplicity, and elegance; and unite, in admirable proportions, biographic details with scientific exposition. In describing his colleagues he set forth their qualities both of heart and intellect, and taught the public to love alike the philosophy and the philosophers.

Such were the separate Academies which formed the basis of the new National Institute. In that period of change and violence the tyrant of to-day was the slave or victim of to-morrow, and another master was now rapidly ascending the steps of a throne from which so many aspirants had been precipitated in turn. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which the Institute had opened its doors to General Buonaparte by electing him, on the 25th of December, 1797, a member of the section of Mechanics, he quickly employed his power to dismember the society to which he had the honour to belong. As the whole course of his government proved, he dreaded free discussion, and had no toleration for any intellectual pursuit which might end in sapping the

the sandy foundations of despotism. The lengths to which he would fain have carried his censorship may be judged by an apostrophe he addressed to M. Suard. 'Your Tacitus,' he exclaimed, 'was only a declaimer and an impostor who calumniated Nero,—yes, I say, *calumniated*, because Nero, after all, was regretted by the people. What a misfortune for princes to have such historians.' 'That may be true,' replied M. Suard, 'but what a misfortune for the people if there were not such historians to restrain and terrify bad princes.' The aversion which he felt for the historians of the past was infinitely stronger for the speculators on the present, whom he contemptuously called *idéologues*. Two or three years, accordingly, after he became First Consul, he suppressed the class of moral and political philosophy. The Institute was then arranged in four divisions: viz., Mathematical and Physical Sciences; French Language and Literature; Ancient History and Literature; and the Fine Arts. The number of members was altered, entire sections disappeared, others were called into being, the links which connected the different classes were loosened, and, what was the most important change of all, the elections, which had hitherto been perfectly free, were declared invalid until they had received the approbation of the government.

The sequel corresponded with the commencement, and under the Empire the Institute remained in complete subjection. Napoleon protected mathematics and physics because he knew that those who cultivated them cared little for politics, and generally submitted to any government which gave them pensions and titles. Neither was he indifferent to the advantages which might accrue to his most cherished science—the art of war—and the professional motive was aided by his personal regard for members like Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Laplace, and Lagrange, some of whom had accompanied him to Egypt, and for whom he retained a strong regard. He equally encouraged the arts, because he was well aware that the splendid monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting were so far from provoking inconvenient discussions that they served, on the contrary, to amuse the people and dazzle their imaginations. But as for the literature of the Empire, which only permitted panegyrics, nothing could be poorer, and it would have profited more by a little liberty than by all the tinsel with which Napoleon decked his flatterers. Not only was the censorship exercised over books and newspapers, but it was also applied to the oration which every member of the class of French Language and Literature pronounced in public on the day of his admission. On account of a few words which he had introduced
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into his speech, and which he refused to modify, Chateaubriand was virtually prevented from taking his seat at the Institute during the imperial rule.

With his constant desire to gain renown and produce effect, Napoleon established decennial prizes, which gave rise in 1808 to a series of interesting reports by the different classes of the Institute on the progress of all the branches of human knowledge since 1789. It is said that the Emperor had expressed a wish that the labours of the entire civilized world should be included in the review; but, on looking through the collection, it is evident that the writers clearly understood that France must occupy the first place. This was the patriotism which best pleased Napoleon, and, what was no less gratifying, they joined to the flattery of the nation a fulsome and undignified adulation of its head, which became so much the vogue that the greatest men did not scruple to employ it. It is painful to find the illustrious Cuvier himself, in his Report on the progress of Natural History, addressing the Emperor in such terms as these: 'A word from your Majesty can create a work which will as far surpass that of Aristotle by the extent of the subjects which it will embrace, as your actions exceed in splendour those of the Macedonian conqueror.' The same tone is everywhere apparent. It is Napoleon that is to direct and inspire discoveries, and the *one* word of his Majesty goes for more than the genius and achievements of the discoverers.

At the restoration the Institute was again re-organized. The four old Academies resumed their names, and some members were excluded who had been among the bitterest enemies of the house of Bourbon. This was an encroachment upon the liberties of the society; but the men who thought it proper that the Directory in forming the Institute should summon only a portion of the old Academicians—the men who silently submitted to the violent suppression by Napoleon of a whole department of science, could not complain that Louis XVIII. should erase the names of politicians who had both voted for the execution of Louis XVI. and assisted in the revolution which brought Napoleon from Elba to Paris. Gradually, however, this distrust ceased, and, after a few attempts at resistance, the government no longer opposed the election of persons who had formerly figured in the hostile ranks. Under Louis Philippe the Institute enjoyed, if not an unlimited, at least an ample freedom, and during the ministry of M. Guizot the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, whose very existence had been intolerable to Napoleon, was once more re-established. The same liberty of speech and action has been far from continuing down to the present time. Some

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of the members were expelled during the late republic, and M. Fortoul, who was the Minister of Public Instruction, prohibited the Academy from proposing last year for one of its annual prizes the 'History of Parliamentary Eloquence in England.' The Academy which might bow with a semblance of self-respect to the genius and power of the first Napoleon could not consent to take its orders from the mouth of M. Fortoul, and as it refused to provide a second subject there was no award. Apparently the Minister was of opinion that the history of parliamentary eloquence in England would not be conducive to 'the glory of France,' which is what the Institute is charged by the terms of its foundation to promote.

After all its remodellings the Institute is now composed of five Academies, which, in the official *Annuaire*, are arranged in the following order: the *Académie Française*, the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, the *Académie des Sciences*, the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The meetings are held at the Palais Mazarin, a large building on the banks of the Seine, which, with its fine library, was founded by the Cardinal two centuries ago for the benefit of the public. The administration of the Institute is tolerably uniform. Besides agents to regulate its general affairs each Academy has its *bureau*, composed of a president or director,* a vice-president elected by the members for a fixed period, and of one or more perpetual secretaries, who are appointed for life. These bureaux are the managers for their respective societies—especially the perpetual secretaries, who enjoy an unusual amount of consideration and influence. They receive five times the salary of the ordinary members,† and, apart from their office, are generally among the most distinguished personages and best writers of their time.

Although the *Académie des Sciences* has the highest reputation abroad, it is the *Académie Française* which in France—that is, in Paris—excites the greatest interest. The forty members of whom it is composed are not only the most popular authors of the day—they are not only the men who, in poetry or prose, in the public journals, or from the professor's chair, have the ear of the largest number of persons—but they are also the men who, for

* In the *Académie Française* the President takes the title of Director, and the Vice-President that of Chancellor.

† The salary of a perpetual Secretary is 6000 francs, or 240*l.* per annum. Every titular member of the Institute receives an annual sum of 1200 francs, or 48*l.*, besides a *droit de présence*, which averages five francs a sitting, that is, about 300 francs a-year. At the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, there are also increased allowances made to the members of the commissions to which the government has intrusted the direction of particular works, such as the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, &c.

thirty years, have taken the most prominent part in political affairs, and who have been conspicuous actors in the critical moments which have decided the fate of the country. Indeed, power of speech has become one of the chief qualifications for admission, and, accordingly, every orator who has played a distinguished part in politics is eager to obtain such a testimonial to his success as is implied in his adoption by the Academy. But, since vacancies are not of frequent occurrence, it often happens that, at one election, there are several candidates with conflicting claims—as authors, orators, prose writers or poets,—who obtain the suffrages of different fractions of the assembly. When the rival aspirants are men who have been much before the world, a contest becomes, particularly towards the close, a matter of intense excitement to a large portion of Parisian society. Drawing-rooms are in commotion; fashionable ladies pen dozens of beseeching billets; newspapers write up their editors or allies; the friends of the competitors move heaven and earth; even ministers of State exert their authority, and for several days everybody who reads, writes, or thinks is engaged in canvassing. When the election is over, the interest is diverted to another point. The successful member is required—as indeed was the custom in all times—to read, at a public sitting, an *éloge* of the academician he succeeds, and the president in return sets forth the merits of their new associate. These *receptions*, as they are called, are generally thronged by all the fashion of Paris. Splendid equipages crowd the avenues to the Institute; the hall is filled to overflowing, and it is a common sight to see ladies of the highest rank and in their richest attire battling with one another for seats several hours before the proceedings commence. Curiosity, which with them is the most powerful of passions, not only overcomes their natural politeness, but even their care for their dress. At length a roll of drums is heard; the soldiers (for nothing can be done in France without soldiers) present arms, and the Academicians enter the semicircular space reserved for their use. On a signal from the president, the new member rises amid the profoundest silence, and delivers an oration which often ranks among the masterpieces of French eloquence, and which the president strives to emulate by as brilliant a reply.

If the *reception* always passed in this routine manner, the excessive eagerness to be present would no longer exist. But it is generally known beforehand that the speakers will seize the opportunity to treat directly or indirectly on the great subjects of the day. Sometimes it is literary, sometimes religious and political systems, which are brought into collision. The discussion, if we may so call it, though sometimes animated for a prepared and intercommunicated dialogue, is always courteous
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and complimentary, for the *Académie Française* prides itself as much on maintaining the old traditions of urbanity as in preserving the strictest purity of language. A good example of these intellectual duels, in which there is the report and the flash of the pistol, without the ball, occurred not long since on the admission of the Count de Montalembert, who for many years has been the champion of the ultra-Catholic party in France, and whose constant aim has been to ruin the University for the benefit of the Jesuits. His predecessor, M. Droz, a writer of considerable merit, had passed through all the phases of political opinion, commencing with an admiration for revolutions, and ending with thorough monarchical and conservative principles. The occasion afforded M. de Montalembert a pretext for touching upon all the questions of Church and State which he has most at heart, and deciding them according to the exclusive notions of his party. On that day it happened that the president of the Academy was a man who presented in everything the most complete contrast to M. de Montalembert,—a Protestant was confronted with an ultra-Catholic, and the former Grand Master of the University with its deadliest opponent. Without in the slightest degree infringing the laws of courtesy, and while manifesting the utmost personal goodwill towards his antagonist, M. Guizot firmly maintained in his answer the principles of which he has been the earnest supporter through life. ‘You know, sir,’ he began, ‘that it was said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *In my Father’s house are many mansions* ;’ and starting from this point he demonstrated to M. de Montalembert that his impetuous zeal was but little in harmony with the cause of Christianity. Nothing could be more attractive at the moment than the dignified debate. To the somewhat monkish countenance and rather unctuous oratory of M. de Montalembert, oppose the severe profile and commanding eloquence of M. Guizot ; imagine the champions in the presence of a numerous and enthusiastic audience, consisting of the warmest partizans of their several systems, and of all the most distinguished politicians who had spent their lives in kindling and directing the passions of their fellow-citizens ; imagine this at a time when liberty of speech was suspended, when the press was gagged, when parliamentary discussion was at an end—and it is easy to conceive what expectation was excited by these speeches, and what a frenzy of applause accompanied their delivery. So great was the effect that the French government would allow them to be published in the newspapers only in a mutilated form. In the official edition which was printed for the Institute they may be read in their integrity.

It is not only on the reception of a new member that the
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Académie Française comes into direct communication with the public. Every year there is a solemn meeting at which prizes are bestowed upon those who have produced upon given subjects the best works in prose or verse. At the same time there is another distribution of a less usual kind, that of the *prizes of virtue*. They were instituted by M. de Montyon, a celebrated French philanthropist, who, in 1782, entrusted various sums to the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences*, to be annually conferred upon persons who had either distinguished themselves by worthy actions, or had published books or inventions of a useful character. When the Convention swept away the prizes of virtue, and were doing their utmost to eradicate the thing, M. de Montyon emigrated to England. He had retained possession of his immense fortune, and on his return to France in 1816 he renewed and augmented his gift. He bequeathed a further endowment at his death, which took place in 1820, and the two academies are now the dispensers of a considerable income. *Virtue prizes* are said to be of Chinese origin; but whatever effects they may have produced at the other end of the world, it may well be doubted whether it is expedient with us to make money the representative sign of those duties, which are denominated virtuous precisely because they are thought to be thoroughly disinterested. Add to which there is the difficulty of estimating the moral purity of an action, and the still greater difficulty of pronouncing upon the relative merits of the deeds of rival competitors, and of ticketing each with its proper market price.* The Academy, who are the appraisers, will estimate, for instance, at 3000 francs, the virtue of a fireman who has rushed into the flames to save the life of a child, and at only 500 francs the virtue of a servant who, for thirty years, has affectionately tended on a poor and helpless master. As might be expected, when the object is public effect, the heroism which is momentary, ostentatious, and dramatic, usually fetches far higher sums than the heroism of prolonged and obscure self-denial. But let us for a moment admit the wisdom of the proceeding, and enter the hall in which the prizes are distributed.

The President of the Academy, surrounded by the members of the Institute, and a numerous auditory, delivers a speech in which the heroes of the day are portrayed generally in a pompous style. After having exhausted all the flowers of rhetoric, and all the

* In some parts of the continent prizes are given for cleanliness, and when the candidates are numerous the judges must be embarrassed to decide who has the whitest skin and clothes. A M. Place, in a recently published little work entitled *Manuel Élémentaire d'Hygiène*, expresses his belief that these rewards will be shortly abolished, because everybody will be convinced of the necessity of frequent washing both for their persons and linen. It will be long enough before the prizes for virtue are abandoned on similar grounds.

wealth of his most affecting eloquence, the speaker exclaims in a dramatic tone:—‘ Jeanne, Madeleine (or whatever the name may be), you plunged courageously into a torrent (here follows a poetical description of the torrent) to save a drowning child! You did a virtuous action! The Academy awards you a recompense of 1000 francs. And you, Paul or Jacques, by giving an asylum in your cottage (we omit the description of the cottage and the eulogy of a pastoral life) to a poor deserted orphan, you also did a virtuous action! The Academy therefore awards you a recompense of 800 francs.’ Whereupon the men begin to cheer and the ladies to weep. The drama is performed every year on a fixed day, and every year with undiminished applause by actors who strive to surpass each other in eloquence and pathos. Their success is measured by the number of embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs which have been wet with tears, just as the virtue of an action is estimated by the number of crowns which have been pocketed by the worthy recipient.

Now, if imbued with these maxims, and adopting money as a sort of thermometer of virtue, one of the prizemen, feeling desirous to know a few at least of the gentlemen who have just been treating him with so much politeness, should address himself to a neighbour who is better informed than himself, some such dialogue as this might probably ensue:—

‘ Pray tell me who is that gentleman sitting at the end of the third bench on our left? I like his tranquil and benevolent expression of countenance.’

‘ That is M. Pouillet, a member of the *Académie des Sciences*, who has written some admirable works on Natural Philosophy. He formerly instructed the princes of the Orleans family in physical science, and has continued so strongly attached to them that he has refused to swear fidelity to the government of Louis Napoleon.’

‘ His gratitude and his attachment reflect great credit on himself and on the princes who inspired it. He must have received a large sum as a reward for his constancy.’

‘ On the contrary, he has been deprived of all the offices which he held, and the duties of which he fulfilled to the general satisfaction.’

‘ Oh!’ says the virtuous prizeman, rather confused, ‘ and who is that tall gentleman of a distinguished appearance, who is sitting in front of us?’

‘ That is M. Mignet, and the little man by his side is M. Thiers. During the Restoration, when there was courage in the act, M. Mignet published a book in which he occasionally defended the government of 1793 from some aspersions which had been cast upon it, for there is nothing so bad but that it is possible to calumniate it, including even that Republic. Under

Louis Philippe he was Director of the Archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and never has the post been filled with greater advantage to historical literature. Unfortunately, however, in 1848, he had the indiscretion to write a letter, in which he said, that to him Italy did not seem to be ripe for a republican government. The French Republic took offence at the sentiment, and dismissed him from his post.

'I am confounded,' says the novice, 'at what you say: were not those acts virtuous and worthy of a prize? And is it possible—to speak in the pecuniary phraseology that is the order of the day—that he has been fined for his conduct?'

'You are not alone in differing from state functionaries in your ideas of virtue. Even magistrates and academicians cannot always agree, and there is an instance. Look at that gentleman. His name is M. Mérimée, and though an eminent author, and one of the judges of virtue, judges of another kind imprisoned him last year for fifteen days for having been guilty of what several of his colleagues at the Academy called "a good article and a good action," and whom a higher power, Louis Napoleon, has recently appointed a member of the Senate.'

'Oh, it is needless to continue. I find that it is only in the case of poor people and small things that money is the recompense of virtue. For people in a high position rewards and punishments seem constantly to be distributed in France on very different principles.'

The inconsistencies which we have supposed to strike our worthy prizeman are not, however, observed by the auditors, who after alternate sobs and cheers retire from the assembly, persuaded that they themselves have done a virtuous action, and half believing that they have been born into a golden age, in which misfortune is wept over, and merit paid.*

* At the annual meeting of the present year the President of the Academy—M. Viennet—well known for his witty satirical tales, tried to vindicate the *Prix de Vertu*, and announced himself favourable to rewarding by special prizes the civic virtues of the upper classes. But if money is to be the type of virtue, how can he make the public understand that a prize, for once in a life-time, of a hundred pounds, is preferable to the stock-jobbing which is one of the plagues of the country, and often yields such enormous though scandalous gains? Unless he could obtain for civic worth, and moral courage, a degree of prosperity which are seldom their lot, he would soon find that, though his prizes might occasionally afford relief to poverty, they would never prove a bribe to produce good conduct. The Academy must leave consciences to be moulded by higher inducements, and rest satisfied with the influence it exerts by the dispensation of literary premiums. In the present year the public seemed to share our opinion, for they were more impressed by the sight of a young pupil of the *École de Droit*, bearing the illustrious name of Guizot, receiving a medal for his essay on the Greek comic authors, than by all the sums of money which were granted under the title of *Prix de Vertu*. Every one must be gratified at the success of a son of so distinguished a father, and we have this further interest in his selection for the medal that, during his temporary exile four years since, his father had the good sense and good taste (as we think) to send him as a pupil at King's College, London.

The *Académie Française* is fortunate in its perpetual secretary. M. Villemain, who fills the distinguished office, was appointed while still young, in company with M. Guizot and M. Cousin, to one of those three professorships which shed so much lustre on the early years of the Restoration. France has seldom possessed a more classical writer or a more general scholar, and he lectured with equal success on the Fathers of the Church and on the Parliamentary Orators of England. His works are full of delightful essays on a great variety of subjects, and his sketches of Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Byron, deserve to be better known in this country. His popularity as a professor caused him to be elected before the Revolution of 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies. Louis-Philippe made him Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1844 he took an active part in the University question, which was then agitating France. The Ultra-Catholic faction, enraged at their discomfiture, published pamphlets of incredible violence, and M. Villemain was necessarily their chief victim. He unfortunately attached too much importance to their attacks; his health declined, and a brain fever supervened. He soon recovered from his illness and gave a noble proof of his entire disinterestedness by refusing a large donation which the government proposed to bestow upon him as a national recompense. He has since resumed his position at the *Académie Française*, where uniting the authority of age with the respect which was always accorded to his upright character and brilliant talents, he maintains, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, the high tone which befits the representative of the literature of his country.

If individual talent constitutes the strength of the *Académie Française*, a spirit of association and community of labour is the peculiar characteristic of the men who, in the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, devote their energies to learned researches. They have resumed, and worthily continued, the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*,* and the great collection of the *Historiens des Gaules*, which were interrupted at the Revolution by the suppression of all the religious orders. Each of these publications already consists of more than twenty enormous volumes, and the pride which succeeding governments have taken in promoting them is the best tribute to the learned monks who framed the colossal plans, and who, placed above the wants and cares of life, laboured solely from the love of literature and zeal for the reputation of the order of St. Benedict.

* This great work, which is absolutely indispensable to everybody who wishes to master mediæval literary history, was begun in 1733 by three Benedictine monks of the congregation of St. Maur, Dom Rivet, Dom Taillandier, and Dom Clément. Its present editors are Messrs. Lajard, Paulin-Paris, Victor Leclerc, and Littré. A list of the other publications issued under the direction of the *Académie des Inscriptions*, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut*.

Since the re-organization of the Academy at the Revolution several of its members have not been unworthy of its pristine fame. Among the number was Visconti, who reading Greek and Latin at three and a half years old, surpassed in his manhood the whole of Europe in his knowledge of ancient art. So great was his reputation that he was invited to England to value the Elgin Marbles, and he has left a durable monument of his taste and classical lore in the *Iconographie Grecque et Romaine*, and the *Museo Pio Clementino*. Daunou was another of the men who might have competed with our forefathers in application and profundity. He left a convent of Oratorian monks to become at the Revolution a member of the National Convention, and though retaining in his heart his republican principles, he belonged to nearly all the political assemblies which have since succeeded one another, and died in 1840 a peer of France. He rendered great service to historical students by arranging the general archives of France, of which Napoleon had appointed him keeper, and as professor he delivered a course of lectures on Greek and Roman history which did not appear in print till after his death, and which would certainly have been more perfect if the author himself had superintended the publication, but which, in spite of diffuseness and repetitions, are admirable for their completeness, their clearness, and the impartial and intelligent comments which accompany the facts. Napoleon employed him in the conflict with the Pope, and his *Essai Historique sur la puissance temporelle des Papes* is the most solid treatise ever written on the topic. In addition to his other arduous functions he was perpetual secretary to the Academy, and a voluminous contributor to their proceedings; for his knowledge was universal, and he was equal to any demand that could be made upon him, insomuch that the bare titles of his writings are sufficient to fill any reader with amazement. His successor in the keepership of the archives, M. Letronne, was also an academician, and notwithstanding that he died in the prime of life, he left behind him works which are models of sagacious criticism in that particular department of historical inquiry, which rather consists in destroying old theories than in constructing new. Thierry, blind almost from his youth, and since afflicted with paralysis, still happily survives, with many other distinguished members, to complete, it is to be hoped, his great work on the History of the Communes.

France has always possessed a school of celebrated Orientalists, who have largely contributed to the reputation of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. In the seventeenth century appeared the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot, an immense repertory, which, as subsequently expanded and improved, has become indispensable

dispensable to all who take an interest in kindred studies. In our own day his successors have shone with still greater brilliancy under the direction of M. de Sacy, who, for fifty years, was the revered guide of numerous disciples. Champollion, taught by the discoveries of Dr. Young, assisted in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics; Abel Rémusat rendered Chinese studies almost popular at Paris; Saint-Martin explored with unhopèd-for success the language and literature of Armenia; and Chézy introduced into France a knowledge of Sanscrit, which, much as it was cultivated in England, had not hitherto crossed the Channel. His labours were continued by Eugène Burnouf, who sounded all the depths of the old Indian theosophy, and extended his researches to those Median and Assyrian antiquities which are associated with the names of Colonel Rawlinson, Layard, and Dr. Hinckes among ourselves. Like Champollion and Rémusat, like Saint-Martin and Chézy, Burnouf died in the flower of his age, just after the *Académie des Inscriptions* had conferred upon him its highest recompense, by appointing him to the office of perpetual secretary. Fresh recruits are filling up the gaps which have been caused by death, and the present race of Orientalists will not allow France to lose the distinguished position she has won.

None of the classes into which the Institute is divided exercise a more decisive influence in their own department than the *Académie des Beaux Arts*. There has existed for many years at the Villa Medici, at Rome, a school of painting known by the name of the *Académie de France*, at which a certain number of young artists are maintained for a fixed period, at the expense of the State, to study the masterpieces of antiquity and of the Renaissance. The Academy at Paris appoints the director of the Academy at Rome, selects the pupils after a public competition, and makes an annual Report on the works they are required to send home. Nothing can exceed the animation of the sitting at which these prizes are awarded. After a detailed account of all the competing productions, the names of the successful candidates are announced,—a decision which sometimes provokes opposition, and hisses are heard to mingle with the applause. An unsuccessful artist usually believes himself the victim of envy, bad taste, or cabals. He resolves to protest against an injustice, which is one of the axioms of his mind, and forgets that to hiss his antagonist is only another method of cheering himself, with the addition that the vanity is stimulated by malice. Of all the solemnities of the Institute, this is the only one at which such symptoms of petulant self-approval occur. The Reports, as well as the *éloges* of deceased members, are drawn up by the perpetual secretary,—
a duty

a duty which is now discharged by M. Raoul-Rochette ; for the Academicians, more engaged in handling the brush and chisel than the pen, have modestly selected a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions* to be their official interpreter. As his whole life has been devoted to the study of archæology and of the history of the arts, he has every qualification which can grace the post. Many of the Academicians themselves have displayed eminent merit in their respective pursuits ; but it is not our function to dwell here upon individual talent, or to enter upon a field so vast as a general examination of the present state of the Fine Arts. To judge fittingly of the excellencies and failings of the French school, we must visit the palace of Versailles, go through the galleries of the *École des Beaux Arts*, pause before the triumphal *Arc de l'Étoile*, enter the churches and public buildings which are in course of erection, and attend the annual exhibitions which take place in Paris.

The French government is disposed to encourage the arts ; but it is by no means inclined to patronize the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, which comprises the most distinguished representatives of all the parties in the State ; and it is obvious that to allow the society a freedom of discussion which is denied to Parliament and the press, would be to make it the outlet of every pent-up opinion. Until the ruling power is strong enough to let loose its opponents, a corporation of political philosophers can never hope to enjoy absolute liberty. Many of its members, too, as might be expected, have fallen under the displeasure of the governments which have succeeded since the overthrow of Louis Philippe, for actions done independently of the Academy. In the section of Philosophy, there is M. Cousin, who has been excluded from the Council of Public Instruction, and induced to abandon his chair at the Sorbonne ; M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the learned translator of Aristotle's 'Logic,' who has been obliged to resign his post at the Collège de France, and M. de Rémusat, who has suffered successively imprisonment and exile. In the section of jurisprudence, we find M. Giraud, who has been under a cloud for having opposed the spoliation of the Orleans property, and M. Dupin, compelled, for the same cause, to throw up his position in the Court of Cassation. In the section of political economy, we find M. Léon Faucher ; and in the section of history, MM. Guizot, Mignet, Michelet, and Thiers, all of whom have experienced in different degrees the frown of power. The tact and the courage, nevertheless, of individual members enable them to preserve their dignity in their discourses, and the day is not forgotten on which M. Mignet, under the republic of 1849, took occasion, in the course of his *éloge* on M. Rossi, to denounce in stern and magnanimous language

language the pretended patriots who assassinated the only man who was capable perhaps of averting the ruin of Italy.

The *Académie des Sciences*, the last of which it remains for us to speak, has in our own day adopted new methods to gain an ascendancy over the public. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the idea of seeking to obtain popularity by mathematics would have seemed chimerical to men who submitted their abstruse calculations to the exclusive judgment of their peers. At that period, however, of great discoveries, elaborated in silence and solitude, and promulgated without parade, the influence of the *Académie des Sciences* extended far and wide. The most flourishing foreign societies, those for instance of St. Petersburg and Berlin, commonly published their Memoirs in French; and the prizes proposed at Paris were competed for by the principal philosophers of Europe. The *Académie des Sciences* has now issued from its learned retirement, and addressing itself to the populace wins their sympathy, by the tone of its meetings and official periodicals, and also, it must be confessed, by the utility of its labours when applied to the industrial and mechanical arts. But at the same time, it has lost the pre-eminence which once caused it to be regarded as incontestably the scientific centre of Europe. The philosophers of Berlin and St. Petersburg have ceased to pay it tribute. It is rare to receive a communication of importance from any foreigner of eminence; and its prizes are of a nature which, far from exciting the emulation of the great philosophers abroad, can scarcely find first-rate aspirants at home. There is no impartial person who will hesitate to admit that the Paris Academy has fallen from the rank which it formerly held in the scientific world, when the mathematical department alone included the names of Lagrange, Laplace, Carnot, Monge, Legendre, and Lacroix, surrounded by such disciples as Fourier, Poisson, Cauchy, and Binet. It is true that, at a meeting this year, M. Liouville declared that the French were still 'the first geometricians in the world;' but those who are acquainted with the works of the learned Academician, and who have not unreservedly adopted his notions upon what are technically termed *differentials with fractional indices*, might be tempted to remark that when the Institute shone with its highest lustre, Lagrange and Laplace were satisfied with being the first geometricians in the world, without assuring the world of the fact. If we were to refer the question to some impartial and consummate judge—take, for example, M. Gauss, of Göttingen,—he might probably tell us that since the French mathematicians say such flattering things of themselves they can need no praise from any other quarter. 'I could wish,' remarks M. Sainte-Beuve,

Beuve, 'that we should give up proclaiming what is repeated everywhere, in the colleges and even in the Academies, that the French nation is the greatest of all nations, and its literature the most beautiful of all literatures. I should prefer that we were contented to assert that it was *one* of the first, and that we should show some consciousness that the world did not begin and does not end with ourselves.'

In every other branch of knowledge, no less than in mathematics, the Academy has either lost its principal ornaments, or the surviving members who do it the greatest honour belong to an almost extinct generation. Contemporaneously with the illustrious mathematicians we have mentioned, France could boast of Cuvier and Lacépède, in natural history; of Berthollet, Vauquelin, and Gay-Lussac in chemistry; of Malus, Fresnel, Ampère, and Dulong, in physics; of Antoine de Jussieu and Desfontaines, in botany; of Haüy in crystallography; of Delambre, in astronomy; and of Dupuytren, in surgery; while Biot, Thénard, Cauchy, Mirbel, Arago, and Chevreul, are veterans of science, who cannot be set down to the account of our age. The fact is that the ardour once felt for the pure sciences is extremely diminished, and what may be called the younger Academy, such as M. Dumas, M. Elie de Beaumont, and M. Leverrier, give more of their time to the Senate than the Academy, and are more devoted to politics than to physics.

The steps by which the change has been produced are quickly told. Thirty years ago the Academy applied itself quietly to its proceedings, and held weekly meetings from which strangers were excluded, with the exception of a few occasional *savants* of repute. Notwithstanding the opposition of the more prudent members, it gradually allowed its audience to be increased. Journalists were admitted, and, after the events of 1830, the popular flood which had swept away a throne forced open the doors of the Academy, which have never since been closed. This, which was to science no less a revolution than that which had just been effected in the state, was helped forward by men who wished to establish their dominion over the Institute, and who knew that the multitude is the most powerful instrument of despotism, when you have the adroitness to seduce it. From that day forward profound discussions disappeared from the Academy; and the agitators, who sought by all possible means to secure the favour of the crowd, thundered from time to time in the daily journals against the members who resisted the innovations. Newspaper intimidation, which has been employed in politics with fatal success among a people whose military bravery is so far superior to their moral courage, could not fail to exercise an irresistible

irresistible influence upon retired *savants*, who, alarmed by the revolutions which had taken place in their country, were in consternation to find themselves held up to obloquy as bad citizens and persons of retrograde minds. A monopoly of newspapers being impossible, and attacks being sure before long to generate a defence, the aspirants obtained a fresh instrument of domination by persuading the Society to appoint them to publish an account of their Transactions under the title of *Comptes Rendus*. These, in obedience to the principle that the many were to be won at any cost, were often filled with the worthless communications of people of no reputation, to the exclusion of papers of undeniable merit. The Academy became, and continues a sort of committee of journalists; and as all their attention is now bestowed on the hasty preparation of the weekly *Comptes Rendus*—which amount since 1835 to thirty-five enormous quarto volumes—the important collection of memoirs, which was for two centuries the repository of all the treasures of French science, has been sadly neglected, and appears only at long and irregular intervals. Every one will have recognized in M. Arago the promoter of the revolution we have described. To those who should ask him if this was the means by which he expected to raise himself to the pinnacle of scientific reputation, he might probably reply, that in 1848 he attained to the dictatorship, and that that was enough for him.

Few men have been so happily gifted by nature as M. Arago. With uncommon vivacity of mind, a vast intellect, a singular power of oratory, a fine figure, and a handsome countenance, he combined all the qualities which could contribute to solid distinction or effective display. Born just before the outbreak of the Revolution, on the frontier of Spain, and of a family of Spanish descent, he received as his birth-right the passions of the south. His education was conducted in accordance with the ideas of a time when the learned languages were completely neglected; and he opposed at a later period the teaching of Latin, with which he had never become familiar, and which—as his own genius could dispense with it—he naturally considered a superfluous accomplishment. What instruction he received he owed to the *École Polytechnique*. There, contrary to the habits of the place, he comparatively neglected mathematics, in which he was surpassed by several of his comrades, to direct his attention to astronomy and physics. Fired by the brilliant success which he obtained in society, he applied himself more and more to the branches of natural philosophy which secured him such prompt and easily-won applause. From hence, no doubt, we are to date his desire of establishing his supremacy upon the captivating exposition of popular science,
of

of which he is an unsurpassed, and possibly an unrivalled, master. After the Revolution of 1830, he threw himself into the arms of the democratic party, in discontent, as was suspected, at not having been appointed Minister of Public Instruction. Even at the period when he professed moderate opinions, when he was the friend of Marshal Marmont, and was reckoned among the partizans of the Duke d'Angoulême, he showed an excessive susceptibility in his scientific discussions, and his intolerance knew no bounds when he had once enrolled himself in the republican ranks. Everything at the Academy assumed a political colour in his hands. He leagued himself with the journals of the ultra-liberal party, and especially with the *National*, which opened a fire on the *savants* who were not obedient to his will. Works addressed to the Institute were brought into prominence, left in the shade, or criticised with severity, according as they proceeded from friends, neutrals, or enemies. As the republicans were not then so numerous as they afterwards became, they extended their countenance to a class of intriguers, who, while supporting the Government, wished to conciliate the favour of the Opposition, whereby they got honours and places from the Ministry, and sympathy and panegyrics from the empty-handed foe. Abandoning almost entirely the department of discovery, in which he had attained a just and European celebrity, M. Arago devoted himself to delivering popular lectures, and writing those clever essays which entitle him to be ranked among the great authors, as well as among the ablest *savants* of the age. But here again breaks out the leading failing of his brilliant career. He has addressed himself too often to that false and vulgar patriotism which is always sure to find an echo in France, and which consists in attributing all the discoveries of importance to Frenchmen. As we have had our share of scientific geniuses, we have necessarily come in for our share of disparagement. M. Arago indignantly repudiated the claims of the Marquis of Worcester to the invention of the steam-engine,* just as, more recently, he denied that Mr. Adams was the discoverer of Neptune.† In the same way he refused to allow that there was the

* We have not forgotten the violence with which M. Arago, when treating the question in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1829, accused the English of having sacrificed truth to national prejudices. It may usually be remarked of all partisans that they charge upon others their own particular vice. Mr. Ainger espoused the cause of the English with complete success, amidst the applause of a distinguished and numerous audience.

† It is only by looking through the French newspapers of the year 1846 that the attacks of M. Arago on the claims of Mr. Adams can be rightly appreciated; for the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy convey but a faint reflection of their impetuosity. At that time M. Arago displayed all the fire of his character, and all the force of his talents, to secure to M. Leverrier the exclusive right to a discovery which he professed to

the slightest merit in the experiment for proving the identity of lightning and electricity which has rendered Franklin immortal, in order that, the name of the American being blotted out, a French abbé (Nollet) might alone receive honour.

In 1830 M. Arago became Perpetual Secretary to the Academy, and certainly no other man could put forth equal claims to the post. By the courtesies of his office he should since have composed the *éloges* of Dulong, who discovered the law of the refrigeration of bodies; of Poisson, who, by establishing the invariability of certain elements of our planetary system, gave the finishing touch to the edifice of Newton; and of several others, whom most Perpetual Secretaries would have thought it an honour to sketch for posterity. M. Arago, however, has passed them by, and sought in the annals of the Revolution for the names of Monge and Condorcet, because, it is to be presumed, they furnished him with fresh opportunities to expound his republican sentiments. Cuvier had said in his *éloge* of Saussure, that though Lavoisier, Condorcet, and Bailly seemed to have an imperious claim upon the homage of the Academy, he had lacked the courage to recall the atrocities of the age which had made them its victims. M. Arago is possessed of more courage than Cuvier; but, as we read his *éloges*, we shall perceive that it was not altogether 'to obtain expiation for the crimes of that disastrous period' (to use the expression of Cuvier), that M. Arago has been searching the annals of the Republic of 1793.

The application of science to utilitarian purposes, which is an honourable distinction of the time, has assisted to increase the number of M. Arago's clients. Every Monday the *Académie des Sciences* opens its sitting at three o'clock, in the presence of a crowded assembly. The desk at which the Perpetual Secretaries* are seated, with the President and Vice-President, is literally piled with letters, memoirs, books, papers, and documents of every description addressed to the Academy, and the larger proportion of them by persons who are almost entirely unknown. The majority of these communications relate to inventions, and the adaptation of science to arts and manufactures. After being read in the Academy the letters are inserted entirely, or in part, in the *Comptes Rendus*, and frequently copied into the newspapers. It is plain that such advertise-

to consider superior to that of the law of gravitation by Newton. Having since quarrelled with his *protégé*, his party at least, if not he himself, has made every possible effort to persuade the ignorant public that the planet of Leverrier does not even exist.

* At the *Académie des Sciences* there are two perpetual secretaries; one for the mathematical sciences (M. Arago), the other for the physical sciences (M. Flourens). The latter, who is an eminent physiologist, does not sympathise, we are assured, with M. Arago's views.

ments,

ments, which cost nothing and are extremely effective, must be eagerly sought by the industrial classes. The Perpetual Secretaries have, it is true, the right of selection, and of proportioning the extent of their notice to the importance of the subject. But with the kind of people that throng the hall of the Academy, with the general preference of the public for utilitarian projects, and with the democratic ideas of M. Arago, we may be certain that, if anything is thrown aside it is not the production of an *ouvrier*. It is curious to observe with what zeal and complacency the patron and servant of the crowd employs his extraordinary gift of exposition in the detailed explanation of some trivial invention, or in entertaining an audience abounding in quidnuncs with the marvels which impose on a vulgar imagination. But inexhaustible when he has to announce showers of frogs,* or any other phenomena more or less doubtful which the ignorant populace greet with applause, he can dispose in two words of an important discovery which would awaken no curiosity in the mass. If we consider that the sittings should properly last but a couple of hours, that they are commenced by going through the minutes of the previous meeting, which sometimes give rise to discussions, and that besides the reading of the reports drawn up by its order, the Academy often resolves itself into a secret committee, to discuss its private affairs, it is self-evident that of the time which remains at its disposal, the correspondence must occupy the principal part. Then, instead of seeing, as we should have expected, the audience taking an interest in the works of the Academy, we see the Academicians met together to hear their Secretaries read the works of the audience. The parts are changed: nor is this all; for the audience assume the privilege to blame or applaud, while the poor Academicians listen in silence. It daily becomes more difficult to obtain a hearing for a purely theoretical paper, or to get up a discussion on the higher branches of scientific research. Not even the eminence of Lord Brougham could gain, as we read some time since in the newspapers, an opening to communicate his beautiful experiments upon light. There was the inexorable law that the endless correspondence must first be gone through, and before the nobodies had been heard out—the time was up. It is not to be questioned that M. Arago is a Samson in intellectual strength, but he might turn his prowess to better account than in pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Science to make sport for the Philistines.

* See in the *Comptes Rendus* the strange communications made by M. Arago at the sittings on the 11th July and 3rd October, 1836. The showers of frogs thus emphatically announced before a gaping crowd were afterwards denied by the naturalists of the Academy; and a discussion arose, of which the *Comptes Rendus*, it is almost needless to be said, present not the slightest trace.

Another bad effect which results from the admission of the public to the *Académie des Sciences*, is the virulence it imparts to the discussions of the members, who are often animated at once by scientific rivalries and political passions. Men who would argue amicably with closed doors, contend for victory in the presence of the crowd, and the serene rigour of philosophic disputation is exchanged for the heated declamation of popular demagogues. From a thousand examples which we might give of the violence of these debates, we will select only one, which occurred at the first meeting of the present year. In delivering, a short time before, the *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, a great chemist and natural philosopher, M. Arago seized the occasion to blame, with much bitterness, the changes which have lately been introduced into the programme of studies at the *École Polytechnique*. The censure, though apparently addressed to the government, was in reality directed against M. Leverrier and his friends, who had been placed on the commission to the exclusion of the friends of M. Arago. It was therefore, in truth, a conflict between the Government party in the Academy and the Republican section, which had hitherto retained a sort of monopoly of the *École Polytechnique*, and had inspired the pupils with the most democratic ideas. At the end of last year M. Leverrier requested that the *éloge* should be published in order that he might reply to the charges contained in it, and at the first January meeting of 1853 M. Faye repeated the demand. Hence grew the war of words, of which an account is preserved in the *Journal Politique et Commercial du Havre*, and which, though manifestly written by an adherent of the Arago party, plainly betrays that the bitterness was on one side and the moderation on the other:—

‘There is an old proverb which says, that what you do on the first day of the year you do every day after: if this were true, we should have to expect, during the course of 1853, some very stormy meetings at the *Académie des Sciences*, for the first was a perfect tempest. We might really even parody the famous line of Molière :

“Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l’âme des savans?”

It was again the *École Polytechnique* which formed the pretext for the quarrel; and it was M. Faye who awkwardly set fire to the magazine. In a manuscript note, which had necessarily been prepared beforehand, he unfortunately took it into his head to find fault with M. Arago’s expression in reference to the programme of the School, that it contained things really *unimaginable*. “If I did not protest against such language,” he said, “as a member of the Commission which drew up the programme, I should hesitate to appear again before my pupils. I cannot allow it to be believed that I have consented in any degree to diminish the importance of mathematical studies.”

‘He had hardly ended reading his paper when a formidable adversary suddenly

suddenly rose. It was M. Liouville. "I was not at the last meeting," he said, "but I have read the protest of M. Leverrier, I have just heard yours, and I do not hesitate to say that you are defending a most miserable cause. Yes! in the programme which you have prepared there are things *incredible, unimaginable*." And with truly marvellous rapidity, M. Liouville quoted a host of examples to give greater weight to his close, accurate, and vigorous argumentation. "You are my pupils," he exclaimed at the close of his speech; "I have assisted you to enter the scientific world, but now I have often cause to regret it."

'M. Leverrier rose to reply. All he wished was that M. Arago should publish his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, in order that he might answer the passage relative to the *École Polytechnique*. He was delighted to acknowledge that M. Liouville had been his master. He regretted that the friendly feeling which had once subsisted between them had ceased: but it was not his fault. No considerations, however, would prevent him from demanding the publication of the *éloge* with the most energetic perseverance; and he would defend the programme of which he had been in part the author.

"Your programme," retorted M. Liouville, "is rejected by all who are worthy to bear the name of geometers, by MM. Sturm, Laine, Chasles, &c. &c.; and the French geometers are the first in the world. Europe read it only to hiss it."

'M. Chasles declared that he agreed with M. Liouville, and shared in his opinion. The discussion turned to personality in a most deplorable manner, and the President had great difficulty in restoring tranquillity. As for M. Arago, he contented himself with declaring that he had been quite ready to give his colleagues the manuscript of his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, which he had brought with him for that purpose; but as it had been demanded in so unbecoming a manner, he should refuse it. He would print his work whenever it suited his convenience to do so. "You have already attempted to use intimidation towards M. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary of the *Académie Française*," he said, addressing himself to M. Leverrier. "You did not succeed. You will succeed no better with me; I shall yield no more than M. Villemain has yielded." Some clamour arose at this, but silence was speedily restored, and the formation of the bureau for 1853 was proceeded with.'

'Away with literature,' said Grevius, the scholar, 'if it does not soften the mind and the manners, and if it renders its cultivators more savage than gladiators, and more extravagant than buffoons.' Is there no Grevius in the Academy of Sciences to tell the truth to his brethren? or, if republicans could condescend to take a lesson from royalists, might they not adopt with advantage a rule which was given to their parent body by Louis XIV.?—'The Academy shall carefully watch that, on those occasions when several academicians shall be of different opinions, they shall employ no term of contempt or bitterness regarding one another, either in their speeches or in their writings; and

and even when they combat the opinions of any man of science whatsoever, the Academy shall exhort them to speak of him with proper consideration.'

If the violence of the democratic faction increases, its influence in the Academy appears as clearly to be on the decline. While France was governed by the republic of 1848, and especially while dreading the triumph of the Socialists, the party which wielded the sceptre in the state was also permitted to wield it in the Academy; but since the agitated waters have become tranquil, and it is possible to hope for a few years of quiet, M. Arago and his followers have daily lost ground. Some of his old supporters have accepted employments which bring them into too close a connexion with Louis Napoleon to leave any doubt that they are friendly to the imperial rule, and the result of these secessions was manifested in the election of a member to the Institute on the 9th of February, 1852. The Arago candidate was M. Charles Buonaparte, the author of several works on natural history, who, in his function of President of the Roman Republic, in the time of Mazzini, had won the sympathy of the democratic *savants*. His opponent was M. Francis Delessert, who belongs to a race notorious for its attachment to the Orleans family. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on behalf of the late President of the Roman Republic, he was signally defeated, and M. Delessert elected by a large majority.

The choice of academicians is not the only election at which there is a struggle for supremacy. The Institute possesses the right of presenting candidates to the government for a large number of literary and scientific appointments. This privilege, which is exercised with regard to the most important educational institutions—the *École Polytechnique*, for example, the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*, and the *Collège de France*—secures the *Académie des Sciences* a most extensive influence. No idea can be formed in England of the legion of placemen beyond the Channel, and who, without exaggeration, are more numerous than the soldiers. Madame de Staël used to say that the most popular constitution which could be established would run in terms like these:—'First and only article—All Frenchmen are public functionaries, and are paid by the state.' Of no class of persons is the witty assertion more true than of the men of science, who are usually poor, and often altogether dependent on their salary. There is no distinction here between republicans and monarchists; everybody, under every government, wants a place: and the only difference during the reign of Louis Philippe between friends or foes was that the former received their pay with prayers for the continuance of his rule, and the latter took it while constantly engaged in schemes

schemes for overthrowing him. The stipend attached to these posts is generally small, varying from 20*l*.^{*} to 240*l*. a-year. Accordingly, there is scarcely a *savant* of distinction who does not hold two, three, or even more appointments, which, added together, furnish a tolerable income, but which, as they are not to be got without exertion, force him to be incessantly canvassing for votes. The members of the Institute enter into the competition as well as others; and for the better paid offices they are, strictly speaking, the only candidates. 'When I found,' said the Count d'Artois of a particular period of the reign of Louis XVI., 'that everybody else was holding out his hands, I held out my hat.' Such is the system which prevails too often with the philosophers—the little men fill their hands, and the great their hats. Pecuniary considerations are a large ingredient in what is termed at the Institute the art of making *combinations*, or of interesting members in the success of an election which sooner or later may result in some advantage to themselves or their friends. The party formed on one side is frequently resisted by a similar organization on the other, and the rival factions, instead of thinking exclusively of the merits of the candidates, are intent upon obtaining a colleague whose support may be of service at a future day.

It might seem at first sight that there was one department of physics which had profited by the politics which have been imported into the placid regions of natural philosophy. For many years, M. Arago, who is the Director of the Observatory at Paris, has employed his position in the Chamber of Deputies, and elsewhere, to obtain large grants from the state for the use of the institution over which he presides. Yet nothing is more notorious than that astronomy is on the decline in France. With all the qualities necessary for success, the very extent of M. Arago's philosophic lore, the universality of his sympathies, the multiplicity of his duties, his eager interest in politics, have prevented his devoting himself with sufficient exclusiveness to the practice of a science which admits of no neglect. It is true that he has sometimes surrounded himself with able men, and was successively the patron of M. de Pontécoulant and of M. Leverrier; but, whether the scholars were not sufficiently docile, or that the master grew jealous of their rising reputation, or that the demon of party troubled the atmosphere and made it not quite so serene as that of the stars, certain it is that the perpetual secretary withdrew suddenly his countenance, and, forgetful of all his former praises, commenced a system of attack. The science suffers while the astronomers dispute.

* The members of the bureau of the *Journal des Savants*, for instance, all of whom are members of the Institute, receive 500 francs (20*l*.) a-year. They are elected by their colleagues, but, as is always the case in France, must be approved by the government.

Much

Much amusement has occasionally been produced by chance persons discovering luminaries in the heavens while the Argus of the Paris Observatory was asleep. The idle promenaders on the *Boulevard des Italiens* detected one evening a magnificent comet, which was not seen by Astronomer Arago and his assistants until the following night. It was only last December that a German artist, M. Goldschmidt, looked out of his window, in the *Rue de Seine* (the street in Paris which is about the least suited for surveying the stars), and distinguished a new planet which had not revealed itself to more knowing eyes. Twenty-six of these bodies, exclusive of Neptune, have now been detected since the beginning of the century—eight by Mr. Hind, at the Regent's Park; seven by M. de Gasparis, at Naples; others at Palermo, at Bremen, at Driesen, at Lilienthal, at Düsseldorf, at Marseilles, and at Markrea in Ireland. Though they have been seen in the foggiest regions, as well as under the clearest skies, Paris (except when M. Goldschmidt looks out of his window) appears unsuited for the purpose, notwithstanding that M. Arago, on the 13th of September, 1852, proposed to the *Académie des Sciences* an infallible method of finding out every planet which remained. Since that period several more have been added to the list,* and not one of them was announced from

* The number of these discoveries has greatly increased since the publication in the Quarterly Review of the article on Meteors, Aerolites, and Shooting Stars. As the complete catalogue is not easily obtained, we give it here, with the date of the discovery and the name of the observer:—

1. 1801	Ceres	Piazzi	Palermo.
2. 1802	Pallas	Olbers I.	Bremen.
3. 1804	Juno	Harding	Lilienthal.
4. 1807	Vesta	Olbers II.	Bremen.
5. 1845	Astrea	Hencke I.	Driesen.
6. 1847	Hebe	Hencke II.	Driesen.
7. 1847	Iris	Hind I.	London.
8. 1847	Flora	Hind II.	London.
9. 1848	Metis	Graham	Markrea.
10. 1850	Hygeia	De Gasparis I.	Naples.
11. 1850	Parthenope	De Gasparis II.	Naples.
12. 1850	Victoria	Hind III.	London.
13. 1850	Egeria	De Gasparis III.	Naples.
14. 1851	Irene	Hind IV.	London.
15. 1851	Eunomia	De Gasparis IV.	Naples.
16. 1852	Psyche	De Gasparis V.	Naples.
17. 1852	Thetis	Luther	Düsseldorf.
18. 1852	Melpomene	Hind V.	London.
19. 1852	Fortuna	Hind VI.	London.
20. 1852	Massalia	Chacornac	Marseilles.
		De Gasparis VI.	Naples.
21. 1852	Lutetia	Goldschmidt.	Paris.
22. 1852	Calliope	Hind VII.	London.
23. 1852	Thalia	Hind VIII.	London.
24. 1853	Phoebe	Chacornac II.	Marseilles.
25. 1853	—	De Gasparis VII.	Naples.
26. 1853	—	Luther II.	Bilk.

the Observatory at Paris, where they possessed the infallible method for discovering them all. It may safely be predicted that when M. Arago turns politics out at the door the planets will begin to peep in at the window.

It is not our intention to deny the merits of the *Académie des Sciences*, or to disparage the genius of the great man who for twenty years has been almost its dictator. It may even be admitted that every age has its pernicious tendencies, and that rivalries, cabals, and a desire of domination, were not born with M. Arago. But it is equally indisputable that, from the hour of its foundation, the Academy has never entered upon so dangerous a path, and after climbing to the highest eminence it has begun to descend the hill on the other side. While it is still surrounded with the halo of celebrated names, and before its *prestige* has vanished, it should remember that science is of no party—that, above all, it is not of the party of demagogues; and that the attempt to convert the discoveries of the Aragos and Leverriers into a weekly amusement for the people can only end in banishing severer science in favour of showers of frogs, and declamatory speeches. It is to be hoped that this noble corporation will shake off the dust it has acquired in the arena, and be content for the future, like the academicians of old, to mature, in shade and seclusion, the grand truths of philosophy, preferring the applause of the world and posterity to the transitory clamour of a Monday evening's assembly. The entire Institute is not without its dangers. It has profited enormously by the fostering influence of the state; but governments can stifle by their embraces, as well as strangle by their opposition. If either threats or bribes were to destroy its independence, it would soon cease to be respected itself, or to confer credit on its masters. It must be free to think what it pleases, and to say what it thinks, or the intelligence of the age will find other voices to speak its opinions; and literature, learning, science, and art will no longer be represented by the Institute of France. Englishmen would assuredly deplore its decline; for, besides that our greatest men are proud to be enrolled among its members, jealousy of the achievements of our neighbours has long ceased to be a sentiment with the most ignorant of our people. The language of France has become nearly as necessary to us as our own, and the more familiar we grow with it, the more we learn to admire the genius, and ratify the reputation of the host of luminaries which she has produced for centuries in every department of knowledge.

ART. II.—*Vitæ S. Thomæ Cantuariensis*. Ed. Giles. London.

EVERY one is familiar with the reversal of popular judgments respecting individuals or events of our own time. It would be an easy, though perhaps an invidious task, to point out the changes from obloquy to applause, and from applause to obloquy, which the present generation has witnessed; and it would be instructive to examine in each case, how far these changes have been justified by the facts. What thoughtful observers may thus notice in the passing opinions of the day, it is the privilege of history to track through the course of centuries. Of such vicissitudes in the judgment of successive ages, one of the most striking is to be found in the conflicting feelings with which different epochs have regarded the contest of Becket with Henry II. During its continuance, the public opinion of England and of Europe was, if not unfavourable to the Archbishop, at least strongly divided. After its tragical close, the change from indifference or hostility to unbounded veneration was instantaneous and universal. This veneration, after a duration of more than three centuries, was superseded, at least in England, by a contempt as general and profound as had been the previous admiration. And now, after three centuries more, the revolution of the wheel of fortune has again brought up, both at home and abroad, worshippers of the memory of St. Thomas of Canterbury, who rival the most undoubting devotee that ever knelt at his shrine in the credulous reigns of the Plantagenet kings. It is not our intention to attempt the adjustment of these various verdicts, and indeed there appears less need of an arbitrator than there might have been some years since. Indications^a are not wanting, that the pendulum which has been so violently swung to and fro, is at last about to settle into its proper place; and we may trust that on this, as on many other controverted historical points, a judgment will be pronounced in our own times, which, if not irreversible, is less likely to be reversed than those which have gone before. But it may contribute to the decision upon the merits and defects of Becket if we endeavour to present a more complete picture than has hitherto been drawn of that passage of his career which has left by far the most indelible impression,—its terrible close. Even though the famous catastrophe had not turned the course of events for generations to come, and exer-

^a One author, the Rev. J. C. Robertson, of Bekesbourne, may be especially selected as having already taken, in two articles in the *English Review* of 1846, an impartial survey of the whole struggle, in which he will no doubt be imitated by Dr. Pauli, already known as the learned biographer of Alfred, in his continuation of Lappenberg's *History of England*.

cised an influence which is not exhausted yet, it would still deserve to be minutely described from its connexion with the stateliest of English cathedrals, and with the first great poem of the English language.

The labour of Dr. Giles has collected no less than nineteen biographies, or fragments of biographies, all of which appear to have been written within fifty years of the murder, and some of which are confined to that single subject. To these we must add the accounts of the contemporary or nearly contemporary chroniclers—Gervase, Diceto, Hoveden, and, although somewhat later, Brompton; and, what is the most important, because the earliest—the French biography in verse by Guernes, or Garnier, of Pont S. Maxence, which was composed only five years after the event. Dr. Giles has promised a supplement to his valuable work, containing this curious relic—the more interesting from being the sole record which gives the words of the actors in the language in which they spoke. We wish Dr. Giles good speed in his undertaking, and meanwhile avail ourselves of the concluding fragment of the poem which has been published by the great scholar Immanuel Bekker in the *Berlin Transactions*.

Of these twenty-four narrators, four—Edward Grim, William Fitzstephen, John of Salisbury (who unfortunately supplies but little), and the anonymous author of the Lambeth MS.—claim to have been eye-witnesses. Three others—William of Canterbury, Benedict, afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and Gervase of Canterbury—were monks of the convent, and, though not present at the massacre, were probably somewhere in the precincts. Herbert of Bosham, Roger of Pontigny, and Garnier, were not even in England, but they had been on terms of intercourse more or less intimate with Becket, and the two latter, especially, seem to have taken the utmost pains to ascertain the truth of the facts they relate. From these several accounts we can recover the particulars of the death of Archbishop Becket to the minutest details. It is true that, being written by monastic or clerical historians after the national feeling had been roused to enthusiasm in his behalf, allowance must be made for exaggeration, suppression, and every kind of false colouring which could set off their hero to advantage. It is true, also, that on some few points the various authorities are hopelessly irreconcilable. But still a careful comparison of the narrators with each other, and with the localities, leads to a conviction that on the whole the facts have been substantially preserved, and that, as often happens, the truth can be ascertained in spite, and even in consequence, of attempts to distort and suppress it. If this be so, few occurrences in the middle ages have been so graphically
and

and copiously described, and few give such an insight into the manners and customs, the thoughts and feelings, not only of the man himself, but of the entire age, as the eventful tragedy, known successively as the 'martyrdom,' the 'accidental death,' the 'righteous execution,' and the 'murder' of Thomas à Becket.

The year 1170 witnessed the termination of the struggle of ten years between the King and the Archbishop; in July, the first reconciliation had been effected with Henry, in France; in the beginning of December Becket had landed at Sandwich—the port of the monks of Canterbury—and thence entered the metropolitan city, after an absence of six years, amidst the acclamations of the people. The cathedral was hung with silken drapery; magnificent banquets were prepared; the churches resounded with organs and hymns; the palace-hall with trumpets; and the Archbishop preached in the chapter-house on the text, 'Here we have no abiding city, but we seek one to come.'^b Great difficulties, however, still remained. In addition to the general question of the immunities of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point in dispute between the King and the Archbishop, another had arisen within this very year, of much less importance in itself, but which eventually brought about the final catastrophe. In the preceding June Henry, with the view of consolidating his power in England, had caused his eldest son to be crowned King, not merely as his successor, but as his colleague; insomuch that by contemporary chroniclers he is always called 'the young King,' sometimes even 'Henry III.' In the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury the ceremony of coronation was performed by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London and Salisbury. The moment the intelligence was communicated to Becket, who was then in France, a new blow seemed to be struck at his rights; but this time it was not the privileges of his order, but of his office, that were attacked. The inalienable right of crowning the Sovereigns of England, inherent in the see of Canterbury from the time of Augustine downwards, had been infringed, and with his usual ardour he procured from the Pope, Alexander III., letters of excommunication against the three prelates who had taken part in the daring act. These letters he had with him, unknown to the King, at the time of the reconciliation, and his earliest thought on landing in England was to get them conveyed to the offending bishops, who were then at Dover. They started for France from that port as he landed at Sandwich, leaving however a powerful auxiliary, in the person of Randolph de Broc, a knight to whom the King had granted pos-

^b Fitzstephen, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 283.

session of the archiepiscopal castle of Saltwood, and who was for this, if for no other reason, a sworn enemy to Becket and his return. The first object of the Archbishop was to conciliate the young King, who was then at Woodstock, and his mode of courting him was characteristic. Three magnificent chargers, of which his previous experience of horses enabled him to know the merits, were the gift by which he hoped to win over the mind of his former pupil; and he himself, after a week's stay at Canterbury, followed the messenger who was to announce his present to the Prince. He passed through Rochester in state, entered London in a vast procession that advanced three miles out of the city to meet him, and took up his quarters at Southwark, in the palace of the aged Bishop of Winchester, Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen.^c Here he received orders from the young King to proceed no further, but return instantly to Canterbury. In obedience to the command he relinquished his design, and turned for the last time from the city of his birth to the city of his death.

The first open manifestations of hostility proceeded from the family of the Brocs of Saltwood. Before he had left the neighbourhood of London, tidings had reached him that Randulf de Broc had seized a vessel laden with wine from Henry II., and had killed or imprisoned the crew. This injury was promptly repaired at the bidding of the young King, to whom the Archbishop complained of the outrage through the abbot of St. Alban's and the prior of Dover.^d But the enmity of the Brocs was not so easily allayed. No sooner had the Primate reached Canterbury than he was met by a series of fresh insults. Randulf, he was told, was hunting down his archiepiscopal deer, with his own dogs in his own woods; and Robert, another of the same family, who had been a monk in the novitiate, but had since taken to a secular life, sent out his nephew John to waylay and cut off the tails of a sumpter mule and a horse of the Archbishop. This jest, or outrage (according as we regard it), which occurred on Christmas-eve, took deep possession of Becket's mind.^e On Christmas-day, after the solemn celebration of the usual midnight mass, he entered the cathedral for the services of a fetival which eminently precludes the intrusion of passionate and revengeful thoughts. Before the performance of high mass he mounted the pulpit, and preached on the text (according to the Vulgate version) 'On earth, peace to men of good will.' He began by speaking of the sainted fathers of the church of Canterbury, the presence of whose bones made doubly hallowed the consecrated ground. 'One martyr,' he said, 'they had already'—

^c Fitzstephen, 284, 285.^d *Ibid.*, 286.^e *Ibid.*, 287.

Alfege, murdered by the Danes, whose tomb stood on the north side of the high altar; 'it was possible,' he added, 'that they would soon have another.'^f The people who thronged the nave were in a state of wild excitement; they wept and groaned, and an audible murmur ran through the church, 'Father, why do you desert us so soon? to whom will you leave us?'. But, as he went on with his discourse, the plaintive strain gradually rose into a tone of fiery indignation. 'You would have thought,' says Herbert of Bosham, who was present, 'that you were looking at the prophetic beast, which had at once the face of a man and the face of a lion.' He spoke—the fact is recorded by all the biographers, without any sense of its extreme incongruity—he spoke of the insult of the docked tail^g of the sumpter-mule, and in a voice of thunder^h excommunicated Randulf and Robert de Broc; and in the same sentence included the Vicar of Thirlwood, and Nigel of Sackville, the Vicar of Harrow, for occupying those incumbencies without his authority, and refusing access to his officials.ⁱ He also publicly denounced and forbade communication with the three bishops who, by crowning the young King, had not feared to inroach upon the prescriptive rights of the church of Canterbury. 'May they be cursed,' he said in conclusion, 'by Jesus Christ, and may their memory be blotted out of the assembly of the saints, whoever shall sow hatred and discord between me and my Lord the King.'^k With these words he dashed the candle on the pavement,^l in token of the extinction of his enemies; and as he descended from the pulpit, to pass to the altar to celebrate mass, he repeated to his Welsh crossbearer, Alexander, the prophetic words, 'One martyr, St. Alfege, you have already—another, if God will, you will have soon.'^m The service in the cathedral was followed by the banquet in his hall, at which, although Christmas-day fell this year on a Friday, it was observed that he ate as usual, in honour of the joyous festival of the Nativity.ⁿ On the next day, Saturday, the Feast of St. Stephen, and on Sunday, the Feast of St. John, he again celebrated mass;^o and towards the

^f Fitzstephen, 292.

^g According to the popular belief, the excommunication of the Broc family was not the only time that Becket avenged a similar offence. Lambard, in his *Perambulations of Kent*, says that the people of Strood, near Rochester, insulted Becket as he rode through the town, and, like the Brocs, cut off the tails of his horses. Their descendants, as a judgment for the crime, were ever after born with horses' tails. Another explanation of the legend was that the inhabitants of Strood were the persons whom St. Augustine is reported to have visited with this curse for fastening a fish's tail to his back. (See Harris's *Kent*, 303.)

^h Herbert, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 323.

ⁱ Grim, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 68.

^k Garnier, 71-75.

^l Herbert, 324.

^m Fitzstephen, 292.

ⁿ Garnier, 17.

^o Fitzstephen, 292.

close of the Sabbath, under cover of the night, he sent away, with messages to the King of France and the Archbishop of Sens, his faithful servant Herbert of Bosham, telling him that he would see him no more, but that he was anxious not to expose him to the further suspicions of Henry. Herbert departed with a heavy heart,^p and with him went Alexander, the Welsh crossbearer. The Archbishop sent off another servant to the Pope, and two others to the Bishop of Norwich, with a letter relating to Hugh Earl of Norfolk. He also drew up a deed appointing his priest William to the chapelry of Penshurst, with an excommunication against any one who should take it from him.^q These are his last recorded public acts. On the night of the same Sunday,^r he received a warning letter from France, announcing that he was in peril from some new attack. What this was is now to be told.

The three prelates—Roger of Bishop's-bridge, Archbishop of York,^s Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and Jocelyn the Lombard, Bishop of Salisbury—having left England as soon as they heard that the excommunication had been issued against them, arrived in France a few days before Christmas,^t and immediately proceeded to the King, who was then at the castle of Bur, near Bayeux.^u It was a place already famous in history as the scene of the interview between William and Harold, when the oath was perfidiously exacted and sworn which led to the conquest of England. All manner of rumours about Becket's proceedings had reached the ears of Henry, and he besought the advice of the three prelates. The Archbishop of York answered cautiously, 'Ask counsel from your barons and knights; it is not for us to say what must be done.' A pause ensued; and then it was added—whether by Roger or by some one else does not clearly appear—'As long as Thomas lives, you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life.'^x These

^p Herbert, 324, 325.

^q Fitzstephen, 292, 293.

^r Anon. *Passio Tertia*, Ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 156.

^s This contest with Becket for the privileges of the see of York, though the most important, was not the only one which Archbishop Roger sustained. It was a standing question between the two archbishops, and Roger maintained the pre-eminence of his see against Becket's successor in a somewhat singular manner. 'In 1176,' says Fuller, 'a synod was called at Westminster, the Pope's legate being present thereat; on whose right hand sat Richard Archbishop of Canterbury, as in his proper place; when in springs Roger of York, and, finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap.' . . . 'It matters as little to the reader as to the writer,' the historian continues, 'whether Roger beat Richard—or Richard beat Roger; yet, once for all, we will reckon up the arguments which each see alleged for its proceedings:' which accordingly follow with his usual racy humour.—Fuller's *Church Hist.*, iii. § 3.

^t Herbert, 319.

^u Garnier, 65, who gives the interview in much greater detail than the other chroniclers.

^x Fitzstephen, 390.

words goaded the king into one of those paroxysms of fury to which all the earlier Plantagenet princes were subject, and which was believed by themselves to arise from a mixture of demoniacal blood in their race. It is described in Henry's son John as 'something beyond anger: he was so changed in his whole body that a man would hardly have known him. His forehead was drawn up into deep furrows; his flaming eyes glistened; a livid hue took the place of colour.' Henry himself is said on one occasion to have torn out the eyes of a messenger who brought him bad tidings; and in his previous controversy with Becket, he is represented as having flung down his cap, torn off his clothes, thrown the silk coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it, gnawing the straw and rushes. Of such a kind was the frenzy which he showed on the present occasion. 'A fellow,' he exclaimed, 'that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me—a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the King and the whole royal family, and tramples on the whole kingdom—a fellow that came to court on a lame sumpter mule sits without hindrance on the throne itself.' 'What sluggard wretches,' he burst forth again and again, 'what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!' ^b and with these fatal words he rushed out of the room.

There were present among the courtiers four knights, whose names long lived in the memory of men, and on which every ingenuity was exercised to extract from them an evil augury of the deed which has made them famous—Reginald Fitzurse, 'son of the Bear,' and 'of truly bearlike character' (so the Canterbury monks represented it); Hugh de Moreville, 'of the city of death'—of whom a dreadful story was told of his having ordered a young Saxon to be boiled alive on the false accusation of his wife; William de Tracy—a brave soldier, it was said, but 'of parricidal wickedness'; Richard le Brez or le Bret, commonly known as Brito, from the Latinized version of his name in the Chronicles—more fit they say, to have been called the 'Brute.'^c They are all described as on familiar terms with the King himself, and sometimes, in official language, as gentlemen of the bed-chamber.^d They also appear to have been brought together by old associations. Fitzurse, Moreville, and Tracy had all sworn homage to Becket as Chancellor. Fitzurse, Tracy, and Bret had all connexions with Somersetshire. Their rank and lineage can even now be accurately traced through the medium of our county his-

^f Richard of Devizes, § 40.

^b Will. Cant., Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 30; Grim, 68; 'Gervase, 1412.

^c Will. Cant., 31.

^d 'Cubicularii,' Gervase, Chron., 1414.

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torians and legal records. Fitzurse was the descendant of Urso, or Ours, who had, under the Conqueror, held Grittleston in Wiltshire, of the Abbey of Glastonbury. His father, Richard Fitzurse, became possessed in the reign of Stephen of the manor of Wiltleton in Somersetshire, which had descended to Reginald a few years before the time of which we are speaking.^o He was also a tenant in chief in Northamptonshire, in tail in Leicestershire.^f Moreville was a man of rank, and held high office, both before and after the murder. He was this very year Justice itinerant of the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, where he inherited the barony of Burgh-on-the-Sands and other possessions from his father Roger and his grandfather Simon. He was likewise forester of Cumberland, owner of the castle of Knaresborough, and added to his paternal property that of his wife, Helwise de Hauteville.^g Richard the Breton was, it may be inferred from an incident in the murder, intimate with Prince William, the King's brother.^h He and his brother Edmund had succeeded to their father Simon le Bret, who, it would seem, had given his name to the village of Samford, still called from the family, Samford Bret. Tracy had already distinguished himself in war.ⁱ His family were allied by marriage to the great house of Courtenay,^k and he held a fee and under-fee in Devonshire.^l

It is not clear on what day the fatal exclamation of the King was made. Fitzstephen^m reports it as taking place on Sunday, the 27th of December. Others,ⁿ who ascribe a more elaborate character to the whole plot, date it a few days before, on Thursday the 24th, —the whole Court taking part in it, and Roger Archbishop of York giving full instructions to the knights as to their future course. However this may be, it was generally believed that they left Bur on the night of the King's fury. They then, it was thought, proceeded by different roads to the coast, and crossed the Channel on the following day. Two of them landed, as was afterwards noticed with malicious satisfaction, at the port of 'Dogs' near Dover,^o two of them at Winchilsea,^p and all four arrived at the same hour^q at the fortress of Saltwood Castle, the property of the see of Canterbury, but now occupied, as we have seen, by Becket's chief enemy—Dan Randolph of Broc—who came out to welcome them.^r Here they would doubtless be told of the

^o Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. p. 487.

^g Foss's Judges of England, i. 279.

^h Will. Cant., 31.

ⁱ Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 115-221.

^j Garnier, 65, 66; so also Gervase, Chron., 1414.

^k Grim, 69; Gervase, Chron., 1414.

^l Fitzstephen, 291.

^f Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 216-88.

^h Fitzstephen, 303.

^k Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 514.

^m Fitzstephen, 290.

ⁿ 1414.

^p Garnier, 66.

^r Garnier, 66.

excommunication

excommunication launched against their host on Christmas-day. In the darkness of the long winter night of the 28th of December^a it was believed that the conspirators concerted the scheme with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces. Early in the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name^t for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers, and galloped along the same Roman road which still conducts the traveller by a straight line of fifteen miles from Saltwood to the city.^u They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the Abbot.^z

The abbey was in a state of considerable confusion at the time of their arrival. A destructive fire had ravaged the buildings two years before,^v and the reparations could hardly have been yet completed. Its domestic state was still more disturbed. It was now nearly ten years since a feud had been raging between the inmates and their abbot, who had been intruded on them in 1161, as Becket had been on the ecclesiastics of the Cathedral,—but with the ultimate difference, that, whilst Becket had become the champion of the clergy, Clarembald had stood fast by the King his patron, which perpetuated the quarrel between the monks and their superior. He would, therefore, naturally be eager to receive the new comers, and with him they concerted measures for their future movements.^z Having sent orders to the mayor or provost of Canterbury to issue a proclamation in the King's name, forbidding any one to offer assistance to the Archbishop,^a the knights once more mounted their chargers, and, accompanied by Robert of Broc, who had probably attended them from Saltwood, rode under the long line of wall which still separates the city and the precincts of the cathedral from St. Augustine's monastery, till they reached the great gateway which opened into the court of the Archbishop's palace. They were followed by a band of about a dozen armed men, whom they placed in the house of one Gilbert,^b which stood hard by the gate.

It was Tuesday the 29th of December. Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized—on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left the King's court in Normandy—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile—it was now on a

^a Gervase, 66. ^t Grim, 60; Roger, ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 160; Fitzstephen, 293; Garnier, 66.

^u Garnier, 66, 70. ^z Gervase, Chron., 1412. ^v Thorne's Chronicles, 1818.

^z Gervase, Chron., 1414. ^a Garnier, 66. ^b Fitzstephen, 296.

Tuesday that the fatal hour came^c—and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—and on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated. Another omen was also remarked. He had told several persons in France that he was convinced he should not outlive the year,^d and in two days the year would be ended.

That morning he attended mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings.^e The dinner,^f which took place in the great hall of his palace at three in the afternoon, was now over; the concluding hymn or 'grace' was finished;^g and Becket had retired to his private room,^h where he sate on his bed,ⁱ talking with his friends; whilst the servants, according to the practice which then prevailed, and which may still be seen in our old collegiate establishments, remained in the hall, making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with hay and straw, to accommodate those who could not find room on the benches;^k and the crowd of beggars and poor,^l who daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone^m into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hallⁿ—the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral,^o they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cape, and tunic,^p or coat of ordinary life.^q One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them.^r They were generally known as courtiers; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal,^s who had just parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognised, he ran forward and

^c Alan, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 377; Matthew Paris, 97. It was the fact of the 29th of December falling on a Tuesday that fixes the date of his death to 1170, not 1171. Gervase, Chron. 1414.

^d Gervase, 70. b. 25. ^e Anon. Lambeth, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 121; Roger, 169; Garnier.

^f For the account of his dinners, see Herbert, 63, 64, 70, 71. ^g Ibid., 70.

^h Grim, 70; Benedict, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 55.

ⁱ Roger, 163.

^k Fitzstephen, 189.

^l Grim, 70; Fitzstephen, 294; Garnier, 66 (b).

^m Grim, 70.

ⁿ Garnier, 66.

^o Fitzstephen, 310.

^p Gervase, 1415.

^q Grim, 70; Roger, 161.

^r Grim, 70; Anon. Lambeth, 120.

^s Guenes, 66, 67; Roger, 161; Grim, 60; Fitzstephen, 297.

gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them to the room where Becket sate. 'My lord,' he said, 'here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you.' 'Let them come in,' said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even for those rough men, when they first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them, Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy, had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the king. He was still in the vigour of strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing;^u and his tall figure,^x though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of vestments which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sate or lay on the ground the monks or clerks of his household—amongst them, his faithful counsellor, John, Archdeacon of Salisbury, William Fitzstephen his chaplain, and Edward Grim, a Saxon monk, of Cambridge,^y who had arrived but a few days before on a visit.

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sate next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning.^z They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting exchanged in a whisper to the attendants who stood near the door,^a and then marched straight to where the Archbishop sate, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clerks and monks who were reclining around. Radulf the archer sate behind them,^b on the boards. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed steadfastly on each in silence,^c which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look mutely at each other, till Fitzurse,^d who throughout took the lead, replied, with a scornful expression, 'God help you!' Becket's face grew crimson,^e and he glanced round at their countenances,^f which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's speech. Fitzurse again broke forth,—'We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private, or in the hearing of all.'^g 'As you wish,' said the Archbishop. 'Nay, as *you* wish,' said Fitzurse.^h 'Nay, as *you* wish,' said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop's intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door

ⁱ Garnier, 67.

^u Herbert, 63.

^x Fitzstephen, 185.

^y Herbert, 336.

^z Garnier, 67.

^a Benedict, 55.

^b Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

^c Roger, 161.

^d Roger, 161.

^e Grim, 70; Garnier, 67.

^f Roger, 161.

^g Grim, 70; Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

^h Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on.¹ Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when Becket, suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, 'This must not be told in secret,' and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks.² For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the crozier which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach.³ The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King. These complaints, which are given by the various chroniclers in very different words, were three in number. 'The King over the water commands you to perform your duty to the King on this side the water, instead of taking away his crown.' 'Rather than take away his crown,' replied Becket, 'I would give him three or four crowns.'⁴ 'You have excited disturbances in the kingdom, and the King requires you to answer for them at his court.' 'Never,' said the Archbishop, 'shall the sea again come between me and my church, unless I am dragged thence by the feet.' 'You have excommunicated the bishops, and you must absolve them.' 'It was not I,' replied Becket, 'but the Pope, and you must go to him for absolution.' He then appealed, in language which is variously reported, to the promises of the King at their interview in the preceding July. Fitzurse burst forth, 'What is it you say? You charge the King with treachery.' 'Reginald, Reginald,' said Becket,⁵ 'I do no such thing; but I appeal to the archbishops, bishops, and great people, five hundred and more, who heard it, and you were present yourself, Sir Reginald.' 'I was not,' said Reginald, 'I never saw nor heard anything of the kind.' 'You were,' said Becket, 'I saw you.'⁶ The knights, irritated by the dialogue, swore again and again, 'by God's wounds,' that they had borne with him long enough.⁷ John of Salisbury, the prudent counsellor of the Archbishop, who perceived that matters were advancing to extremities, whispered, 'My lord, speak privately to them about this.' 'No,' said Becket; 'they make proposals and demands which I cannot and ought not to admit.'⁸

He, in his turn, complained of the insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. 'They

¹ Roger, 161; Benedict, 55.

² Roger, 162; Benedict, 56; Garnier, 67.

³ Grim, 71; Roger, 162; Garnier, 67. It was probably Tracy's thought, as his was the confession generally known.

⁴ Benedict, 56; Garnier, 68.

⁵ He was remarkable for the tenacity of his memory, never forgetting what he had heard or learned (Gervase, Chron.).

⁶ Benedict, 59; Garnier, 68.

⁷ Benedict, 60.

⁸ Roger, 162.

have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule's tail, they have carried off the casks of wine that were the King's own gift.' It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four,^a put in a milder answer: 'Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages? Why did you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?' The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him: 'Hugh! how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the King the things that are the King's, but to God the things that are God's. It is my business, and I alone will see to it.'^t For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilized nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire;^u they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him, gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, 'You threaten us, you threaten us; are you going to excommunicate us all?' One of the others added, 'As I hope for God's mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many already.'^x The Archbishop also sprang from his couch,^y in a state of strong excitement. 'You threaten me,' he said, 'in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my lord the Pope.'^z Foot to foot shall you find me in the battle of the Lord.^a Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides, you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house.' He alluded to the fealty sworn to him as Chancellor by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. 'There is nothing,' they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, 'there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King.'^b

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and monks, with a few soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Arch-

^a Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415; Garnier, 68.

^a Benedict, 62.

^t Roger, 163, 164.

^u Fitzstephen, 296.

^x Garnier, 68.

^y Garnier, 68.

^z Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415.

^a Benedict, 61.

^b Fitzstephen, 296; Grim, 72; Ann. Passio Quinta, 174.

bishop.

bishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, 'You who are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance, stand off.' They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, 'Guard him; prevent him from escaping.' The Archbishop said, 'I shall not escape.' On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them, saying, 'Come with us.' He called out to Becket, 'You see what they are doing with me.' 'I see,' replied Becket; 'this is their hour, and the power of darkness.' As they stood at the door they exclaimed, 'It is you who threaten;' and in a deep undertone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders.^c With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable,^d he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to release Fitz-Nigel;^e then he implored the temperate Moreville to return^f and repeat their message;^g and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, 'Here, here you will find me.'^h

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing another soldier as they went, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, 'To arms! to arms!' A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the houses where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword 'King's men! King's men!' (Réaux—Réaux!) The gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed, and in front of the wicket, which was left open, William Fitz-Nigel, and a soldier attached to the household of Clarembald, Simon of Crioil, kept guard on horseback.ⁱ The knights threw off their capes and coats under a large mulberry-tree in the garden,^k appeared in their armour, and girt on their swords.^l Fitzurse armed himself in the porch,^m with the assistance of Robert Tibia, trencherman of the Archbishop.ⁿ Osbert and Algar, two of the servants, seeing their approach, shut and barred the door of the hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open.^o But Robert de Broc, who had known the

^c Fitzstephen, 296.^d Garnier, 69.^e Fitzstephen, 296.^f Fitzstephen, 296.^g Benedict, 62; Garnier, 69.^h Grim, 72; Roger, 163; Garnier, 69 (though he places this speech earlier).ⁱ Fitzstephen, 298.^k Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672.^l Garnier, 70.^m The porch of the hall, built by Langton about fifty years later, still in part remains. There is a similar porch, in a more complete state, the only fragment of a similar hall, adjoining the palace at Norwich.ⁿ Fitzstephen, 297, 298.^o Fitzstephen, 298; Roger, 165.

palace during the time of its occupation by his uncle Randolph,^p called out, 'Follow me, gentlemen, I will show you the way;' and got into the orchard behind the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber between the hall and the Archbishop's bedroom. The wooden steps were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs.^q Fitzurse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber,^r broke through an oriel window which looked out on the garden,^s entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, and opened the door to the assailants.^t The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, re-seated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels,^u in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his lifetime was not so different from the opinion which till lately prevailed, as we are sometimes asked to believe. 'It is wonderful, my Lord, that you never take any one's advice; it always has been, and always is your custom to do and say what seems good to yourself alone.' 'What would you have me do, Dan John?'^x said Becket. 'You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing as you do that these men only seek occasion to kill you.' 'I am prepared to die,' said Becket. 'We are sinners,' said John, 'and not yet prepared for death; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you.'^y The Archbishop answered, 'Let God's will be done.'^z The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. 'Let them arm,' said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall, and the crash of a wooden partition in the passage from the orchard, announced that the danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants.^a These united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. 'No,' he said; 'fear not; all monks are cowards.'^b On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service.^c Partly forced, partly

^p Roger, 165; Benedict, 63.^q Roger, 165; Garnier, 70.^r Benedict, 63; Garnier, 70.^s Roger, 164; Garnier, 69.^t Roger, 164; Benedict, 62; Garnier, 70.^u Roger, 165; Fitzstephen, 293.^v Grim, 73; Fitzstephen, 298; Garnier, 70.^w Garnier, 70.^x Fitzstephen, 298; Benedict, 62.^y Garnier, 69.^z Garnier, 70.^a Fitzstephen, 299.

persuaded by the argument, he rose and moved, but seeing that his crozier was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and called for it.^d His proper crossbearer, Alexander the Welshman, had, as we have seen, left him for France^e two days before, and the cross was, therefore, borne by one of his clerks, Henry of Auxerre.^f They first attempted to pass along the usual passage to the cathedral, which was through the orchard, to the western front of the church. But both court and orchard being by this time thronged with armed men,^g they turned through a room which conducted to a private door,^h that was rarely used, and which led from the palace to the cloisters of the monastery. One of the monks ran before to force it, for the key was lost. Suddenly the door flew open as if of itself, and in the confusion of the moment, when none had leisure or inclination to ask how so opportune a deliverance occurred, it was natural for the chroniclers to relate the story which is told, with one exception, in all the narratives of the period—that the bolt came off as though it had merely been fastened on by glue, and left their passage free.ⁱ The one exception is the account by Benedict, then a monk of the monastery, and afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and his version, compared with that of all the other historians, is an instructive commentary on a thousand fables of a similar kind. Two cellarmen, he says, of the monastery,^k Richard and William, whose lodgings were in that part of the building, hearing the tumult and clash of arms, flew to the cloister, drew back the bolt from the other side, and opened the door to the party from the palace. Benedict knew nothing of the seeming miracle, as his brethren were ignorant of the timely interference of the cellarmen; but both miracle and explanation would at the moment be alike disregarded. Every monk in that terrified band had but a single thought—to reach the church with their master in safety. The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared.^l The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloisters, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade.^m For a few steps he walked firmly on, with the crossbearer and the monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder either to see whether the gate was locked or else if his enemies

^d Fitzstephen, 299; Benedict, 64.^e Herbert, 330.^f Fitzstephen, 299.^g Roger, 165.^h Garnier, 71.ⁱ Grim, 73; Roger, 166; Garnier, 71.^k Benedict, 64.^l Fitzstephen, 299.^m Fitzstephen, 299; Anon. Passio Quinta, 175.

were

were pursuing.^a Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door called out, 'Seize him, and carry him.' Violently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed him from behind ;^o half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the southern and eastern cloister, crying out, 'Let me go, do not drag me.' Thrice they were delayed even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice^p in the cloister itself, and once in the chapter-house, which opened out of its eastern side.^q At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery.^r Instantly the cathedral was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer—part fled into the numerous hiding-places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept, to meet the little band at the door.^s 'Come in, come in!' exclaimed one of them, 'come in, and let us die together.' The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, 'Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in.' They withdrew a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, 'What is it that these people fear?' One general answer broke forth, 'The armed men in the cloister.' As he turned and said, 'I shall go out to them,' he heard the clash of arms behind.^t The knights had just forced their way through the door from the palace to the monastery, and were advancing along the northern side of the cloister. They were in mail, with their vizors down, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets.^u Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, 'Here, here, king's men!' Immediately behind followed four other knights,^x and a motley group—some their own followers, some from the town—with weapons, though not in armour, brought up the rear.^y At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the great door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars.^z A loud knocking was

^a Garnier, 71.

^o Ibid., 71.

^p Roger, 166.

^q Fitzstephen, 204.

^r Will. Cant., 32.

^s Benedict, 64; Herbert, 330.

^t Garnier, 74.

^u Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672.

^x Garnier, 71.

^y Fitzstephen, 300.

^z Herbert, 331; Benedict, 65.

heard from the terrified band without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church.^a Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling as he went, 'Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle.'^b With his own hands he thrust them from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, 'Come in, come in—faster, faster!'^c

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung round him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. Even John of Salisbury, his tried and faithful counsellor, escaped with the rest. Three only remained—Robert, canon of Merton, his old instructor; William Fitzstephen (if we may believe his own account), his lively and worldly-minded chaplain; and Edward Grim, the Saxon monk,^d who had joined his household only a few days, but who had been with him once before, on the memorable day when he signed the Constitutions of Clarendon, and had ventured to rebuke him for the act. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels, to which a door then, as now, opened immediately from the spot where he stood; the other was the chapel of St. Blaise in the roof, itself communicating with the triforium of the cathedral, and to which there was a ready access through a staircase cut in the thickness of the wall at the corner of the transept.^e But he positively refused. A last resource remained to the staunch trio who formed his body guard. They urged him to ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led from the transept.^f They no doubt considered that the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket gave way, as when he left the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such at least was the impression on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his pre-

^a Anon. Lambeth, 121. Herbert (331) describes the knocking, but mistakingly supposes it to be the knights.

^b Garnier, 71.

^c Benedict, 65.

^d Fitzstephen, 301.

^e Fitzstephen, 301.

^f Roger, 166.

decessors from time immemorial had been enthroned.^g But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe must have been compressed in action within a few minutes. The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church.^h It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering round, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps that burned before the altars. The twilight,ⁱ lengthening from the shortest day, which was a fortnight before, was just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects, though not enough to show any one distinctly. The transept in which the knights found themselves was in the same relative position as the existing portion of the cathedral, still known by the name of the 'Martyrdom,' which it obtained within five years after the primate's death. Its arrangements, however, much more closely resembled those which we now see in the corresponding transept on the southern side.^k Two staircases led from it, one on the east to the northern aisle, one on the west, to the entrance of the choir. At its south-west corner, where it joined the nave, was the little chapel and altar of the Virgin. Its eastern apse was formed by two chapels, raised one above the other; the upper in the roof, containing the relics of St. Blaise, the first martyr whose bones had been brought into the church, and which gave to the chapel a peculiar sanctity; the lower containing^l the altar of St. Benedict, under whose rule from the time of Dunstan the monastery had been placed. Before and around this altar were the tombs of four Saxon and two Norman archbishops. In the centre of the transept was a pillar, supporting a gallery leading to the chapel of St. Blaise,^m and hung at great festivals with curtains and draperies. Such was the outward aspect, and such the associations, of the scene which now, perhaps, opened for the first time on the four soldiers, though the darkness, coupled with their eagerness to find their victim, would

^g Anon. Lambeth, 121; Gervase, Chron., 43.

^h Fitzstephen, 301.

ⁱ The 29th of December of that year corresponded (by the change of style) to our 4th of January.

^k Garnier, 72. i. 74 (b. 11). For the ancient arrangements of 'the martyrdom' we refer the reader to the admirable account of Canterbury Cathedral by Professor Willis, pp. 18, 40, 71, 96.

^l It may be mentioned, as an instance of Hume's well known inaccuracy, that he represents Becket as taking refuge 'in the church of St. Benedict,' evidently thinking, if he thought at all, that it was a parish church dedicated to that saint.

^m Garnier, 79, b. 19.

have prevented them from noticing anything more than its prominent features. At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending (as would appear from this circumstance) the eastern staircase.^u Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. They could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps,^o and one of the knights called out to them 'Stay.' Another demanded 'Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King?' to which no answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step,^p and still unable to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed 'Where is the Archbishop?' Instantly the answer came—'Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?'^q—and from the fourth step,^r which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head, apparently a gesture of some significance to the monks who remembered it,^a he descended to the transept. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing^t by him took up his station between the central pillar^u and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict.^x Here they gathered round him, with the cry 'Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated.'^y 'I cannot do other than I have done,' he replied, and turning^z to Fitzurse, he added—'Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?' Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer 'You^a shall die,—I will tear out your heart.' Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming 'Fly; you are a dead man.'^b 'I am ready to die,' replied the prelate, 'for God and the Church, but I warn you in the name of God Almighty to let my men escape.'^c

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were^e rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church.^h Fitzurse threw

^u Garnier, 72, b. 5.

^o Garnier, 72, 9.

^p Garnier, 72, 10.

^q Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72.

^r Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72.

^a Grim, 75; Roger, 166.

^t Fitzstephen, 301; Garnier, 72.

^z Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.

^x Matt. Paris, 104.

^y Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673.

^a Will. Cant., 32.

^b Grim, 79; Garnier, 72.

^b Roger, 166.

^b Grim, 75, 76; Roger, 166.

^c Garnier, 72; Anon. Passio Quinta, 176; Fitzstephen, 302; Grim, 76; Roger, 166.

^e Anon. Lamb., 122; Fitzstephen, 302.

^h Grim, 76.

down the axe,¹ and tried to drag him out by the collar of his cloak,^k calling 'Come with us—you are our prisoner.' 'I will not fly, you detestable fellow,'¹ was the reply of the Archbishop, roused to his usual vehemence. The four knights, to whom was now added a subdeacon, Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc, chaplain of Robert de Broc,^m struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders;ⁿ but Becket set his back against the pillar,^o and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim^p threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and, exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement.^q Fitzurse rejoined the fray, with a drawn sword, and, as he drew near, Becket gave full vent to his anger; the spirit of the Chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse^r epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, exclaimed, 'You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me.'^s Fitzurse, roused to frenzy, retorted—'I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the King,'^t and waving the sword over his head, cried 'Strike, strike!' (Ferez, ferez), but merely dashed off the prelate's cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said,^u 'I commend myself to God, to St. Denys of France, to St. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church.' Meanwhile Tracy, who, since his fall, had thrown off his hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward, and struck^x a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, 'Spare this defence.' The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken;^y and

¹ Fitzstephen, 302; Benedict, 88.

^k Garnier, 72.

^o Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673.

^m Roger, 166; Garnier, 71.

ⁿ Roger, 166.

^p Garnier, 72, 73. 1.

^q Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.

^r Benedict, 66; Roger, 166; Gervase, Act. Pont., 1173; Herbert, 331. All but Herbert believe this to have been Fitzurse, but the reference of Herbert to Tracy's confession is decisive.

^s 'Lenonem appellans,' Roger, 167; Grim, 66. It is this part of the narrative that was so ingeniously, and, it must be confessed, not altogether without justice, selected as the ground of the official account of Becket's death, published by King Henry VIII., and which represented him as having fallen in a scuffle with the knights, in which he and they were equally aggressors.

^t Grim, 66.

^u Grim, 66; Roger, 167; Garnier, 73.

^x Garnier, 73. These are in several of the accounts made his last words (Roger, 267; Alan. and Addit. to John of Salisbury, p. 376); but this is clearly the moment when they were spoken.

^y Garnier, 73.

^z The words in which this act is described in almost all the chronicles have given rise to a curious mistake:—'*Brachium Edwardi Grim ferè absceidit.*' By running together these two words, later writers have produced the name of 'Grimfere.' Many similar confusions will occur to classical scholars. In most of the mediæval pictures of the murder, Grim is represented as the crossbearer, which is an error. The acting crossbearer, Henry of Auxerre, had doubtless fled.

he fled disabled to the^a nearest altar, probably that of St. Benedict within the chapel. It is a proof of the confusion of the scene, that Grim, the receiver of the blow, as well as most of the narrators, believed it to have been dealt by Fitzurse, while Tracy, who is known to have been^a the man from his subsequent boast, believed that the monk whom he had wounded was John of Salisbury. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder,^b cutting through the clothes and skin. The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head,^c which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain he said—'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim,^d who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—'For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die.' Without moving hand or foot,^e he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William) 'Take' this for love of my Lord William, brother of the King.' The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head^f—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement.^h Hugh of

Horsea,

^a Will. Cant., 32.

^a Fitzstephen, 302; Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73.

^b Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73.

^c Will. Cant., 32.

^d Grim, 66.

^e Gervase, Chron., 2466.

^f Fitzstephen, 303.

^g Grim, 77; Roger, 167; Passio Quinta, 177.

^h Benedict, 66. For the pavement being marble, see Benedict, 66, and Garnier, 79, b. 19. Baronius (vol. xix. p. 379) calls it 'lapideum pavimentum.' A spot is still shown in Canterbury Cathedral, with a square piece of stone said to have been inserted in the pavement in the place of a portion taken out and sent to Rome. That the spot so marked is precisely the place where Becket fell, is proved by its exact accordance with the localities so minutely described in the several narratives; and that a piece was taken to Rome by the legates in 1173, and deposited in Sta. Maria Maggiore, is also well authenticated (see Baronius, vol. xix. 398). But whether the flagstones now remaining are really the same, must, we fear, remain in doubt. The piece sent to Rome, is ascertained, after diligent inquiry, to be no longer in existence. Another story states that Benedict, when appointed Abbot of Peterborough

Horsea, the subdeacon who had joined them as they entered the church, taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. 'Let us go—let us go,' he said in conclusion; 'the traitor^k is dead; he will rise no more.'¹

This was the final act. One only of the four knights had struck no blow. Hugh de Moreville throughout retained the gentler disposition for which he was distinguished, and contented himself with holding back at the entrance of the transept the crowds who were pouring in through the nave.^m

The murderers rushed out of the church, through the cloisters, into the palace. Tracy, in a confession made long afterwards to Bartholomew Bishop of Exeter, said that their spirits, which had before been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, gave way when the deed was perpetrated, and that they retired with trembling steps, expecting the earth to open and swallow them up.ⁿ Such, however, was not their outward demeanour, as it was recollected by the monks of the place. With a savage burst of triumph^o they ran, shouting, as if in battle, the royal watchword^p— 'The King's men, the King's men!' wounding, as they went, a servant of the Archdeacon of Sens for lamenting the murdered Prelate.^q Robert de Broc, as knowing the palace, had gone before to take possession of the private apartments. There they broke open the desks and writing-cases, and seized many papal bulls, charters, and other documents, which Randolph de Broc sent to the King. They then traversed the whole of the palace, plundering gold and silver vases;^r the magnificent vestments and utensils employed in the services of the church; the furniture and books of the monks' rooms, and, lastly, the horses from the stables, on which Becket had prided himself to the last.^s The amount of plunder was estimated by Fitzstephen at 2000 marks. To their great surprise they found two haircloths among the effects of the Archbishop, and threw them away. As the murderers left the

Peterborough in 1177, being vexed at finding that his predecessor had pawned or sold the relics of the abbey, returned to Canterbury, and carried off, amongst other memorials of St. Thomas, the stones of the pavement which had been sprinkled with his blood, and had two altars made from them for Peterborough Cathedral. Still, as the whole floor must have been flooded, he may have removed only those adjacent to the flagstone from which the piece was taken—a supposition with which the present appearance of the flagstone remarkably corresponds.

Benedict (66) ascribes this to Brito; the anonymous *Passio Quinta* (177) to Fitzurse; Herbert (345), to Robert de Broc.

^k Fitzstephen, 303; Roger, 268; Benedict, 67; Garnier, 74.

¹ Grim, 78.

^m Roger, 108; Grim, 77; Garnier, 74.

ⁿ Herbert, 351.

^o Grim, 79.

^p Garnier, 74, b. 1; Grim, 79; Roger, 168; Fitzstephen, 305.

^q Garnier, 75.

^r Garnier, 74.

^s Fitzstephen, 305; Garnier, 75.

^t Herbert, 352.

cathedral,

cathedral, a tremendous storm of thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick darkness^a upon the scene of the dreadful deed.

The crowd was every instant increased by the multitudes flocking in from the town on the tidings of the event. There was still at that moment, as in his lifetime, a strong division of feeling—horror was expressed, not at the murder, but at the sacrilege; and Grim overheard even one of the monks declare that the Primate had paid a just penalty for his obstinacy,^x and was not to be lamented as a martyr. Others said, ‘He wished to be king, and more than king—let him be king, let him be king.’^y

At last, however, the cathedral was cleared, and the gates shut;^z and for a time the body lay entirely deserted. It was not till the night had quite closed in that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entered with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, and cut off a piece of his shirt to bind up the frightful gash on the head. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance: a smile still seemed to play on the features—the colour on the cheeks was fresh—and the eyes were closed as if in sleep.^a The top of the head, wound round with Osbert’s shirt, was bathed in blood, but the face was marked only by one faint streak that crossed the nose from the right temple to the left cheek.^b Underneath the body they found the axe which Fitzurse had thrown down, and a small iron hammer, brought, apparently, to force open the door; close by were lying the two fragments of Le Bret’s broken sword, and the Archbishop’s cap, which had been struck off in the beginning of the fray. All these they carefully preserved. The blood, which, with the brains, were scattered over the pavement, they collected and placed in vessels; and as the enthusiasm of the hour increased, the bystanders, who already began to esteem him a martyr, cut off pieces of their clothes to dip in the blood, and anointed their eyes with it. The cloak and outer pelisse, which were rich with sanguinary stains, were given to the poor—a proof of the imperfect apprehension as yet entertained of the value of these relics, which a few years afterwards would have been literally worth their weight in gold, and which were then sold for some trifling sum.^c

^a Fitzstephen, 314.

^x Grim, 79, 80.

^y Grim, 67.

^z Roger, 169.

^a Will. Cant., 33.

^b Benedict, 68.

^c Benedict, 68.

After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flights of steps which led from the transept through the choir—‘the glorious choir,’ as it was called, ‘of Conrad’—to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted—and probably, therefore, on this great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the body to catch any drops of blood that might^d fall, and the monks sat weeping around.^e The aged Robert, canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the martyred prelate which hitherto had been only known to himself, as the confessor of the ascetic dignity, and to Brun the valet.^f In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garments and showed the monk’s habit and haircloth shirt which he wore next his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch. Up to that moment there had been a jealousy of the elevation of the gay chancellor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The primacy involved the abbacy of the cathedral monastery, and the primates therefore had been, with two exceptions, always chosen from the monks. The fate of these two had, we are told, weighed heavily on Becket’s mind. One was Stigand, the last Saxon archbishop, who ended his life in a dungeon, after the Conquest; the other was Elsey, who had been appointed in opposition to Dunstan, and who, after having triumphed over his predecessor Odo by dancing on his grave, was overtaken by a violent snow-storm in passing the Alps, and, in spite of the attempts to resuscitate him by plunging his feet in the bowels of his horse, was miserably frozen to death. It now for the first time appeared that Becket, though not formally a monk, had virtually become one by his secret austerities. The transport of the fraternity on finding that he had been one of themselves, was beyond all bounds. They burst at once into thanksgivings, which resounded through the choir; fell on their knees; kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, and called him by that name of ‘Saint Thomas’^g by which he was so long known to the European world. At the sound of the shout of joy there was a general rush to the choir, to see the saint in sackcloth who had hitherto been known as the chancellor in purple and fine linen.^h A new enthusiasm was kindled by the spectacle; Arnold, a monk, who was goldsmith to the monastery, was sent back, with others,

^d Benedict, 69.^e Roger, 168; Garnier, 76, 10.^f Garnier, 45.^g Herbert, 327.^h Fitzstephen, 308; Gervase, Chron., 1416.

to the transept to collect in a basin any vestiges of the blood and brains, now become so precious; and benches were placed across the spot, to prevent its being desecrated by the footsteps of the crowd.¹ This perhaps was the moment that the great ardour of the citizens first began for washing their hands and eyes with the blood. One instance of its application gave rise to a practice which became the distinguishing characteristic of all the subsequent pilgrimages to the shrine. A citizen of Canterbury dipped a corner of his shirt in the blood, went home, and gave it, mixed in water, to his wife, who was paralytic, and who was said to have been cured. This suggested the notion of mixing the blood with water, which, endlessly diluted, was kept in innumerable vials, to be distributed to the pilgrims;^k and thus, as the palm^l was a sign of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a scallop-shell of a pilgrimage to Compostella, so a vial or bottle became the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.¹

Thus passed the night; and it is not surprising that in^m the red glare of an Aurora Borealis, which, after the stormy evening, lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace, like that at Rome after the murder of Rossi, should fancy that they saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven; or that, as the wax-lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sate round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised in the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers.ⁿ

Early in the next day a rumour or a message came to the monks that Robert de Broc forbade them to bury the body among the tombs of the archbishops, and that he threatened to drag it out, hang it on a gibbet, tear it with horses, cut it to pieces,^o or throw it into some pond or sink to be devoured by swine or birds of prey, as a fit portion for the corpse of his master's enemy. 'Had St. Peter so dealt with the King,' he said, 'by the body of St. Denys, if I had been there I would have driven my sword into his skull.'^p They accordingly closed^q the doors, which apparently had remained open through the night to admit the populace, and determined to bury the corpse in the crypt. Thither they carried it, and in that venerable vault proceeded to their mournful task, assisted by the Abbot of Boxley and the Prior of Dover, who had come to

¹ Fitzstephen, 308.

^k Fitzstephen, 309.

^l Garnier, 78.

^m Fitzstephen, 304.

ⁿ Anon. *Passio Quinta*, 156.

^o Fitzstephen, 309; Anon. Lambeth, 134; Benedict, 69; Roger, 168; Herbert, 327; Grim, 81; Garnier, 76.

^p Garnier, 76.

^q Gervase, Chron., 1417.

advise with the Archbishop about the vacancy of the Priory at Canterbury. A discussion seems to have taken place whether the body should be washed, according to the usual custom, which ended in their removing the clothes for the purpose. The mass of vestments in which he was wrapt is almost incredible, and appears to have been worn chiefly for the sake of warmth, and in consequence of his naturally chilly temperament. First, there was the large brown mantle, with white fringes of wool; below this there was a white surplice, and again below this a white fur garment of lamb's wool. Next these were two short woollen pelisses, which were cut off with knives and given away, and under these the black cowed garment of the Benedictine^r order, and the shirt^a without sleeves or fringe that it might not be visible on the outside. The lowermost covering was the haircloth, which had been made of unusual roughness, and within the haircloth was the warning^t letter he had received on the night of the 27th. The existence of the penitential garb had been pointed out on the previous night by Robert of Merton; but, as they proceeded in their task, their admiration increased. The haircloth encased the entire body, down to the knees; the hair drawers,^u as well as the rest of the dress, being covered on the outside with linen, that it might escape observation; and the whole so fastened together as to admit of being readily taken off for his daily scourgings,^z of which yesterday's portion was still apparent in the stripes on his body.^y Such austerity had hitherto been unknown to English saints, and the marvel was increased by the sight^a—to our notions so revolting—of the innumerable vermin with which the haircloth abounded,—boiling over with them, as one account describes it, like water^a in a simmering caldron. At the dreadful spectacle all the enthusiasm of the previous night revived with double ardour. They looked at each other in silent wonder; then exclaimed, 'See, see what a true monk he was, and we knew it not;' and burst into alternate fits of weeping and laughter, between the sorrow of having lost such a head, and the joy of having found such a saint.^b The discovery of so much mortification, combined with the more prudent reasons for hastening the funeral, induced them to abandon the thought of washing a corpse already, as it was thought, sufficiently sanctified, and they at once proceeded to lay it out for burial.

Over the haircloth, linen shirt, monk's cowl, and linen hose,^c

^r Matt. Paris, 104.

^a Garnier, 77; Herbert, 330.

^t Fitzstephen, 203; Roger, 169; Benedict, 20.

^u Garnier, 76.

^z Anon. Passio Tertia, 156.

^y Garnier, 77.

^a Roger, 169; Fitzstephen.

^a Roger, 169.

^b Roger, 169; Garnier, 77, b. 30.

^c Fitzstephen; Benedict, 70; Matt. Paris, 104.

they

they put first the dress in which he was ordained, and which he had himself desired to be preserved^d—namely, the alb, superhumeral, chrismatic, mitre, stole, and mapula; and, over these, according to the usual custom in Archiepiscopal funerals, the Archbishop's insignia, namely, the tunic, dalmatic, chasuble, the pall with its pins, the chalice, the gloves, the ring, the sandals, and the pastoral staff^e—all of which, being probably kept in the treasury of the cathedral, were accessible at the moment. Thus arrayed he was laid by the monks—amongst whom was the Chronicler Gervase—in a new marble sarcophagus^f which stood in the ancient crypt,^g immediately at the back of the shrine of the Virgin,^h between the altars of St. Augustine and St. John the Baptist.^k The remains of the blood and brains were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt closed against all entrance.^m No mass was said over the Archbishop's grave;ⁿ for from the moment that armed men had entered, the church was supposed to have been desecrated: the pavement of the cathedral^o was taken up; the bells ceased to ring; the walls were divested of their hangings; the crucifixes were veiled; the altars stripped, as in Passion week; and the services were conducted without chanting^p in the chapter-house. This desolation continued till the next year, when Odo the Prior, with the monks, took advantage of the arrival of the Papal legates, who came to make full inquiry into the murder, to request their influence with the bishops to procure a re-consecration. The task was intrusted^q to the Bishops of Exeter and Chester; and on the 21st of December, the Feast of S. Thomas the Apostle, 1171, Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, again celebrated mass, and preached a sermon on the text, 'For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed' my soul.'

Within three years the popular enthusiasm was confirmed by the highest authority of the Church. In 1172 legates were sent by Alexander III. to investigate the alleged miracles, and they carried back to Rome the tunic stained with blood, and a piece of the pavement on which the brains were scattered—relics which

^d Garnier, 77.

^e Grim, 82; Anon. *Passio Tertia*, 156; Anon. *Passio Quinta*, 178.

^f Grim, 82; Benedict, 70; Gervase, *Chron.*, 1417.

^g Benedict, 70; Addit. ad Alan., 377; Matt. Paris, 104.

^h Fitzstephen, 309; Gervase, *Act. Pont.*, 1673.

^k Alan. 338. Fitzstephen, 311; M. Paris, 105; Garnier, 75. The arrangements of this part of the crypt were altered within the next fifty years; but the spot is still ascertainable.

^m Gervase, *Chron.*, 1417.

ⁿ Fitzstephen, 310; M. Paris, 45; Diceto, 558.

^o Diceto, 558. ^p Gervase, *Chron.*, 1417. ^q Gervase, 1421. ^r M. Paris, 105.

were religiously deposited in the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore. In 1173 a Council was called at Westminster to hear letters read from the Pope, authorising the invocation of the martyr as a saint. All the bishops who had opposed him were present, and, after begging pardon for their offence,¹ expressed their acquiescence in the decision of the Pope. In the course of the same year he was regularly canonized, and the 29th of December was set apart as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

A wooden altar, which remained unchanged through the subsequent alterations and increased magnificence of the Cathedral, was erected on the site of the murder, and in front of the ancient stone wall of St. Benedict's Chapel. It was this which gave rise to the mistaken tradition, repeated in books, in pictures, and in sculptures, that the prelate was slain whilst praying at the altar.² It remained till the time of Erasmus, who saw it, with the fragments of Le Bret's sword placed upon it, from which it derived its name of the '*Altare ad punctum ensis*.' The crypt in which the body had been laid so hastily and secretly became the most sacred spot in the church, and, even after the 'translation' of the relics, in 1220, to the upper church, continued to be known down to the time of the Reformation as 'Becket's Tomb,' and was visited by pilgrims with a reverence only second to that with which they regarded the shrine itself. The history of this Shrine is a distinct chapter in the eventful story.

It remains for us now to follow the fate of the murderers. On the night of the deed the four knights rode to Saltwood, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace, whence, as we have seen, he brought or sent the threatening message to the monks on the morning of the 30th. They vaunted their deeds to each other, and it was then that Tracy claimed the glory of having wounded John of Salisbury. The next day they rode forty miles to one of the archiepiscopal palaces, and ultimately proceeded to Knaresborough Castle, a royal fortress then in the possession of Hugh de Moreville, where they remained for a year.³

¹ Baronius, xix. 396. A fragment of the tunic and portions of the brain tied up in small blue bags are still shown in the reliquary of this church at Rome. The stone, as we have said, has long since disappeared. A tooth of the Saint is shown at the Church dedicated to him at Verona, a hand at Florence, and part of the arm in the Chapel of the English College at Rome.

² M. Paris, 106.

³ The gradual growth of the story is curious:—1. The posthumous altar of the martyrdom is represented as standing there at the time of his death. 2. This altar is next confounded with the altar within the chapel of St. Benedict. 3. This altar is again transformed into the High Altar. And, 4. In these successive changes the furious altercation is converted into an assault on an unprepared and saintly worshipper, kneeling before the altar.

⁴ See Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, i. 26.

⁵ Brompton, 1064; Diceto, 557.

From this moment they disappear for a time in the black cloud of legend with which the monastic historians have enveloped their memory. Dogs, it was pretended, refused to eat the crumbs that fell from their table.^a Struck with remorse, they went to Rome to receive the sentence of Pope Alexander III., and by him were sent to expiate their sins in the Holy Land. Moreville, Fitzurse, and Brito—so the story continues—after three years' fighting, died, and were buried, according to some accounts, in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, according to others, in front of the church of Montenegro,^a with an inscription over their graves,—

‘Hic jacent miseri qui martyrisaverunt
Beatum Thomam Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem.’

Tracy alone, it was said, was never able to accomplish his vow. The crime of having struck the first blow^b was avenged by the winds of heaven, which always drove him back. He was at last seized at Cosenza in Apulia with a dreadful disorder, which caused him to tear his flesh from his bones, and there he died miserably, after having made his confession to the Bishop of the place. His fate was long remembered among his descendants in Gloucestershire, and gave rise to the distich that—

‘The Tracys
Have always the wind in their faces.’^c

Such is the legend. The real facts are curiously at variance with it, and show how little trust can be placed in this entire class of mediæval traditions. By a singular reciprocity the principle for which Becket had contended—that priests should not be subjected to the secular courts—prevented the trial of a layman for the murder of a priest by any other than a clerical tribunal. The consequence was, that the perpetrators of what was thought the most heinous crime since the Crucifixion could be visited with no other penalty than excommunication. That they should have performed a pilgrimage to Palestine is in itself not improbable, but they seem before long to have recovered their position. Even within the first two years of the murder they were living at court on familiar terms with the king, and constantly joined him in the pleasures of the chace.^d Moreville, who had been justice itinerant in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland at the time of

^a Brompton, 1064.

^b Baronius, xix. 399. The legend hardly aims at probabilities. What the ‘Church of the Black Mountain’ may be we know not; but any one who knows anything of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will remember that its front is, and always must have been, a square of public resort to all the pilgrims of the world, where no tombs either of murderer or saint could have ever been placed.

^c ‘Primus percussor,’ Baronius, xix. p. 399.

^d Foss's Judges, i. 279, 280.

^e Gervase, 1422.

the murder, was discontinued from his office the ensuing year; but in the first year of King John he is recorded as paying twenty-five marks and three good palfreys for holding his court so long as Helwise his wife should continue in a secular habit. He procured about the same period a charter for a fair and market at Kirk Oswald,^e and died shortly afterwards, leaving two daughters.^f The sword he used at the murder is stated by Camden to have been preserved in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and it is now said to be attached to his statue at Brayton Castle. Tracy was, within four years from the murder, justiciary of Normandy; was present at Falaise in 1174, when William King of Scotland did homage to Henry II., and in 1176 was succeeded in his office by the Bishop of Winchester. He died and was buried at Morthoe in Devonshire, where he had estates, still known by the name of Woolacombe Tracy. Hence, perhaps, his selection of Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, as his confessor. The tomb which is shown as his grave seems really to be that of the clergyman of the parish in the fourteenth century, called *Sir William de Tracy*, according to the custom of those times.^h There is, however, a memorial of his connexion with the murder, in the ruins which still remain of the Priory of Woodspring, on the banks of the Bristol Channel. This priory was founded by William de Courtnay, descendant of Tracy, in the honour of the Trinity, the Virgin, and *St. Thomas of Canterbury*.ⁱ Fitzurse is said to have gone over to Ireland, and there to have become the ancestor of the M'Mahon family in the north of Ireland—M'Mahon being the Celtic translation of Bear's son.^k On his flight, the estate which he held in the Isle of Thanet, Barham or Berham Court, lapsed to his kinsman Robert of Berham—Berham being, as it would seem, the English, as M'Mahon was the Irish version, of the name Fitzurse.ⁱⁱ His estate of Willetton, in Somersetshire, he made over, half to the knights of St. John the year after the murder, probably in expiation—the other half to his brother Robert, who built the chapel of Willetton.^{kk} The descendants of the family lingered for a long time in the neighbourhood under the same name, successively corrupted into Fitzour, Fishour, and Fisher. The family of Bret or Brito was carried on through his daughter Maud, who gave lands to the Priory of St. Thomas, at Woodspring, and his granddaughter Alice, who in 1238 continued the benefaction,

^e Leyton's Cumberland, p. 127.

^h Polehill's History of Devonshire.

ⁱ Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 514.

^j Harris's Kent, 313.

^{kk} Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 487.

^f Fuller's Worthies.

^k Fuller's Worthies.

in the hope 'that the intercession of the glorious martyr might never be wanting to her and her children.'¹

The figures of the murderers may be seen in representations of the martyrdom, which on walls, or in painted windows, or ancient frescoes have survived the attempted extermination of all the monuments of the traitor Becket by King Henry VIII. Sometimes three, sometimes four are given, but always so far faithful to history, that Moreville is stationed aloof from the massacre. Two vestiges of such representations still remain in Canterbury Cathedral. One is a painting on a board, now greatly defaced, and kept near the tomb of King Henry IV., over which it formerly stood. It is engraved in Carter's *Ancient Sculptures*, and, through the help of the engraving, the principal figures can still be dimly discerned. There is the common mistake of making the archbishop kneel at the altar, and of representing Grim as the bearer of the cross. The knights are carefully distinguished from one another. Fitzurse, with two bears on his coat—for they are usually discriminated by their armorial bearings—is depicted as inflicting the fatal stroke. Bret, with boars' heads, and Tracy, in red and yellow armour, appear each to have already dealt a blow. Moreville, distinguished by fleurs-de-lis, stands apart, and on the ground lies the cap of their victim stained with blood. The other is a sculpture over the south porch, where Erasmus states that he saw the figures of 'the three murderers,' with their names of 'Tuscius, Fuscus, and Berrus,' underneath. These figures have disappeared; and it is as difficult to imagine where they could have stood, as it is to explain the origin of the names they bore; but in the portion which remains there is a representation of an altar surmounted by a crucifix, placed between figures of St. John and the Virgin, and marked as the altar of the martyrdom—'altare ad punctum ensis,'—by sculptured fragments of a sword, which lie at its foot.^m

But the great expiation still remained. The King had gone from Bur to Argenton, a town situated on the high table-land of southern Normandy. There the news first reached him, and he instantly shut himself up for three days, refused all foodⁿ except milk of almonds, rolled himself in sackcloth and ashes, vented his grief in frantic lamentations, and called God to witness

¹ Collinson's *Somersetshire*, iii. 543.

^m Perhaps the most singular deviation from historical truth in the pictorial representations of the murder is to be found in the modern altar-piece of the church of St. Thomas, which forms the chapel of the English college at Rome. The saint is represented in a monastic garb on his knees before the altar of a Roman Basilica; and behind him are the three knights, in complete classical costume, brandishing daggers like those of the assassins of Cæsar.

ⁿ Vita Quadrip., p. 143.

that he was in no way responsible for the Archbishop's death, unless that he loved him too little.^o He continued in this solitude for five weeks, neither riding, nor transacting public business, but exclaiming again and again, 'Alas! alas! that it ever happened.'^p

The French King, the Archbishop of Sens, and others, had meanwhile written to the Pope denouncing Henry in the strongest language as the murderer, and calling for vengeance upon his head.^q What all expected was an excommunication of the King, and an interdict of the kingdom. Henry, as soon as he was roused from his retirement, sent off as envoys to Rome the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Worcester, and others of his courtiers, to avert the dreaded penalties by announcing his submission. The Archbishop of Rouen returned on account of illness, and Alexander III., who occupied the Papal See, and who after long struggles with his rival had at last got back to Rome, refused to receive the rest. He was, in fact, in the eyes of Christendom, not wholly guiltless himself, in consequence of the lukewarmness with which he had fought Becket's fights; and it was believed that he, like the King, had shut himself up on hearing the news as much from remorse as from grief. At last, by a bribe of 500 marks,^r an interview was effected on the heights of ancient Tusculum—not yet superseded by the modern Frascati. Two Cardinals, Theodore Bishop of Portus, and Albert Chancellor of the Papal See, were sent to Normandy to receive the royal penitent's submission,^s and an excommunication was pronounced against the murderers on Maundy Thursday,^t which is still the usual day for the delivery of Papal maledictions. The worst of the threatened evils—excommunication and interdict—were thus avoided; but Henry still felt so insecure, that he crossed over to England, ordered all the ports to be strictly guarded to prevent the admission of the fatal document, and refused to see any one who was the bearer of letters.^u It was during this short stay that he visited for the last time the old Bishop of Winchester,^v Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen, well known as the founder of the beautiful hospital of St. Cross, when the dying old man added his solemn warnings to those which were resounding from every quarter with regard to the deed of blood. From England Henry crossed St. George's Channel to his new conquests in Ireland, and it was on his return from the expedition that the first public

^o M. Paris, 125.^r Gervase, 1418.^u Diceto, 656.^p Vita Quadrip., 146.^q Brompton, 1068.^s Gervase, 1419.^q Brompton, 1064.^t Gervase, 1418.

expression of his penitence was made at the Council held by the legates at Avranches, in Normandy.

The great Norman cathedral of that beautiful city stood on what was perhaps the finest situation of any cathedral in Christendom,—on the brow of the high ridge which sustains the town of Avranches, and looking over the wide bay, in the centre of which stands the sanctuary of Norman chivalry and superstition, the majestic rock of St. Michael, crowned with its fortress and chapel. Of this vast cathedral one granite pillar alone has survived the storm of the French Revolution, and that pillar marks the spot where Henry performed his first penance for the murder of Becket. It bears an inscription with these words:—‘*Sur cette pierre, ici, à la porte de la cathédrale d’Avranches, après le meurtre de Thomas Becket, Archevêque de Cantorbéry, Henri II., Roi d’Angleterre et Duc de Normandie, reçut à genoux, des légats du Pape, l’absolution apostolique, le Dimanche, xxii Mai, MCLXXII.*’

The council was held in the church on Ascension-day. On the following Sunday the King swore on the Gospels that he had not ordered or wished the Archbishop’s murder; but that, as he could not put the assassins to death, and feared that his fury had instigated them to the act, he was ready on his part to make all satisfaction,—adding, of himself, that he had not grieved so much for the death of his father or mother.⁷ He next swore adhesion to the Pope, restitution of the property of the see of Canterbury, and renunciation of the customs of Clarendon; and further promised, if the Pope required, to go a three-years’ crusade to Jerusalem, or Spain, and to support 200 soldiers for the Templars.⁸ After this he said aloud, ‘Behold, my Lords Legates, my body is in your hands; be assured that whatever you order, whether to go to Jerusalem, or to Rome, or to St. James [of Compostella], I am ready to obey.’ The spectators, whose sympathy is usually with the sufferer of the hour, were almost moved to tears.⁹ He was thence led by the legates to the porch, where he knelt, but was raised up, brought into the church, and reconciled. The young Henry, at his father’s suggestion, was also present, and, placing his hand in that of Cardinal Albert,^b promised to make good his father’s oath. The Archbishop of Tours was in attendance, that he might certify the penance to the French king.

Two years passed again, and the fortunes of the King grew darker and darker with the rebellion of his sons. It was this which led to the final and greater penance at Canterbury. He

⁷ Diceto, 557.

⁸ Gervase, 1422.

^a Alan., in Vita Quadrip., 147.

^b Alan., Vita Quadrip., 147, 148.

was conducting a campaign against Prince Richard in Poitou when the Bishop of Winchester arrived with the tidings that England was in a state of general revolt. The Scots had crossed the border, under their King; Yorkshire was in rebellion, under the standard of Mowbray; Norfolk, under Bigod; the mid-land counties, under Ferrers and Huntingdon; and the Earl of Flanders and Prince Henry were meditating an invasion of England from Flanders. All these hostile movements were further fomented and sustained by the revival of the belief, not sufficiently dissipated by the penance at Avranches, that the King had himself been privy to the murder of the saint who had now been canonized, and whose fame and miracles were increasing year by year. It was on Midsummer-day that the Bishop found the King at Bonneville.^c So many messages had been daily despatched, and so much importance was attached to the character of the Bishop of Winchester, that the Normans, on seeing his arrival, exclaimed, 'The next thing that the English will send over to fetch the King will be the Tower of London itself.'^d Henry saw at once the emergency. That very day, with Eleanor, Margaret, his son and daughter John and Joan, and the princesses, wives of his other sons, he set out for England. He embarked, in spite of the threatening weather, and ominous looks of the captain. A tremendous gale sprang up, and the King uttered a public prayer on board the ship, that, 'if his arrival in England would be for good, it might be accomplished; if for evil, never.'

The wind abated, and he arrived at Southampton on Monday, the 8th of July.^e From that moment he began to live on the penitential diet of bread and water, and deferred all business till he had fulfilled his vow. He rode to Canterbury with speed, avoiding towns as much as possible, and on Friday, the 12th of July, approached the sacred city by the usual road from London over the Forest of Blean. The first view of the central tower, with the gilded angel at the summit, was just before he reached the ancient village and hospital of Harbledown. This hospital or leperhouse, now venerable with the age of seven centuries, was then fresh from the hands of its founder Lanfranc. Whether it had yet obtained the relic of the saint—the upper leather of his shoe, which Erasmus saw, and which remained in the alms-house almost down to our own day—does not appear; but they halted there, as was the wont of all pilgrims,^f and made a gift of 40 marks to the little church. And now, as he climbed the steep

^c Diceto, 576.^d Ibid.^e The chroniclers have made a confusion between June and July; but *July* is right.—Hoveden, 308.^f Garnier, 79.

road beyond the hospital, and descended on the other side of the hill, the whole view of the cathedral burst upon him, rising, not indeed in its present proportions, but still with its three towers and vast front, and he leaped off his horse, and went on foot to the outskirts of the town. Here, at St. Dunstan's^g church, he paused again, entered the edifice with the prelates who were present, stripped off his ordinary dress, and walked through the streets in the guise of a penitent pilgrim—barefoot, and with no other covering than a woollen shirt, and a cloak thrown over it to keep off rain.^h

So, amidst a wondering crowd—the rough stones of the streets marked with the blood that started from his feet—he reached the cathedral. There he knelt, as at Avranches, in the porch, then entered the church and went straight to the scene of the murder in the north transept. Here he knelt again, and kissed the sacred stone on which the Archbishop had fallen, the prelates standing round to receive his confession. Thence he was conducted to the crypt, where he again knelt, and with groans and tears kissed the tomb, and remained long in prayer. At this stage of the solemnity Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London—the ancient opponent and rival of Becket—addressed the monks and bystanders, announcing to them the King's penitence for having by his rash words unwittingly occasioned the perpetration of a crime of which he himself was innocent, and his intention of restoring the rights and property of the church, and bestowing 40 marks yearly on the monastery to keep lamps burning constantly at the martyr's tomb.ⁱ The King ratified all that the bishop had said, requested absolution, and received a kiss of reconciliation from the prior. He knelt again at the tomb, removed the rough cape or cloak which had been thrown over his shoulders, but still retained the woollen shirt to hide the haircloth^k which was visible to near observation next his skin, placed his head and shoulders in the tomb, and there received five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, beginning with Foliot,^l who stood by with the 'balai' or monastic rod in his hand, and three^m from each of the eighty monks. Fully absolved he resumed his clothes, but was still left in the crypt—on the bare ground, with bareⁿ feet still unwashed from the muddy streets, and passed the whole night fasting. At early matins he rose and went round the altars and shrines of the upper church, then returned to the

^g Garnier, 79.

^h Ibid., 71. He was present.

ⁱ Grim, 86.

^k Garnier, 80.

^l Newburgh alone (118, 1) represents the penance as having taken place in the chapter-house, doubtless as the usual place for discipline.

^m Grim, 86.

ⁿ Diceto, 575.

tomb, and finally, after hearing mass, set off, with one of the usual phials of Canterbury pilgrims, containing water mixed with the martyr's blood, and rode to London, which he reached in a week.^o

So deep a humiliation of so great a prince was unparalleled within the memory of that generation. The submission of Theodosius to Ambrose, of Louis the Debonnaire at Soissons, of Otho III. at Ravenna, of Edgar to Dunstan, of the Emperor Henry IV. to Gregory VII., were only known as matters of history. It is not surprising that the usual figure of speech by which the chroniclers express it should be 'the mountains trembled at the presence of the Lord' — 'the mountain of Canterbury smoked before Him who^p touches the hills and they smoke.' The auspicious consequences were supposed to be immediate. The King had arrived in London on Sunday, and was so completely exhausted by the effects of the long day and night at Canterbury, that he was seized with a dangerous fever. On the following Thursday,^a at midnight, the guards were roused by a violent knocking at the gates. The messenger, who announced that he brought good tidings, was reluctantly admitted into the King's bedroom. The King, starting from his sleep, said, 'Who art thou?'^r The lad answered, 'I am the boy of your faithful Count Ralph of Glanville, and I come to bring you good tidings.' 'Is our good Ralph well?' asked the King. 'He is well,' answered the boy; 'and he has taken your enemy the King of the Scots prisoner at Richmond.' The King was thunderstruck; the boy repeated his message, and produced the letters confirming it.^s The King leaped from his bed, and returned thanks to God and *St. Thomas*.^t The victory had taken place on the very Saturday on which he had left Canterbury,^u after having made his peace with the martyr.^a On that same Saturday the fleet with which his son had intended to invade England from Flanders^b was driven back, and he returned to France.^c

Thus ended this great tragedy. Its effects on the constitution

^o Garnier, 80.

^p Grim, 86.

^a Garnier, 80.

^r Gervase, Chron., 1427.

^s Ibid.

^t Grim, 86.

^u Brompton, 1095. The effect of this story is heightened by Gaufridus Vosiensis (*Script. Rer. Franc.*, 443), who speaks of the announcement as taking place in Canterbury cathedral, after mass was finished.

^a Brompton, 1096.

^b M. Paris, p. 130.

^c A lively representation of Henry's penance is to be seen in Carter's *Ancient Sculptures* (p. 50). The King is represented as kneeling, crowned but almost naked, before the shrine. Two great officers, one bearing the sword of State, stand behind him. The monks in their black Benedictine robes are defiling round the shrine, each with a large rod in his hand directed towards the bare shoulders of the King.

of the country, and on the religious feeling not only of England but of Europe, would open a new field on which we have no intention to enter. It is enough if, from the narrative we have given, a clearer notion can be formed of that remarkable event than is to be derived from the works either of his professed apologists or professed opponents—if the scene can be more fully realized, the localities more accurately identified, the man and his age more clearly understood. If there be any who still regard Becket as an ambitious and unprincipled traitor, plotting for his own aggrandisement against the welfare of the monarchy, they will perhaps be induced, by the account of his last moments, to grant to him the honour, if not of a martyr, at least of an honest and courageous man, and to believe that such restraints as the religious awe of high character, or sacred place and office, laid on men like Henry and his courtiers, are not to be despised in any age, and in that lawless and cruel time were almost the only safeguards of life and property. If there be any who are glad to welcome or stimulate attacks, however unmeasured in language or unjust in fact, against bishops and clergy, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, in the hope of securing the interests of Christian liberty against priestly tyranny, they may take warning by the reflection, that the greatest impulse ever given in this country to the cause of sacerdotal independence was the reaction produced by the horror consequent on the deed of Fitzurse and Tracy. Those, on the other hand, who, in the curious change of feeling that has come over our age, are inclined to revive the ancient reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, as the meek and gentle saint of holier and happier times than our own, may, perhaps, be led to modify their judgment by the description, taken not from his enemies but from his admiring followers, of the violence, the obstinacy, the furious words and acts, which deformed even the dignity of his last hour, and well nigh turned the solemnity of his ‘martyrdom’ into an unseemly brawl. They may learn to see in the brutal conduct of the assassins—in the abject cowardice of the monks—in the unchristian mortifications and the unchristian passions of Becket himself—how little ground there is for that paradise of faith and love which some modern writers find for us in the age of the Plantagenet kings.^d And for those who believe that

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^d One of the ablest of Becket's recent apologists (Oxanam, *Les Deux Chanceliers*), who combines with his veneration for the Archbishop that singular admiration which almost all continental Catholics entertain for the late ‘Liberator’ of Ireland, declares that on O’Connell, if on any character of this age, the mantle of the saint and martyr has descended. Perhaps the readers of our narrative will think that, in some respects, the comparison of the Frenchman is true in another sense than that in which he intended it. So fixed an idea has the similarity become in the minds of foreign

Roman

an indiscriminate maintenance of ecclesiastical claims is the best service they can render to God and the Church, and that opposition to the powers that be is enough to entitle a bishop to the honours of a saint and a hero, it may not be without instruction to remember that the Constitutions of Clarendon, which Becket spent his life in opposing, and of which his death procured the repeal, are now incorporated in the English law, and are regarded without a dissentient voice as among the wisest and most necessary of English institutions; that the especial point for which he surrendered his life was not the independence of the clergy from the encroachments of the Crown, but the personal and now forgotten question of the superiority of the see of Canterbury to the see of York; and, lastly, that the wretched superstitions of which the shrine of St. Thomas became the centre ended by completely alienating the affections of thinking men from his memory, and rendering the name of Becket a by-word of reproach as little proportioned to his real deserts as had been the reckless veneration paid to it by his worshippers in the middle ages.

ART. III.—*Louis XVII., sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. de Beauchesne. 2 vols. Paris. 1852.

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these '*Faux-Dauphins*,' but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools* and *dupes*. Not one of those cases

Roman Catholics, that in a popular life of S. Thomas, published as one of a series at Prague, under the authority of the Archbishop of Cologne, the concluding moral is an appeal to the example of 'the most glorious of laymen,' as Pope Gregory XVI. called Daniel O'Connell, who as a second Thomas strove and suffered for the liberties of his country and his church.

appeared

appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal of M. A. de Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant records of the public offices which had any connexion with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought secondhand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbours and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found—for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgy, and of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple; and in the *Mémoires Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interesting summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes, and, though he occasionally cites them, he does not acknowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in an historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoulé* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

'For twenty years I shut myself up in that tower—I lived in it—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it.'—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the Tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Buonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the Tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says,—

'I have repeopled it—I have listened to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have read from the writings on the walls the complaints,
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the pardons, the farewells!—I have *heard* the echoes repeating these wailings.'—*Id.*

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative, but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more interesting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat of both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy and, to France, disgraceful episode in her history—the Captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution) he became heir-apparent to the Throne, but, in fact, heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune, and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity—to his family he seemed a little angel—to the Court a wonder—to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to, M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.*

Within *two hours* after the death of the first Dauphin (on the 4th of June, 1789) the Revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the Royal authority, but of the ordinary dictates of humanity and the first feelings of nature. The Chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrow. When the deputation was announced, the King answered that this recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day*.

* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816 by M. Tirolier under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented a lily broken by the storm, with the legend *Cecidit ut flos*.—*Turgy*, 314.

They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the people: the King still requested to be spared: the demagogues were obstinate—and to a third and more peremptory requisition the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking—‘Are there then *no fathers* among them?’

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the Guards, and led the Royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace-prison of the Tuileries till the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy and sent them prisoners to the Temple—an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1212, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchesne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry’s work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike ‘the tower of Julius, London’s lasting shame,’ and stood like it in a large inclosure of inferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was in truth only the ‘Hotel’ of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d’Artois. Here the Royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed that they were to be lodged—the King even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and, above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighbouring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless perhaps the King) had ever set eyes on it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the King he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower,

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it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep*—the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the Queen, after the King's death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, '*Nothing can hurt me now.*' This portion of the tower had in later times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbour; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the Archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of the archivist, that the Royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure; bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the King in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment:—

'I was led across the court to the door of the tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stairs so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, re-echoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying.'

Considerable works were also undertaken for external security. The Towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure

inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pally* by the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of these works a remark of the young Prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pally was the person employed to raise the walls, the Prince is reported to have observed that '*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*'* The observation, though obvious enough, seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by M. Hue as his own in a note in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the Dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the Royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which from first to last they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessities of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society—that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the *Commune* or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Con-

* It is worth observing that at the taking the *Bastille* on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them *insane*, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no *state prisoner*. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the *fifth year of liberty*, the prisons of Paris contained 6913 prisoners: to this number must be added 2637, who had passed in the *preceding year* from the prisons to the scaffold. When Buonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a *state prison*, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

vention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent Members their individual elections. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its modest *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the Government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues that family was implicitly delivered over—they it was that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named *from amongst themselves* all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even Committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and chandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *Commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the Commune, and they all,—and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads,—were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

‘ Assensere omnes ; et quæ sibi quisque timebat,

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Jamque dies infanda aderat !’

But the *infanda dies*—the 21st January—in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October—nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal—nor Robespierre from the Neuf Thermidor !

To the usurped, but conceded supremacy of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its members, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the

rather

rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it, we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

‘ *Commune de Paris, 29th Sept. 1792, the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.*

Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form amongst themselves, the Council General of the Commune feel it their imperious duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the evasion of those traitors: they therefore decree—

- ‘ 1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.
- ‘ 2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*).
- ‘ 3. That the valet de chambre shall be placed in confinement.
- ‘ 4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.
- ‘ 5. That this decree shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de la bouche*). In a word, the Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do *whatever* their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these *hostages*.

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of *escape*! In virtue of this decree the King was removed *that night* to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one), where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the King. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately *over* the King’s. On the 26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother’s to his father’s apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy—they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and

were

were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, when, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of Commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners *day and night* with increased insolence and rigour. At last, on the 11th December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother—the King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even *his* patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction: that Assembly, on the 1st December, came to a resolution allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, *the Commune would not obey it*. This was conclusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration ‘that the King might, till the definitive judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that *they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt*.’ The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the King was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the Queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes *in his text* the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

‘My father, at the moment of parting from us for ever, made us promise never to think of avenging his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, “My son, you have heard what I have said; but as an *oath* has something more sacred than words, *hold up your hand, and swear* that you will accomplish the last wish of your father.” My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours.’—p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the King—as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son—but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems

hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the text as *directly* from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to '*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel*.' But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this *ceremony of an oath* is an *embroidery* on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 200.*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend—his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves), that he exhibited both fear and fury—struggled with his executioner, and endeavoured to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend—the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing *in extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (*three weeks only after the execution*), there appeared this anecdote:—

'When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold' (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), "I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost*' (*je suis perdu*)!" This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated—namely that "the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning"—shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an

* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of '*Royal Memoirs*,' in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting '*Account of what passed in the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin*.'

appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity—but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant.—i. 479.

We—who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only *break of his fast* was by the reception of the Holy Communion—are dispensed from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73, p. 250), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

‘*Paris, 20 Feb., 1793, 1st year of the French Republic.*

‘CITIZEN—A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that that was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice [the Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity]. Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, “*People, I die innocent.*” Then turning round to us, he said, “Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people.”

‘These, Citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred *at the foot of the scaffold* turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissars.]

‘And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

‘You may be assured, Citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honour to be your fellow Citizen,—SANSON.’

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died, *within six months*, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did *not* die soon after the King's death, nor even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mém. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab., c. 102*), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806. M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the same class. He says that Sanson *left by his will* a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record *his* horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a few months of the King's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the *reign of Louis XVII.* His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the *Commune* a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

‘ *Commune*

' Commune of Paris, Sitting of the 25th Jan, 1793.

' The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of *Madame Première* [to distinguish the young Princess from *Madame Elizabeth*], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see *her child*, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because *it knows nobody of the name of "Madame Première."*'—ii. p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the Queen first saw her children in it, she said, ' My poor children, you will wear it long, but I for ever ;' and she never after left her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent ; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was therefore much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another *converted* municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies ; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by Hébert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three Municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the Temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth

watched

watched over, and endeavoured by their charitable care and consolations to sooth the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new Commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little Prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard* by name, who had lately been selected to conduct the King to the scaffold, saw in this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, 'I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them.' (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden-blinds (*abat-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded but laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:—

'Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that little Capet is sick, Resolved that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other.'—ii. p. 51.

The date prefixed to the resolution is worthy of its contents. '10 Mai, 1793; 2de de la République, 1er de la Mort du Tyran.' It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and, moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, however, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honour. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and, for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had never recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle

* He was guillotined with Robespierre.

between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general Government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the Temple to the discretion of the Commune—but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of ‘the son of Capet’ from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*), to be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o’clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six Commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The Queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they attempted to take him clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on—

‘At last one of the Commissaries said, “It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard.” Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—“No, for God’s sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow.” No answer. The Queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower, where she might still see him. One of the Commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyant* the Queen—“We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What? you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us.” The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The Commissaries began to lose patience. At last the Queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and, without a tear or a sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—“My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and
your

your father will look down from heaven and bless you." Having said this she kissed him and handed him to the Commissaries: one of whom said—"Come, I hope you have done with your sermonising—you have abused our patience finely." "You might have spared your lesson," said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—"Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education:"—and the door closed!—ii. 71.

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He has traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditionary details related at an interval of fifty years by the gossips of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence. Anthony Simon, of the age (in 1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, afterwards *de l'École de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighbourhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of Tutor to the young King. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill favoured. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the Commune, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the *tutor* of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of *never* losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of never quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatsoever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had those

those communications with her neighbours as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valeat quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were 'animal,'—'viper,'—'toad,'—'wolf-cub,' garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young King and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the Tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommodious for the custody of the son. For the two first days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread—refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his 'mother.' He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated, but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied: for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little Savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harps*, with the gracious speech, 'Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsicord—you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket.' The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows—blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued, with a courage and intelligence above his age—which only produced new violence—to insist on being restored to his 'mother.' A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate

fortunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Menchoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief: they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue:—‘*Citizens,*’ asked the Guardian,

‘*What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub (louveteau)?*’
 ‘*He has been brought up to be insolent—I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink (crever) under it—so much the worse for him—but after all what do you mean to do with him?—to banish him?—Answer, No! To kill him?—No! To poison him?—No! But what then?—To get rid of him! (S’en débarrasser).**’

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note—‘*He was not killed—nor banished—but they got rid of him.*’ The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother:—

‘They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves—at last Drouet [note the choice of *Drouet* as the spokesman to the Queen] said, “We are come to see whether you want anything.” “*I want my child,*” said the Queen. “Your son is taken care of,” replied Drouet; “he has a patriot *preceptor*, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own.” “I complain of nothing, Sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justice of my complaint.”’

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the Queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king’s resistance was inflexible—he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably

* The Memoirs published, in 1821, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M. Turgu, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchêne repeats. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority—indeed of none, except when, as in this case, his evidence may tell against himself.

remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him,—nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest—she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother—they must be removed—Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him—it tamed him more than blows could do, and by and bye, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the Queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted), she caught a sight of her beloved boy, but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction—he was not in mourning for his father—he had on the Carmagnole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment, Simon was out of humour, and the Queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the Commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the Queen to the *Conciergerie*—the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The Queen well knew she was going to death—she

knew

knew she left her son in the hands of Simon—she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation—she leaves *her* in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived—though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the Queen was sent to the Conciergerie, Chaumette—the organ of the Commune—directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was—a little *guillotine*. Such toys the police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toymen had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their customers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the Commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first of the Members of the Council of the Commune who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model—he was guillotined on the 13th of April following—a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present!

In the mean while the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons—he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of '*getting rid of him,*' but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The Queen's trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining—by what terror or violence who can tell?—the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Daujon under Hébert's dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame's own account of this extraordinary inquisition:—

'They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did

did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt's examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken: they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

Although the three victims were examined separately, yet the boy was made to sign each of the three depositions. M. de Beauchesne has been lucky enough to find the original documents, and he has given us *fac similes* of the signatures. We think it worth while to reproduce those of the child, which seem to us melancholy evidence both of the force exercised over him—of the retrocession of his education, for he wrote better two years before—and of his utter incapability (apart from all higher considerations) of understanding what he was about. The first is the signature to his own deposition, the body of which was prepared by Daujon; indeed M. de Beauchesne says that the fellow boasted of having invented every word of it:—

LOUIS CHARLES CAPET

The second to that of his sister:—

LOUIS CHARLE CAPET

The third to that of his aunt:—

LOUIS CHARLE CAPET

The fourth was to a supplementary deposition against his aunt, which we shall mention presently:—

LOUIS CHARLE CAPET

We leave this series of signatures to the appreciation of our readers;
and

and it is but justice to the memory of the poor child, the victim of all these atrocities, to repeat that he was at the time just eight years and six months old. He had been more than a year in prison, and had been above three months in the close custody and under the brutalising discipline of Simon. M. de Beauchesne states that the depositions were not even read over to him. It is pretty certain that he was incapable of understanding them. The best commentary, indeed, on these documents, is that of the poor Queen herself, who says in her testamentary letter to Madame Elizabeth—also accused in these horrible depositions:—

‘I have now to speak to you on a subject most painful to my heart. I know how much that poor boy must have distressed you. Forgive him, my dear sister, recollect how young he is, and how easy it is to put what one pleases into a child’s mouth, even what he cannot comprehend. The day will come, I hope, when he will feel all your goodness and tenderness to him and his sister.’

It was under these auspices and influences that the Queen’s trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then at length, Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury—not what we in England understand by a *jury*, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to them, according to the dictates of the public accuser—one of the jury, we say, observed to her that she had not replied to *that* point. On this challenge, she elevated with supreme dignity her head and her voice, and, turning from the Court to the audience, uttered these admirable words:—‘*I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.*’

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the President asked her whether she had anything to add. She said:—

‘For myself, nothing—for your consciences, much!’ I was a Queen, and you dethroned me—I was a wife, and you murdered my husband—I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me—I have nothing left but my blood—make haste to take it.—ii. p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocution, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really

really made, this last was the only request ever granted her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at eleven o'clock on that same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from marking the fearful *retribution* which followed these infamous proceedings. Within nine months from the death of the Queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all—at least all whose fate is known—perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the Queen's trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were, in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-opened door, and they saw nothing but the *hands* that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched, insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother's fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the Queen's death, 26th October, the boy made another declaration:—

'That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple [in his former character of Commissary] in company with *Jobert*, *Jobert* had conveyed two notes to the Queen without Simon's having seen them, and that this trick [espèglerie] made those *ladies* laugh very much at having deceived the vigilance of Simon. He deponent did not see the paper, but only that those *ladies* had told him so.

'Before signing, he, little Capet, said, that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutoit mieux les complots*).

This is the deposition to which the last of the preceding signatures was affixed, and, insignificant as it may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy's deposition from his own mouth,—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name—but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for *Jobert* (unless there were two commissaries of the same name), so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal

royal ladies, was of Simon's own *clique*; and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, followed Robespierre to the scaffold in the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of Jobert and his employers to entrap the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it up again seems hardly explicable, unless indeed it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *rédaction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for he certainly would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of '*ces dames*' for the Princesses—it may therefore be safely concluded that the *rédaction* was, to some extent at least, that of the Magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor Magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against Jobert. This Magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal*) was George Follope—aged 64—an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous patriot, and as such elected into the Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself as regarded the Princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot Jobert, and the use of the term '*ces dames*,' may have been attributed by his disappointed and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is that the next—and most unexpected—mention we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his '*accomplice*' Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des Condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition, especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child—equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth as in the former case. Indeed the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of even in that reign of insanity. The Princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either—and under these circumstances he was made, by a deposition dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

'That

'That for the last fortnight or three weeks he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister] knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the fire-wood was kept—that moreover he knows (*connait*), from the sound of their footsteps (which he distinguishes from the other noise), that during this time the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures: he thinks it may be *forged assignats* [!!!], but is not sure, and that they might pass them through the window to somebody.'—ii. 176.

He *knows* the noise was made by the prisoners and not by any one else—he can *distinguish* through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed towards their bedroom, it must be to hide something—he thinks *forged assignats*!—he thinks too they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to *somebody*—the only *bodies* in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observations and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 months old. Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was '*a little hard of hearing*'—but his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but *she* never mentioned it, though Simon states that 'for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council.'

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the Massacres and the Guillotine.

Meanwhile the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater rigour. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary-bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sung a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured sug-

gestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favourites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation he had some memory, or perhaps *dreamed*, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the superstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, ‘I’ll teach you to say your *Paternosters* and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*.’ Nor was that all; he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavoured to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity: his neighbours thought him the Guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not bear to appear amongst

amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the Commune, a national *fête* in honour of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thralldom. A 'self-denying ordinance' of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option, resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the '*échafaud vengeur*' of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan. 1794 the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, 'Capet, I know not when I may see you again.' Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the '*toad*.' But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The Committees of Government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavour to obtain from the *force of things* (*la force des choses*) that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded: he was confined to a single room (where Cléry had slept during the King's life); it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was inclosed by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the ante-room opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather

than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

'he may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison—like a young fawn that had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters.'—ii. p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

'Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting anything, and everything, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 256.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young King, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really

really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.

But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendently innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of colour (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 266); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant, fact that in the *original* edition of Madame Royale's narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But, whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assembled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers—

‘with a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood *first* on the list of 25]. All the women, as they left the cart, asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety.’—*Royal Mem.* p. 262.

Madame Royale did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers—‘she was gone elsewhere for change of air;’ when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told ‘they would consider it.’

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned, Madame Royale's

* There were executed at the same time Madame de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Crussol, de l'Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canizy, de Cercy, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.

account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry—a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview:—

‘One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me: he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired.’—*Ib.* 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important date, and adds a remarkable circumstance:—

‘The day after the execution of *Madame Elizabeth*—that is, 11th May—Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written—

‘My brother is ill. I have written to the Convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The Convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand.’—ii. 219.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used: but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, considering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne:—

‘The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals: they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels, which I had read over and over.’

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander-in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre,

Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the Commissaries of the Commune—(most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold)—and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated: he was indeed noted in his district for his *patriotism*, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favourable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of *Josephine*, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some Municipals who were still in authority; they closely scrutinised his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o'clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the 'little Capet.' They had explained in general terms the way in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, 'Capet! Capet!' Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurent saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the Municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. Another visit next morning had the same results; the child would neither speak nor show himself, though Laurent had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurent made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the Committee *de Sûreté Générale* came to conduct it:—

'They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened: it seems there were no means of doing it. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so

as

as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down (*enlevée*), and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI. could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and furrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trowsers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of grey and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding, over which black spiders were running.... At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them: he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food they had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it? Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose grey hairs and paternal tone seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, "*Because I want to die!*" These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him.'—ii. 25.

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *more suo*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Mémoires de Lombard* we find Barras's own account of his visit. He confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank—he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trowsers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints 'prodigiously swollen and livid.' Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he

he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, 'after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!' He adds indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to *get rid of him (se défaire de lui)*; so, 'to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off.' The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, 'was the last I saw of him' (*Mém. de Lombard*, p. 147, 150). M. de Beauchesne's authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras's having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras's own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne's narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted; and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but ameliorations to which the most odious convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigours of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except at his meal-times, and always then in presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception—on his way to the leads he had to go by the

the wicket that conducted to what had been his *mother's* apartment: he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her *Mémoires*, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influence of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in presence of the two guardians and a Municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical insults of the latter. These Commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk or some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup with a '*small bit*' of its *bouilli*, and some dry vegetables (generally beans); a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good humoured, the guardians would endeavour to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in anything else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors,
 pried

pried everywhere, gave his orders in a rough imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner he exclaimed—

“Why this wretched food? If *they* were still at the Tuileries I would assist to famish them out: but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?” Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, “Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don’t see why the nation should remember it.” Then turning to the guardians, “’Tis not his fault if he is his father’s son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her *children*. So don’t be harsh to him.”
—ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering sententious style, ‘combining,’ says M. de Beauchesne in his rhetorical way, ‘the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fenelon.’ Another of Delboy’s phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues he declaimed against—

—‘those crafty hypocrites who do *harm to others without making a noise*—these are the kind of fellows who invented the *air-gun*.’

Such a voice had never before been heard in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child’s dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fenelon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

“Shall we ever meet again? I think not: our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognise each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honour never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity.”—*Ib.*

The reign of this ‘*bourru bienfaisant*’ lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches

speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution '*de s'en défaire.*'

The daily change of Commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23rd February, 1795, the Commissary was one Leroux—a '*terroriste arriéré*'—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those '*plucked roitelets* looked without their feathers.' When he entered Madame Royale's room she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. 'What!' he cried, 'is it the fashion here not to rise before the *people*?' The Princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, '*Elle est fière comme l'Autrichienne.*' When he visited the boy it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the *son of the Tyrant*—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin timidly ventured to produce Delboy's charitable maxim 'that he could not help being the son of his father,' they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. 'Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters should be strangled in their cradle!' (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts 'to the death of all tyrants,' and the cards to play picquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at picquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—'*Three tyrants*'—'*Fourteen tyrants.*' The queens were '*citoyennes*,' and the knaves '*courtiers.*' The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux's Jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favourable result. Leroux had called for cards—and thereby authorised their introduction; and the child's pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux's departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself *for the rest of his life!* The next Commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin's suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys.

toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious Commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the Commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and indeed was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

‘the little Capet had tumours at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise.’

On this report a sub-committee of the Committee de *Sûreté-Générale* were delegated to visit the child—it consisted of one *Harmand* (of the *Meuse*), who on the king’s trial voted for banishment, and *Mathieu* and *Reverchon*, who voted for death. These men found such a state of things that they thought (as *Harmand* himself afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living)

‘that for the honour of the Nation, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of the Convention, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty Municipality of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee.’—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honour of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. *Harmand*’s account of the affair was not published till after the Restoration (as *M. de Beauchesne* notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy), and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of *Gomin*, though

though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute *silence* of the child, from whom they, no more than the former Commissaries of the Commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence Harmand dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother—a statement which Gomin denies, and on his authority M. de Beauchesne distrusts Harmand's general veracity. We think unjustly. For though Gomin might contradict the unqualified statement of his *never* having spoken from that very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown, except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When Gomin first entered on his duties, 'Laurent foretold that he would not obtain a word from him,' which implies that he had not opened his lips to Laurent. The report of the Commune which preceded Harmand's visit also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; Harmand and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that Harmand's accuracy is in any degree impugned by Gomin's secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this '*mutisme*' began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, and unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed it is certain that he *never* knew of his mother's death. But it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what may be fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the '*son of the tyrant*,' the '*roitelet*,' '*the king of La Vendée*,' and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew—the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—

ment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. Gomin's timidity, not to say terror, of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child (Laurent and the Municipal of the day being absent at their *club*), he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at Gomin's countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on Gomin's face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry;—‘No, no,’ said Gomin, ‘you know that *that* cannot be.’ ‘*I must see Her!*’ said the child. ‘*Oh, pray, pray, let me see Her once again before I die!*’ Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his *mother*—he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after there was another sad scene. On the 23rd March, the Commissary of the day, one Collot, looking stedfastly at the child, exclaimed, in a loud doctoral tone, ‘That child has not six weeks to live!’ Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, ‘I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!’ The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile, as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, ‘*Yet I never did any harm to anybody*’ (ii. 319).

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme*; but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of everybody. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the ‘son of the tyrant.’ The Prince at parting squeezed

squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him—his nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes, armed police, were sent, who *took* him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now *by trade* a master house-painter. He was an honest man, of the moderate republican party, with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, 'first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis XVII. had died'—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a principal witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,* in October, 1830, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the Dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys, which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, '*And did you see me with my sword?*'†

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the Restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom he could barely recognise for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, *with his sword*, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague

* As this page is passing through the press we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Musée de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, '*The little Capet is indisposed.*' No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms, '*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*' Still no notice. 'We must strike harder,' said the guardians; and now wrote that '*his life was in danger.*' This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder Dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise, and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government, who desired no such result, paid no attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumours at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow: whether he wished to die, or was, on the contrary, afraid of poison, did not appear; but to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige him, the medicine was taken, and, as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but, aware that his words were watched (the doctor was never left alone with him), the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at 9 o'clock, the Commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the Revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, 'Sir, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you.' Struck with the unusual appellation of

'Sir,' and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, '*What sketch?*' '*Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you it would give me the greatest pleasure.*' '*It would please you?*' said the child, and a gracious smile authorised the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the Commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new Commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that '*it was needless—M. Desault died yesterday.*' A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures—the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances* of the case gave a colour to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and, as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, '*the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty, of which there is no example*' (*Roy. Mem.* 278).

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—'*sent,*' says M. de Beauchesne, '*for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor*'—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the Commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick room, and the violent crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. '*If you have not authority,*' he said, '*to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room.*' The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, '*Don't speak so loud, for THEY might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them.*' '*They*' were his mother and aunt—who he thought were still living. The Commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the

* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates officially given to Desault's death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake, but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the deaths of the doctor and his patient from *six* days to *three*.

drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself—the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight however of the sun and the freshness of the air through a large open window soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again locked up alone. On the morning of the 6th Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a spoonful of tisan, and, thinking him really better, dressed him, and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room. 'Oh, yes!' he answered, 'with a faint, desponding smile, that went to all their hearts.' At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new Commissary, of the terrible name of Hébert, and worthy of it, arrived. 'Eh! how is this?' said he to the guardians; 'where is your authority for thus moving this *wolf-cub*?' 'We had no special directions,' replied Gomin, 'but the doctor ordered it.' 'How long,' retorted the other, 'have *barbers* (*carabins*) been the Government of the Republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?' At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and to the new terrors which Hébert's threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day (8th June), consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up

alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes—he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, ‘*Still alone, and MY MOTHER in the other tower!*’ But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th as usual, he thought him better; the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise: and their bulletin, despatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. ‘*Be consoled,*’ he replied, ‘*I shall not suffer long.*’ Overcome by these words, Gomin kneeled down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

‘And now,’ says M. de Beauchesne, ‘having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.’—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said, ‘I hope you are not in pain.’ ‘*Oh yes,*’ he replied, ‘*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*’ There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. ‘Where do you hear the music?’—‘*Up there.*’ ‘*How long?*’—‘*Since you were on your knees. Don’t you hear it? Listen! listen!*’ And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, ‘*I hear my mother’s voice amongst them!*’ and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne’s hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent, at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything? He replied, ‘*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*’ He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne, ‘*I have something to tell you*’—Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard—the child was dead!

[A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and
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of royalist opinions and connexions, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus* (atrophy, decay), the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate, the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, on the *Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the *heart*, and conveyed it in a napkin into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the *Restoration*) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, 'having handled it a thousand times, he easily recognised,' and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved *seventeen* stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in
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the churchyard of the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. repose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy inclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighbourhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good reasons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the Restoration did not, in this narrow, secluded, and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angoulême. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the inclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancour of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

ART. IV.—1. *Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints.*

Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon. Paris. 1852.

2. *Bethlehem in Palestina.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1849.

3. *Golgatha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1851.

4. *Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1852.

BY one of those sudden turns of history, which from time to time take the world by surprise, the whole attention of Europe, after an interval of more than five centuries, has once more been fixed on the 'Holy Places' of the Eastern world. That 'mournful and solitary silence' which, with the brief exception of 1799 and 1840,

1840, has for more than five hundred years 'prevailed along the shore' of Palestine, is once more broken by the sound of 'the world's debate,' by the mighty controversy which, beginning from the wrangles of Greek and Latin monks over the key of the Convent of Bethlehem, and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has now enclosed within its circle the statesmen of all the greatest powers in Europe.

Into that controversy we do not purpose to enter. To unfold its history at length, even without regard to those recent phases which have now embroiled the world, would require a volume. Yet a few words may suffice to put our readers in possession of the leading facts of the past on which it rests. The dispute of the 'Holy Places' is a result and an epitome of that Crusade within the Crusades which forms so curious an episode in that eventful drama. We are there reminded of what else we are apt to forget, that the chivalry of Europe were engaged, not only in the mighty conflict with the followers of Mahomet, but also in a constant under-struggle with the emperors of the great city they encountered in their midway progress. The capture of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth Crusade was but the same hard measure to the Byzantine Empire which on a smaller scale they had already dealt to the Byzantine Church, then, as now, the national Church of Palestine, as it is generally of the East. The Crusaders, by virtue of their conquest, occupied the Holy Places which had previously been in the hands of the Greeks; and the Greeks in turn, when the Crusaders were ultimately expelled by the Turks, took advantage of the influence of wealth and neighbourhood to regain from the conquerors that share in the sanctuaries of which the European princes had deprived them. Copt and Syrian, Georgian and Armenian, have, it is true, their own claims to maintain, as dissenters from the main Byzantine establishment from which they have successively separated. But the one standing conflict has always been between the descendants of the crusading invaders, supported by France or Spain, and the descendants of the original Greek occupants, supported by the great Northern Power which assumes to have succeeded to the name and privileges of the Eastern Cæsars. Neither party can ever forget that once the whole sanctuary was exclusively theirs, and, although France and Russia have doubtless interposed on behalf of their respective national creeds from political or commercial motives, yet the religious pretexts have arisen from the previous juxtaposition of two great and hostile Churches—here brought together within narrower bounds than any two sects elsewhere in the world. Once only besides has their controversy been waged in equal proximity; namely, when the Latin Church, headed

headed by Augustine, found itself, in our own island, brought into abrupt collision with the customs and traditions of the Greeks, in the ancient British Church founded by Eastern missionaries. What in the extreme West was decided once for all by a short and bloody struggle, in Palestine has dragged on its weary length for many centuries. And this long conflict has been further complicated by the numerous treaties which, from the memorable epoch when Francis I. startled Christendom by declaring himself an ally of the Sultan, have been concluded between France and the Porte for the protection of the Frank settlers in Syria; and yet again, by the vacillations of the Turkish government, partly from ignorance, and partly from weakness, as it has been pressed on one side or the other by the claims of two powerful parties in a question to the rights of which it is by its own position entirely indifferent.

Meanwhile, it may be of more general interest to give a summary account of places whose names, though long familiar, are thus invested for the moment with a fresh interest, and to describe briefly what is and what is not the importance belonging to the 'Holy Places' of Palestine. Many even amongst our own countrymen still regard them with an exaggerated reverence, which is a serious obstacle to the progress of a calm and candid inquiry into the history and geography of a country which can never lose its attractions whilst there is a heart in Christendom to feel, or a head to think. Many, in their disgust at the folly and ignorance with which those sanctuaries are infested, not only deny to them their legitimate place, but extend their aversion to the region in which they are situated, perhaps even to the religion they represent. Many are ignorant altogether of their nature, their claims, or their peculiar relation to each other, or to the rest of the world.

Those who wish to study the subject at length cannot do better than peruse the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The Abbé Michon's little work gives the most perspicuous, as it certainly is the most condensed, account of the Holy Places which we have met; and his 'New Solution' gives us a favourable impression both of the candour and the charity of the author. The works of Tobler—a German physician from the shores of the Lake of Constance—exhibit the usual qualities of German industry, which almost always make their antiquarian researches useful to the student even when unreadable by the public at large. To the well-known authorities on these subjects in our own language we shall refer as occasion serves.

The term 'Holy Places,' which, applied in its most extended sense to the scenes of events commemorated in sacred history, would

would be only another word for the geography of Syria and Arabia, is limited in modern phraseology to the special localities which the Greek and Latin Church, singly or conjointly, have selected for the objects of religious pilgrimage. Some scenes which the bulk of the Christian world would regard as most sacred are almost wholly neglected by the mass of devotees. Others, which rank high in the estimation of local and ecclesiastical tradition, are probably unknown beyond the immediate sphere of those who worship in them.

The Abbé Michon succinctly notices twelve such places. They are as follows:—1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common). 2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin). 3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed). 4. Church at Cana (Greek). 5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin). 6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman). 7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin). 8. Grotto (not the garden) of Gethsemane (Latin). 9. Tomb of the Virgin (common). 10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman). 11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman). 12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common). But, as some of those have been long deserted, and others depend for their support entirely on the greater sanctuaries in their neighbourhood, we shall confine ourselves to those which exist in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

I. Whether from being usually the first seen, or from its own intrinsic solemnity, there is probably none of the Holy Places which produce a greater impression at first sight than the convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The enormous edifice, which extends along the narrow crest of the hill from west to east, consists of the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting respectively upon its north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-western extremities. Externally there is nothing to command attention beyond its size—the more imposing from the meanness and smallness of the village, which hangs as it were on its western skirts. But the venerable nave of the Church—now deserted, bare, discrowned—is probably the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in Palestine, we may almost say in the world; for it is the remnant of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, and the prototype of the Basilicas erected by her Imperial son—at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and St. Peter. The buildings of Constantine have perished; but that of Helena* still in part remains; and those who have

* Tobler has proved that a great part of the Church of Helena has been superseded by the successive edifices of Justinian and Emanuel Comnenus (p. 104, 105). But there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the antiquity of the nave.

visited the two Churches of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, constructed on the same model two centuries later by the Byzantine Emperors, can form some notion of what it must have been in the days of its splendour. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics, dimly visible on the walls above, the rough yet stately ceiling, of beams of cedar from Lebanon, probably the last great building to which those venerable forests yielded their rafters, still preserve the outlines of the Church, which was once* rich with marble and blazing with gold.

From the nave, which is the only interesting portion of the upper church, we descend to the subterraneous compartment, on account of which the whole structure was erected. At the entrance of a long winding passage, excavated out of the limestone rock, of which the hill of Bethlehem is composed, the pilgrim finds himself in an irregular chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, and containing two small and nearly opposite recesses. In the northernmost of these is a marble slab, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. In the southern recess, three steps deeper in the chapel, is the alleged stall, in which, according to the Latin tradition, was discovered the wooden manger or 'præsepe,' now deposited in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and there displayed to the faithful, under the auspices of the Pope, on Christmas Day.

Let us pause for a moment in the dim vault, between these two recesses; let us dismiss the consideration of the lesser memorials which surround us—the altar of the Magi, of the Shepherds, of Joseph, of the Innocents—to which few would now attach any other than an imaginative or devotional importance, and ask what ground there is for accepting the belief which invites us to confine the awful associations of the village of Bethlehem within these rocky walls. Of all the local traditions of Palestine, this alone indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century, 'a cave near Bethlehem' was fixed upon as the spot in which—'there being no place in the village where he could lodge†—Joseph abode, and where accordingly Christ was born and laid in a manger.' The same tradition seems to have been constant in the next generation,‡ even amongst those who were not Christians, and to have been uniformly maintained in the strange documents§ which, under

* Tobler, Bethlehem, p. 110.

† Ἰσχυρὸν Ἰωσήφ οὐκ εἶχεν ἐν τῇ κώμῃ ἐκείνῃ ποῦ καταλῦσαι, ἐν δὲ σπηλαίῳ τοῦ σύνιγγος τῆς κώμης κατέλυσεν καὶ τότε αὐτῶν ἔσται ἐκεῖ, ἐτίτοκεν ἡ Μάρια τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ ἐν φάττῃ αὐτὸν ἐτίθεικεν.—Justin. *Dial. cum Trypt.* 78.

‡ Origen, c. Cels. i. 51.

§ The Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, c. xviii., xix., and the Gospel of the Infancy, c. ii., iii., iv., represent Joseph as going at once to the cave before entering the village,

under the name of the Apocryphal Gospels, long exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West. But even this, the most venerable of ecclesiastical traditions, is not without its difficulties. No one can overlook the deviations from the Gospel narrative; and though ingenuity may force a harmony, the plain impression left by the account of Justin is not that the Holy Family were driven from the inn to the manger, but from the crowded village to a cave in its environs.* The story looks as if it had been varied to fit the locality. The circumstance that excavations in the rock were commonly used in Palestine for stabling horses and cattle is of little weight in the argument. Maundrell has justly remarked upon the suspicion which attaches to the constant connexion of remarkable events with the grottoes and caves of the Holy Land. These abide when the fragile tenements of man have fallen to decay; and if the genuine caravanserai and its stable had been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and the residents at Bethlehem had wished to give a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious, they would inevitably have fixed on such a strongly marked feature as the grotto at Bethlehem. A second motive for the choice transpires in the passage of Justin—the wish to obtain support for a fancied prediction of the Messiah's birth in the words of Isaiah, xxxiii. 16, 'He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks' (LXX. ἐν ὑψηλῷ σπηλαίῳ ἰσχυρᾶς πέτρας).

Perhaps a still graver objection to the identity of the scene remains to be mentioned. During the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the recess of the gilding and marble which has proved the bane of so many sanctuaries. The removal of the casing disclosed, as we have been credibly informed, an ancient sepulchre hewn in the rock, and it is hardly possible that a cave devoted to sepulchral purposes should have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on the subject are too well known to require comment, either as a stable or an inn.

Still there remains the remarkable fact that here alone we have

village, and speak of all the subsequent events recorded in the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke as occurring in the cave. In the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, c. iv., the birth is described as taking place in the cave, and the manger as being *outside* the cave. The quotations and arguments are well summed up in Thilo's Codex Apocryphus, pp. 382, 383.

* If, adopting the tradition which Justin appears to have followed, and which has unquestionably prevailed since the time of Jerome, we suppose the adoration of the Magi to have been offered on the same spot, the locality would then be absolutely irreconcilable with the words of St. Matthew, that they came into 'the house where the young child was.'

a spot

a spot known to be revered by Christians in connexion with the Gospel History two centuries before the conversion of the Empire, and before the burst of local religion which is commonly ascribed to the visit of Helena. The sanctuary of Bethlehem is, if not the most authentic, at least the most ancient of 'the Holy Places.' Yet there is a subordinate train of associations which has grown out of the earliest and the most sacred of its recollections; and which has at least the advantage of being unquestionably grounded on fact. If the traveller follows the windings of the long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of the rock. It was in this cell that, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious pilgrim who was ever attracted to the cave of Bethlehem—the only one of the many hermits and monks who from the time of Constantine to the present day have been sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here, for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied—here he gathered round him the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine—here, the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birthplace, and which had been first roused to religious fervour on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries, which he poured forth from his retirement, to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the Western world—here also he composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the '*Biblia Vulgata*' of the Latin Church; and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death—at which all the world has been permitted to be present in the wonderful picture of Domenichino, which represents, in colours never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh—and the resignation and devotion of the almost enfranchised spirit.

II. The interest of Nazareth is of a kind different from that of Bethlehem. Its chief sanctuary is the Latin Convent at the south-eastern extremity of the village, so well known from the hospitable reception it affords to travellers caught in the storms of the hills of Gilboa, or attacked by the Bedouins of the plain of Esdraelon; and also, we may add, for the impressiveness of its religious services, acknowledged even by the stern Presbyterianism of Dr. Robinson, and the exclusive philosophy of Miss Martineau; where wild figures, in the rough drapery of the Bedouin dress, join in the responses of Christian worship, and the chants of the Latin Church are succeeded by a sermon addressed to these strange converts in their native

Arabic

Arabic with all the earnestness and solemnity of the preachers of Italy. There is no place in Palestine where the religious services seem so worthy of the sacredness of the recollections. But neither is there any where the traditional pretensions are exposed to a severer shock.* However discreditable may be the contests of the various sects, they have yet for the most part agreed (and indeed this very agreement is the occasion of their conflicts) as to the spots they are to venerate. At Nazareth, on the contrary, there are three counter-theories—each irreconcilable with the other—with regard to the scene which is selected for special reverence.

From the entrance of the Franciscan church a flight of steps descends to an altar, which stands within a recess, partly cased in marble, but partly showing the natural rock out of which it is formed. In front of the altar, a marble slab, worn with the kisses of many pilgrims, bears the inscription 'Verbum caro hic factum est,' and is intended to mark the spot on which the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Close by is a broken pillar,† which is pointed out as indicating the space occupied by the celestial visitant, who is supposed to have entered through a hole in the rocky wall which forms the western front of the cave, close by the opening which now unites it with the church. The back, or eastern side of the grotto, behind the altar, leads by a narrow passage into a further cave, left much more nearly in its natural state, and said by an innocent and pleasing tradition, which no one probably would care either to assert or to refute, to have been the residence of a neighbour who looked after the adjacent house when Mary was absent on her visit to Elizabeth in Judæa.

With the rivalry which prevails in the East on the subject of the Holy Places, it is not surprising that the Greeks excluded from the Latin convent should have established a 'Church of the Annunciation' for themselves at the opposite end of the town. But it would be an injustice to them to suppose that the contradiction was exclusively the result of jealousy. Without a word in the Scripture narrative to define the scene—without the slightest indication whether it took place by day or night, in house or field—the Greeks may be pardoned for clinging to the faint tradition which lingers in the apocryphal Gospel of St.

* Besides the difficulties which we are about to notice, there is the clumsy legend of the 'Mountain of Precipitation,' too well known to need further comment or refutation. See Robinson, iii. p. 187.

† This pillar is one out of numerous instances of what may be called the extinction of a traditional miracle, in deference to the spirit of the time. To all the early travellers it was shown as a supernatural suspension of a stone. To all later travellers it is exhibited merely as what it is, a broken column,—fractured probably in one of the many assaults which the convent has suffered.

James, where we are told that the first salutation of the Angel came to Mary* as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighbourhood of the town. This spring—and there is but one—still bears her name, and in the open meadow by its side stands the Greek Church, a dull and mournful contrast in its closed doors and barbarous architecture to the solemn yet animated worship of the Franciscan Convent—though undoubtedly with the better claim of the two to be considered an authentic memorial of the Annunciation.

But the tradition of the Latin Church has to undergo a ruder trial than any which arises from the contiguous sanctuary of the rival Greeks. There is a third scene of the Annunciation, not at the opposite extremity of the little town of Nazareth, but in another continent—not maintained by a hostile sect, but fostered by the Supreme Head of the Roman Church itself. On the slope of the eastern Apennines, overlooking the Adriatic Gulf, stands what may without exaggeration be called (if we adopt the Papal belief) the European Nazareth. Fortified by huge bastions against the approach of Saracenic pirates, a vast church, which is still gorgeous with the offerings of the faithful, contains the 'Santa Casa,' the 'Holy House,' in which the Virgin lived, and (as is attested by the same inscription as at Nazareth) received the Angel Gabriel. The ridicule of one half the world, and the devotion of the other half, has made everyone acquainted with the strange story of the House of Loretto, which is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the sanctuary: how, in the close of the 13th century, it was first conveyed by angels to the heights above Fiume, at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, then to the plain of Loretto, and lastly to its present hill. But, though 'the wondrous flitting' of the 'Santa Casa' is with us the most prominent feature in its history, it is far otherwise with the pilgrims who frequent it. To them it is simply a portion of the Holy Land—the actual spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity of the belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary of Christendom. Not to mention the adoration displayed on the great festivals of the Virgin, or at the commemoration of its miraculous descent into Italy, the devotion of pilgrims on ordinary week-days exceeds anything that can be witnessed at the

* *Protev. Jacobi*, c. xi. No special locality was known in the time of Jerome. Paula, he tells us, 'percurrit Nazareth nutriculam Domini:' evidently implying that the village generally, and not any particular object within it, was the object of her pilgrimage (*Hieron. Epitaph. Paul.*). Even as late as 1185 the grotto alone was known as the sanctuary of the Church of Nazareth, as appears from the *Itinerary of Phocaa*.

holy places in Palestine, if we except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter.

Every morning, while it is yet dark, the doors of the Church at Loretto are opened. A few lights round the sacred spot break the gloom, and disclose the kneeling Capuchins, who have been there through the night. Two soldiers, sword in hand, take their place by the entrance of the 'House,' to guard it from injury. One of the hundred priests who are in daily attendance commences at the high altar the first of the hundred and twenty masses that are daily repeated. The 'Santa Casa' itself is then lighted, the pilgrims crowd in, and from that hour till sunset come and go in a perpetual stream. The 'House' is crowded with kneeling or prostrate figures, the pavement round it is deeply worn with the passage of devotees, who, from the humblest peasant of the Abruzzi up to the King of Naples, crawl round it on their knees, while the nave is filled with bands of worshippers, who, having visited the sacred spot, are retiring from it backwards, as from some royal presence. On the Santa Casa alone depends the sacredness of the whole locality in which it stands. Loretto—whether the name is derived from the sacred grove (*Lauretum*) or the lady (*Loreta*) upon whose land the house is believed to have descended—had no existence before the rise of this extraordinary sanctuary. The long street with its venders of rosaries, the palace of the governor, the strong walls built by Pope Sixtus IV., the whole property of the rich plain far and near, are mere appendages to the humble edifice which stands within the Church. And its genuineness and sacredness has been affirmed by a long succession of pontiffs, from Boniface VIII. down to Pius IX.

No one who has witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot could wish to speak lightly of the feelings it inspires. Yet its connexion with the question of the Holy Places of Palestine, as well as with the pretensions of the Church which fosters the double claim of Loretto and of Nazareth, demands an investigation that, under other circumstances, might be deemed gratuitous. The difficulty is not evaded by the distinction that the one is a house, and the other a grotto, because both house and grotto are asserted to enclose the exact locality of the Angelic visitation—to be each the scene of a single event which can only have happened in one. But this is not all. If it were practicable for either, being once committed, to abate its pretensions, it is palpable to every traveller who compares the sanctuaries that by no possibility can they ever have been amalgamated. The 'Santa Casa' at Loretto is an edifice of 36 feet by 17: its walls, though externally cased in marble,
can

can be seen in their original state from the inside, and appear to be of a dark-red polished stone. The west face has one square window, through which it is affirmed the Angel flew; the east contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a block of masonry, supposed to be the altar on which St. Peter said mass, when the Apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up.* Notwithstanding that the monks of Loretto and of Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other, the ecclesiastics of Palestine could not be altogether ignorant of the distant but mighty sanctuary patronized by the highest authorities of their Church. They therefore show to any inquiring traveller the space which was occupied by the Holy House before its flight—the only space certainly on which it could have stood if either the Italian or Syrian tradition were to be maintained. This space is a vestibule in front of the grotto, into which the house is alleged to have opened. The alterations which the Church of Nazareth have undergone render it impossible to lay any stress on the variation of measurements. But the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such appendage as the Santa Casa. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rock, it would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. A comparison of the masonry of the so-called workshop of Joseph at Nazareth, with the material of the House of Loretto, may be considered no less fatal to the theory. Whilst the latter is of a kind wholly unlike anything in Palestine, the former is composed, as might be expected, of the grey limestone of the country, of which, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were in all times built.

To many it may seem superfluous to attempt a serious refutation of the most incredible of ecclesiastical legends. But the claims of Loretto have been so strongly maintained by French and Italian (we happily cannot yet say English) writers of our own times—the faith of the See of Rome is so deeply pledged to its genuineness by bulls and indulgences, as well as by custom and tradition, that an interest attaches to it far beyond its intrinsic importance. Even if the story were accepted the embarrassment remains, for there is still the rival sanctuary, which is equally under the Papal authority. If the question of the genuineness of such a relic, and the truth of such a miracle, can be left undecided, it either follows that the system of local sanctuaries is of no practical importance, or that on momentous points of practical

* We have omitted, for the sake of perspicuity, all the confessedly modern alterations.

importance the Church of Rome is as little capable of infallibly guiding its members as the Church of England or the Church of Geneva.

But the explanation of the origin of the legend has also a value as a general illustration of the history of 'Holy Places.' Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayer the favour of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. The demand remained, though the supply was gone. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen first the desire, and next the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet? The House of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the 'Last sigh of the Crusades;' its particular form suggested possibly by the Holy House of St. Francis at Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity. It is not indeed a matter of conjecture that in Italy, where the temperament of the people most craves such stimulants, there were devotees who actually endeavoured to reproduce within their own immediate neighbourhood the very scenes of Palestine. One such example is the Church of St. Stephen at Bologna, within whose walls are crowded together various chapels and courts, representing not only, as in the actual Church of the Sepulchre, the several scenes of the Crucifixion, but also the Trial and Passion; and which is entitled, in a long inscription affixed to its cloister, the 'Sancta Sanctorum;' nay, literally 'the Jerusalem' of Italy.* Another still more curious instance may be seen at Varallo, in the kingdom of Piedmont. Bernardino Caimo, returning from a pilgrimage to Palestine at the close of the fifteenth century, resolved to select the spot in Lombardy which most resembled the Holy Land, in order that his countrymen might enjoy the advantages without undergoing the privations he had suffered himself. Accordingly, in one of the beautiful valleys leading down from the roots of Monte Rosa, he chose (it must be confessed that the resemblance is somewhat like that between Monmouth and Macedon) three hills, which should represent respectively Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary; and two mountain streams, which should in like manner personate

* This church was, at least in its foundation, considerably earlier than that of Loretto, having been first erected in the 5th century. There is an excellent account of it in Professor Willis's Essay on the Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

the Kedron and Jordan. Of these the central hill, Calvary, became the 'Holy Place' of Lombardy. It was frequented by S. Carlo Borromeo, and under his auspices was studded with chapels, in which the scenes of the Passion are embodied in waxen figures of the size of life. The entire country round continues to this hour to send its peasants by thousands as pilgrims to the sacred mount. As the feelings which actuated Bernardino Caimo would naturally have existed in a more fervid state two centuries earlier, when the loss of Palestine was more keenly felt, and the capture of Nazareth was fresh in every one's mind, we can easily imagine that the same tendency which produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna and a second Palestine at Varallo, would, on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast of Romagna, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more ignorant and poetical age was ascribed, in the case of the Holy House, to the hands of angels, was intended in the case of the Holy Sepulchre to have been literally accomplished by Sixtus V. by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for its bodily transference to Rome, that so Italy might glory in possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour.

III. Every one has read of the multitude of Holy Places which cluster within and around the walls of Jerusalem. Ever since the occupation of the city by the Crusaders, the same localities have age after age been pointed out to pilgrims and travellers with singular uniformity. Here and there a tradition has been misplaced by accident, or transposed for convenience, or suppressed in fear of ridicule, or, may be, from honest doubts; but, on the whole, what was shown to Maundeville in the fourteenth century, was with a few omissions shown to Maundrell in the seventeenth; and what Maundrell has described with the dry humour characteristic of his age, may still be verified by travellers who take the trouble of procuring an intelligent guide. Such localities are curious as relics of that remarkable period when for the first and only time Palestine became a European province—as the scenes, if they may be so called, of some of the most celebrated works of European art, and as the fountain-head of some of the most extensive of European superstitions. No one could see without at least a passing emotion the various points in the Via Dolorosa, which have been repeated again and again in pictures, and in legends, throughout the western world; the spot where Veronica is said to have received the sacred cloth, for which Lucca, Turin, and Rome contend—

contend—the threshold where is believed to have stood the Scala Santa, now worn by the ceaseless toil of Roman pilgrims in front of St. John Lateran. On these lesser sites it is useless to dwell in detail. But they possess one common feature which it is worth while briefly to notice. Some countries, such as Greece—some cities, such as Rome—lend themselves with great facility to the growth of legends. The stalactite figures of the Corycian cave at once explain the origin of the nymphs who are said to have dwelt there. The deserted halls, the subterranean houses, the endless catacombs of Rome, afford an ample field for the localisation of the numerous persons and events with which the early Roman ecclesiastical history abounds. But in Jerusalem it is not so. The featureless rocks without the walls, the mere dust and ashes of the city within, repel the attempt to amalgamate them with the fables which are affixed to them, and which, by the very fact of their almost imperceptible connexion with the spots in question, betray their foreign parentage. A fragment of old sculpture lying at a house door is sufficient to mark the abode of Veronica—a broken column, separated from its companions in a colonnade in the next street, is pointed out as that to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew—a faint line on the surface of a rock is the mark of the girdle which the Virgin dropt to convince Thomas. There is no attempt at subtle fraud, or even at probability. The only handle perhaps, even for a legendary superstructure, afforded by the scenes themselves is the red and white colour of the limestone rock, which, if the Scala Santa or any part of it were ever at Jerusalem, may have suggested the marks. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, and almost playful, spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places in which to realize the dreams of their own imaginations.*

From these lesser memorials—the mere sport and exuberance of monastic traditions—we pass to the greater, though still not the greatest, of the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They are—the Church, or rather Mosque, of the Ascension, on the top of Mount Olivet; the Church containing the tomb of the Virgin, at its foot; and the ‘*Cœnaculum*,’ or Church of the Apostles, on Mount Zion.

1. The present edifice of the Church of the Ascension has no claims to antiquity. It is a small octagon chapel situated in the

* An instructive example of the readiness with which several localities were invented may be seen in Sewulf’s unconscious account of the accommodation of the Mahometan relics in the Mosque of Omar to Christian history during that short period in the twelfth century when it was in the hands of the Crusaders (Early English Travellers, p. 40).

court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of the celebrated view to which the world can offer no equal. Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since* the seventh century, as imprinted with the footstep of our Saviour. There is no memorial to which we more joyfully apply our observations upon the slightness of ground with which many of the sacred localities were selected. It would be painful to witness any symptom of fraud, or even the adoption of some fantastic trick of nature, in connexion with such an event as is here commemorated. A deep repulsion would be created in all but the coarsest minds were there, for example, any such impression as that which is shown in the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis at Rome, or of St. Radegonde at Poitiers, where well-defined footmarks in the stone indicate the spots in which our Saviour is alleged to have appeared to St. Peter and St. Radegonde. Here there is only a simple cavity in the rock, which has no more resemblance to a human foot than to anything else. It must have been chosen in default of anything better; and could never of itself have suggested the connexion.

It is not improbable that the Church of the Ascension marks the site on which Helena built one of the only two churches which Eusebius ascribes to her—the church ‘on the top of the hill’ whose glittering cross was the first thing that caught the eye of the pilgrims† who, in the age of Constantine and of Jerome, approached Jerusalem from the south and west. At the same time‡ a circumstance, on which Eusebius lays great stress, has been strangely overlooked by most of those who have treated on the subject, and which, though it may not invalidate the identity of the position of the ancient church with the present mosque, certainly throws a new light upon the object for which it was erected. ‘A true tradition,’ he tells us, ‘maintains that our Lord had initiated his disciples in his secret mysteries’ before the Ascension, in a cave to which, on that account, pilgrimages were in his time made from all parts of the Empire, and it was to honour this cave, which Constantine himself also adorned, that Helena built a church, in memory of the Ascension, on the summit of the mountain. It is almost certain that Eusebius must refer to the singular catacomb, commonly called the Tombs of the Prophets, which is a short distance below the third summit of Mount Olivet, and was first distinctly noticed by Arculf in the seventh century, to whom were shown within

* Arculf. (*Early English Travellers*, p. 5.) He speaks of the ‘dust’ on which the impression remains; but probably he meant the same thing.

† Hieronym. Epitaph. Paul.

‡ Euseb. Vit. Const., iii. 41, 43; *Demonst. Evang.*, vi. 18, p. 288.

it 'four stone tables, where our Lord and the Apostles sate.'* In the next century the same 'four tables of His Supper' were seen by Bernard the Wise, who speaks of a church being erected there to commemorate the Betrayal.† From that period it remained unnoticed till attention was again called to it by the travellers of the seventeenth century, in whose time it had assumed its present name.

It is possible that what Bernard calls the church may have been the remains of the buildings which Constantine erected, and that the ruins, still discernible on the third summit, may be the vestiges of the sacred edifice of Helena. It is, however, possible also (and the expression 'summit of the whole mountain,' rather leads to this conclusion), that, though in connexion with the cave, her church was built on the site which is usually assigned to it within the precincts of the present mosque. But, whichever be the case, it is clear from the language of Eusebius that the spot which she meant to honour was not the scene of the Ascension itself, but the scene of the conversations which preceded that event, and which were believed to have occurred in the cave. Had this been clearly perceived much useless controversy would have been spared. There is no proof from Eusebius that the place from which our Lord might be presumed to have ascended was ever specified at all. Here was (as usual) the tradition of the *cave*, and nothing besides, and Helena fixed upon the site of her church partly (no doubt) from its commanding position, partly from its vicinity to the rocky labyrinth in which the instructions immediately preceding the Ascension were supposed to have been delivered. It was reserved for observant travellers of our own time to perceive the impossibility of reconciling what is at present alleged to be the scene of the Ascension with the words of St. Luke, to which we must add its palpable contradiction to the whole character of the event. Even if the Evangelist had been less explicit in stating that 'Jesus led out the disciples as far as Bethany,' we should still have maintained that the secluded hills‡ which overhang the village on the eastern slope of Olivet are as evidently appropriate to the entire tenor of the narrative, as the startling, we might almost say offensive, publicity of a spot in full view of the city of Jerusalem is wholly inconsistent with it, and (in the absence, as it now appears, of even traditional support) in every sense untenable.

2. There are probably not many Englishmen who, before the

* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 24.

‡ That especially to which Tobler assigns the name of Djebel Sajach (Siloahquelle und Oelberg, p. 84).

diplomatical controversy which it has provoked, knew anything of the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, the least known, but most romantic, sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine. Yet there are few travellers whose attention is not arrested by the sight of a venerable chapel, approached by a flight of steps, which lead from the rocky roots of Olivet among which it stands, and entered by yet again another and deeper descent, under the low-browed arches of a Gothic roof, producing on a smaller scale the same impression of awful gloom that is so remarkable in the subterranean church of Assisi. 'You must know,' says Maundeville,* 'that this Church is very low in the earth, and a part is quite within the earth. But I imagine that it was not founded so; but since Jerusalem has been so often destroyed, and the walls broken down, and levelled with the valley, and that they have been so filled again and the ground raised, for that reason the church is so low in the earth. Nevertheless, men say there commonly, that the earth hath been so ever since the time that our Lady was buried there, and men also say there that it grows and increases every day without doubt.' Its history is comparatively recent. It is not mentioned by Jerome amongst the sacred places visited by Paula, and, if on such matters the authority of the Third General Council† is supposed to have weight, the tomb of the Virgin ought not to be found at Jerusalem but at Ephesus. The authority, however, of a General Council has been unable to hold its ground against the later legend, which placed her death and burial at the Holy City. Even the Greek peasants of Ephesus itself, though still pointing to the ruined edifice on the heights of Coressus, as the tomb of the Panaghia, have been taught to consider it as commemorating another Panaghia than the 'Theotocos,' in whom their great Council exulted. Greeks and Latins, unhappily for the peace of Europe, unite in contending for the possession of the rocky sepulchre at the foot of Olivet—the scene, according to the belief of both churches, of that 'Assumption,' which has been immortalised by the genius of Titian and Raphael, and which, in our later ages, has passed from the region of poetry and devotion into a literal doctrine.

Close, however, to the Church of the Virgin is a spot which, as it is omitted in Abbé Michon's catalogue of Holy Places, we ought in consistency to pass over. Yet a few words—and perhaps the fewer the better—must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. That the tradition reaches back to the age of Constan-

* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 176.

† Concil. Hardouin, tom. i. pp. 143. The history of the tradition is well given in Mr. Williams's Holy City, 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 434.

tine is certain. How far it agrees with the slight indications of its position in the Gospel narrative will be judged by the impression of each individual traveller. Some will think it too public. Others will see an argument in its favour from its close proximity to the brook Kedron. None probably will be disposed to receive the traditional sites which surround it—the Grotto of the Agony, the rocky bank of the three Apostles, the ‘terra damnata’ of the Betrayal. But in spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity and the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive-trees—now indeed less striking in the modern garden-enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side—will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting and, except the everlasting hills themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.

3. On the brow of Mount Zion a conspicuous minaret is pointed out from a distance to the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the south, as marking the Mosque of the Tomb of David. Within the precincts of that mosque is a vaulted Gothic chamber, which contains within its four walls a greater confluence of traditions than any other place in Palestine, after the Holy Sepulchre. It is said to occupy the site of the edifice,—it cannot of course be the very church itself,—which Epiphanius mentions as having survived the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. That in the days of Cyril there was some such building, in which he delivered his famous lectures, is evident from his own allusions. But it is startling to hear that this is the upper chamber of the Last Supper, of the meeting after the Resurrection, of the day of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, of the burial of Stephen. If it were not for the antiquity of some of these pretensions—dating as far back as the fourth century, and the interest of all of them—it would be hardly worth while to allude to assumptions which rest on a foundation too fragile to bear discussion. A conjecture might almost be hazarded, that the building, being in ruins or of palpably earlier date than the rest of the city as rebuilt by Hadrian, had served as a convenient receptacle for every memorable event which remained unattached. It is impossible at least that it should be both the scene of the ‘Cœnaculum,’ and stand within the precincts, or rather above the vault of the Tomb of David. The belief that here is the burial-place of the Royal Psalmist, although entertained by Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen alike, has given it a special sanctity only in the eyes of the last, and M. De Sauley has endeavoured,

voured, in a very elaborate argument, to set up in preference the catacomb on the north of the city, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. But the old site is maintained by many zealous upholders of the local traditions, as, for example, by Mr. Williams, in his 'Holy City,'* and all that we assert is the incompatibility of the claim to be at once the scene of David's burial and of the Last Supper. The Jewish feeling, at the commencement of the Gospel History, could never have permitted a residence to exist in juxtaposition with the Royal Sepulchre.

4. We now approach the most sacred of the Holy Places; in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest sink into insignificance, and which, even if spurious, is among the most interesting spots in the world. It is needless to attempt on the present occasion to unravel once more the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre.† Everything, we believe, which can be urged against the claim will be found in the 'Biblical Researches' of Dr. Robinson—everything which can be said in its favour in the 'Holy City' of Mr. Williams, including, as it does, the able discussion by Professor Willis on the architectural history of the church. It is enough to remind our readers that the decision mainly turns upon the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. It is commonly confessed that the present edifice stands on the site of that which was constructed by Constantine, and the historical question is the value to be attached to the allegation that the spot was marked out in the time of the latter by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected for the purpose of polluting the spot believed to be the Holy Sepulchre by the Christians of his age. The Crucifixion, as we all know on the highest authority, being without the city, and the tomb in a garden nigh at hand, the topographical question is whether it is possible, from its position, that the selected locality could have been on the outer side of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. On the historical branch of the inquiry we will merely remark that the advocates of the Sepulchre have never fairly met the difficulty well urged by the learned Dean of St. Paul's,‡ that it is hardly conceivable that Hadrian could have had any motive in defiling the spot with heathen abominations, when his whole object in establishing his Roman colony at Jerusalem was to insult the Jews, and not the Christians, who were emphatically divided from them. It is

* Vol. ii. p. 608.

† The question has already been discussed by us in an article on Dr. Robinson's 'Biblical Researches' (Q. R. vol. 69, pp. 169-176). A summary of both sides of the question is given in the eighth number of the 'Museum of Classical Antiquities,' April, 1853.

‡ Milman's History of Christianity, vol. i. p. 417.

equally affirmed that Hadrian established the worship of Venus upon the scene of the Nativity, and it throws a further suspicion upon both stories that there is no allusion, either by Justin or by Origen, to the desecration at Bethlehem, though speaking of the very cave over which the Pagan temple is said to have been erected, and within a century of its erection. In the topographical question, while admitting the weight of the objection drawn from the proximity, to say the least, of the present site to the inhabited portion of old Jerusalem, we yet do not think that the opponents of the Sepulchre have ever done justice to the argument stated by Lord Nugent, and pointedly brought out by Professor Willis, which is derived from the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. Underneath the western galleries of the church are two excavations in the face of the rock, which as clearly form an ancient Jewish sepulchre as any that can be seen in the valley of Hinnom or in the Tombs of the Kings. That they should have been so long overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, can only be explained by the perverse dulness of the conventual guides, who call attention instead to two graves 'sunk in the floor,'* which may possibly, like similar excavations at Petra, be of ancient origin, but which, as Dr. Schulz suggests, may have been dug at a later period to represent the graves, when the real object of the ancient sepulchres had ceased to be intelligible—as the tombs of some Mussulman saints are fictitious monuments erected over the rude sepulchres hewn in the rock beneath. The names assigned to these sepulchres are fanciful of course, but their existence seems a conclusive proof that at some period the site of the present church must have been without the walls, and lends considerable probability to the belief that the rocky excavation, which exists in part perhaps still, and once existed entire, within the marble casing of the chapel of the Sepulchre, was a really ancient tomb, and not, as is often rashly asserted, a modern imitation.

Farther than this we believe that in our present state of knowledge no merely topographical considerations can bring us. Even if these tombs should prove the site of the present Church to have been outside some wall, they do not prove it to have been the wall of Herod; for it may have been the earlier wall of the ancient monarchy; and although it was satisfactorily established

* Even Mr. Curzon, whilst arguing for the antiquity of these tombs, in his graphic account of the Church, speaks of them as 'in the floor.' (*Eastern Monasteries*, p. 166.) Another slight inaccuracy may be noticed (p. 203), because it confuses the tenor of a very interesting narrative. He confounds 'the stone where the women stood during the anointing' with 'the stone where the Virgin stood during the Crucifixion.' The two spots are wide apart.

that the Church was outside the wall of Herod, it would only prove the possibility, and not the probability, of its identity with the site of the Crucifixion. But, granting to the full the doubts—and it may be more than doubts—which must always hang over the highest claims of the Church of the Sepulchre, we do not envy the feelings of the man who can look unmoved on what has, from the time of Constantine, been revered by the larger part of the Christian world as the scene of the greatest events that ever occurred upon earth, and has itself become, for that reason, the centre of a second cycle of events, which, if of incomparably less magnitude, are yet of a romantic interest almost unequalled in human annals. It may be too much to expect that the traveller, who sees the uncertainty of the whole tradition, should partake those ardent feelings to which even a man so sceptical as Dr. Clarke of the genuineness of the localities confesses, in the striking passage in which he describes the entrance of himself and his companion into the Chapel of the Sepulchre; but its later associations at least may be felt by every student of history without the faintest fear of superstition or irreverence.

Look at it as its site was first fixed* by the extraordinary man who from so many different sides deeply affected the fortunes of Christendom. Whether Golgotha were here or far away, there is no question that we can still trace, as Constantine or his mother first beheld it, the sweep of rocky hill, in the face of which the sepulchre stood. If the rough limestone be disputed, which some maintain can still be felt in the interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, there can be no doubt of the rock which contains the 'tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus;' none of that which in the 'prison' and in the 'entombment of Adam's head' marks the foot of the cliff of the present Golgotha; or of that which is seen at its summit in the so-called fissure of the 'rocks rent by the earthquake;' none, lastly, of that through which a long descent conducts the pilgrim to the subterraneous chapel of the 'Invention of the Cross.' In all these places enough can be seen to show what the natural features of the place must have been before the native stone had been 'violated by the marble' of Constantine; enough to show that we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the church is built on the native hills of the old Jerusalem.† On these cliffs have clustered the succes-

* We are, of course, not ignorant of Mr. Fergusson's ingenious, we may almost say, brilliant attempt to disprove even the Constantinian origin of the present site; but till he has shown (as his argument requires) that the market-place of Jerusalem was at that time in the valley of Jehoshaphat (to omit all other objections) we cannot think that he has made out any case.

† Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Willis's masterly discussion of the whole subject is his attempt to restore the original form of the ground.—(Sections 7 and 9.)

sive edifices of the venerable pile which now rises in almost solitary grandeur from the fallen city. The two domes, between which the Turkish sheykh was established by Saladin to watch the pilgrims within—the lesser dome surmounting the Greek church which occupies the place of Constantine's basilica; the larger that which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, and for the privilege of repairing which the world has so nearly been roused to arms—the Gothic front of the Crusaders, its European features strangely blending with the Oriental imagery which closes it on every side; the minaret of Omar* beside the Christian belfry, telling its well-known story of Arabian devotion and magnanimity; the open court thronged with buyers and sellers of relics to be carried home to the most distant regions of the earth; the bridges and walls and stairs by which the monks of the adjacent convents climb into the galleries; the chambers of all kinds which run through the sacred edifice; all these, and many like appearances, unfold more clearly than any book the long series of recollections which hang around the tattered and incongruous mass. Enter the church, and the impression is the same. There is the place in which to study the diverse rites and forms of the older churches of the world. There alone (except at Bethlehem) are gathered together all the altars of all the sects which existed before the Reformation. There is the barbaric splendour of the Greek Church, exulting in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. There is the deep poverty of the Coptic and Syrian sects, each now confined to one paltry chapel, and which forcibly contrast with the large portions of the edifice which have been gained by the Armenians through the revenues in which that church of merchants—the Quakers of the East, as they have been justly called—so richly abounds. There is the more chastened and familiar worship of the Latins, here reduced from the gigantic proportions which it bears in its native seat to a humble settlement in a foreign land, yet still securing for itself a footing, with its usual energy, even on localities which its rivals seemed most firmly to have occupied. High on the platform of Calvary, beside the Greek sanctuary of the Crucifixion, it has claimed a separate altar for the Exaltation of the Cross. Deep in the Armenian chapel of St. Helena it has seated itself in the

* The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the Church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it. The story is curiously illustrated by the account which Michon (p. 72) gives of the occupation of the 'Cenaculum' by the Mahometans. A few Mussulmen in the last century, who were determined to get possession of the convent, entered it on the plea of its being the tomb of David, said their prayers there, and from that moment it became a Mahometan sanctuary.

corner where the throne of Helena was placed during the 'Invention.' In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself, whilst the Greek Church, with its characteristic formality, confines its masses to the antechapel, where its priests can celebrate towards the east, the Latin Church, with the no less characteristic boldness of the west, has rushed into the vacant space in the inner shrine, and, regardless of all the points of the compass, has adopted for its altar the Holy Tomb itself. For good or for evil, for union or for disunion, the older forms of Christendom are gathered together, as nowhere else in Europe or in Asia, within those sacred walls.

It would be an easy though a melancholy task to dwell on the bitter dissensions which have thence arisen—to tell how the Armenians stole the Angel's stone from the ante-chapel of the Sepulchre—how the Latins procured a firman to stop the repairs of the dome by the Greeks—how the Greeks demolished the tombs of the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, in the resting-place which those two heroic chiefs had chosen for themselves at the foot of Calvary—how the English traveller was taunted by the Latin monks with eating the bread of their house, and not fighting for them in their bloody conflicts with the Greeks at Easter—how the Abyssinian convent was left vacant for the latter in the panic raised when a drunken Abyssinian monk shot the muezzin going his rounds on the top of Omar's minaret—how, after the great fire of 1808, which the Latins charge to the ambition of their rivals, two years of time, and two-thirds of the cost of the restoration were consumed in the endeavours of each party, by bribes and litigations, to overrule and eject the others from the places they had respectively occupied in the ancient arrangement of the Churches—and how each party regards the infidel Turk as his best and only protector from his Christian foe. These dissensions, however painful, are not without their importance, as exhibiting in a palpable form the contentions and jealousies which from the earliest times to the present day have been the bane of the Christian Church; making mutual enemies dearer than rival brethren, and the common good insignificant in comparison with the special privileges of each segment of the circle. Yet let us not so part. Grievous as are these contentions, we cannot but think that their extent has been somewhat exaggerated. Ecclesiastical history is not all controversy, nor is the area of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a battle-field of sects. On ordinary occasions it exhibits only the singular sight of different nations, kindreds, and languages worshipping, each with its peculiar rites, round what they unite

in believing to be the Tomb of their common Lord—a sight edifying by the very reason of its singularity, and suggestive of a higher, and, we trust the day may come when it may be added, a truer image of the Christian Church than that which is now too often derived from the history both of holy places and holy things.

There is one more aspect in which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre must be regarded. It is not only the Church of all the ancient communions—it is also in a special manner the Cathedral of Palestine and of the East, and it is there that the local religion which attaches to all the Holy Places reaches its highest pitch, receiving its colour from the eastern and barbarous nations who are the principal elements in the congregation. Most of our readers will have derived their conception of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from Mr. Curzon's graphic description of the celebrated catastrophe of 1834; but as the extraordinary occurrences of that year would convey a mistaken impression of the usual routine, it may be well to subjoin an account of the more customary celebration of the festival. The time to which our readers must transport themselves is the morning of Easter Eve, which, by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is the gallery of the Latins, whence all Frank travellers view the spectacle,—on the northern side of the great Rotunda—the model of so many European churches, and of which the most remarkable, perhaps, that of Aix-la-Chapelle, was built in express imitation of the famous original. Above is the dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre, that on the east containing the 'Stone of the Angel.' Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians, and has a round hole on its north side, from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks, and a corresponding aperture for the Armenians on the south. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, which is the only portion of the edifice allotted to the Copts. Yet further west, but parted from the Sepulchre, is the chapel, equally humble, of the Syrians, whose poverty has probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the
so-called

so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus which lie in their precincts. The chapel of the Sepulchre itself rises from a dense mass of pilgrims who sit or stand wedged together; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which lines the walls of the church, a circular lane is formed by two circumferences of Turkish soldiers, who are there to keep order. For the first two hours all is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture, whence the fire is to spring, keep their hands fixed in it with a clench which is never an instant relaxed. About noon this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run the circuit of the Sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not appear. Accordingly, for two hours, or more, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog.* He sees a medley of twenty, thirty, fifty men, some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, racing and catching hold of each other, lifting one of their companions on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps on the ground, when a second succeeds. A fugleman usually precedes the rest, clapping his hands, to which the others respond by the like action, adding wild howls, of which the burden is 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan'—'Jesus Christ has redeemed us.' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the passage between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, wheeling round and round like the Sabbath of the Witches in Faust. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the racecourse is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, defiles round the Sepulchre.

The excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, now becomes universal. Hedged in by the

* It is possible that in these performances there may be some reminiscence of the ancient funeral games, such as those which took place round the pile of Patroclus. An illustration which comes more home may be found in Tischendorf's description of the races at the tomb of the great Bedouin saint, Sheykh Saleh, in the Peninsula of Sinai (Reisen, ii. p. 207-314), and in Jerome's account of the wild fanatics, who performed gambols exactly similar to those of the Greek Easter before the reputed sepulchres of John the Baptist and Elisha, at Samaria—*ululare more luporum, vocibus latrare canum—alios rotare caput, et post tergum terram vertice tangere.*—(*Epitaph. Paul.*, p. 113.) Possibly it was in parody of some such spectacles that the Latins held their dances in St. Sophia, in the capture of Constantinople, at the fourth Crusade.

soldiers,

soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remain in their places, but all join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time, strangely and almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession—the stately chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom—mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; and at the third circuit the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. The crisis of the day is approaching, and one great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. It is difficult to describe the appearance, as of a battle and a victory, which at this moment pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the building at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger, waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers before the tremendous rush. In a small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of ‘the Fire,’ the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the City. A single vacant space is left—a narrow lane from the fire-hole in the northern side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the flame; and on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times the expectation of the Divine presence was raised at this juncture to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told,* and doubtless truly, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism, or of daring profaneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief remains—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, and intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of the frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would

* With this, and one or two other slighter variations, the account of Maundrell, in the 17th century, is an almost exact transcript of what is still seen.

be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and the fraud which is preparing within. At last it comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop in the chapel—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, till at last the entire edifice from gallery to gallery, as well as through the whole of the area below, is blazing with thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried in triumph out of the Chapel, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, ‘to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to have come.’* It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the Church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the Convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the consecrated tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, leads at times to the violent pressure at the single outlet of the church which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its reputed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment after the fire is communicated; and not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the Church is again filled through the area of the Rotunda, through the chapels of Copt and Syrian, through the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine’s Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, filled in every part, except the one Chapel of the Latin Church, by a mass of pilgrims, who are wrapt in deep sleep awaiting the midnight service.

Such is the celebration of the Greek Easter—probably the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honour, and considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, the most offensive imposture to be found in the world. It is impossible to give a precise account of the origin of the rite. The explanation often offered, that it has arisen from a misunderstanding of a symbolical ceremony, is hardly compatible with its remote antiquity. As early as the ninth century it was believed that ‘an angel came

* Curzon’s *Monasteries*, p. 203.

and lighted the lamps which hung over the Sepulchre, of which light the Patriarch gave his share to the bishops and the rest of the people, that each might illuminate his own house.* It was in all probability an imitation of an alleged miraculous appearance of fire in ancient times—suggested perhaps by some actual phenomenon in the neighbourhood, such as that which is mentioned in Ammianus's account of Julian's rebuilding the Temple, and assisted by the belief so common in the East, that on every Friday a supernatural light which dazzles the beholders, and supersedes the necessity for lamps, blazes in the sepulchres of Mussulman saints. It is a remarkable instance of a great—it may almost be said awful—superstition gradually deserted by its supporters. Originally all the sects partook in the ceremony, but one by one they have fallen away. The Roman Catholics, after their exclusion from the church by the Greeks, denounced it as an imposture, and have never resumed it since. Indeed next to the delight of the Greek pilgrims at receiving the fire, is now the delight of the Latins in deriding what in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith' for this very year they describe (forgetful of the past and of S. Januarius at Naples) as a 'ridiculous and superstitious ceremony.' 'Ah! vedete la fantasia,' exclaim the happy Franciscans in the Latin gallery, 'Ah! qual fantasia!—ecco gli bruti Greci—noi non facciamo così.' Later the grave Armenians deserted, or only with reluctance acquiesced in the fraud; and lastly, unless they are greatly misrepresented, the enlightened members of the Greek Church itself, including, it is said, no less a person than the Emperor Nicholas, would gladly discontinue the ceremony, could they but venture on such a shock to the devotion of thousands who yearly come from far and near, over land and sea, for this sole and special object.

It is doubtless a wretched thought that for such an end as this Constantine and Helena should have planned and builded—for such a worship Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, have fought and died. Yet in justice to the Greek clergy it must be remembered that it is but an extreme and instructive example of what every church suffers which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our European minds may be the frantic orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather perhaps to wonder that these wild creatures should be Christians at all, than that being such they should take this mode of expressing their de-

* Bernard the Wise, A.D. 867. *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 26. There is a story of a miraculous supply of oil for the lighting of the lamps on Easter Eve at Jerusalem, as early as the 2nd century.—Euseb. H. E. vi. 9.

votion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dulness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers*—they were not ‘working out,’ but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

It may seem to some a painful, and perhaps an unexpected result of our inquiry, that so great an uncertainty should hang over spots thus intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion,—that in none the chain of tradition should be unbroken, and in most cases hardly reach beyond the age of Constantine. Is it possible, it is frequently asked, that the disciples of the first age should have neglected to mark and commemorate the scenes of such events? And the answer, though often given, cannot be too often repeated, that it not only was possible, but precisely what we should infer from the absence of any allusion to local sanctity in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, who were too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their localities, too wrapt in the spirit to pay regard to the letter or the place. The loss of the Holy Sepulchre thus regarded, is a testimony to the greatness of the Resurrection. The loss of the manger of Bethlehem is a witness to the universal significance of the Incarnation. The sites which the earliest followers of our Lord would not adore their successors could not. The obliteration of the very marks which identified the Holy Places was effected a little later by what may without presumption be called the providential events of the time. The Christians of the second generation of believers, even had they been anxious to preserve the recollection of sites which were familiar to their fathers, would have found it in many respects an impossible task after the defacing ruin which attended the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. The same judgment which tore up by the roots the local religion of the old dispensation, deprived of secure basis what has since grown up as the local religion of the new. The total obliteration of the scenes in some instances is at least a proof that no Divine Providence, as is sometimes urged, could have watched over them in others. The desolation of the lake of Gennesareth has swept out of memory places more sacred than any (with the one exception of those at Jerusalem) that are alleged to have been preserved. The cave of Bethlehem and the house of Nazareth, where our Lord passed an unconscious infancy, and an unknown youth, cannot be compared for sanctity with that ‘house’ of Capernaum,

* Eothen, p. 137—143.

which was the home of his manhood and the chief scene of his words and works. Yet of that sacred habitation every vestige has perished as though it had never been.

But the doubts which envelope the lesser things do not extend to the greater,—they attach to the ‘Holy Places,’ but not to ‘the Holy Land.’ The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem absolutely indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are signalised in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to S. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connexion existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling—of making topography a matter of religion—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.

These ‘Holy Places’ have, indeed, a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the Crusades, or with the tears and prayers of thousands of pilgrims which, of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they are offered. But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine as the later course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the Church itself, and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth

above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee: the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables,—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever.

ART. V.—1. *Ephemerides Isaaci Casauboni, cum Præfatione et Notis.* Edente Johanne Russell, S. T. P., Canonico Cantuariensi, Scholæ Carthusianæ olim Archididascalo.

2. *Le Triumvirat Littéraire au XVI Siècle; Juste Lipse, Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon.* Par M. Charles Nisard. Paris, 1852.

ON his thirty-eighth birthday and the first year of his Professorate at Montpellier, Casaubon commenced a private Diary. He continued to keep it with a punctuality probably without parallel in the history of journalism, and which of itself indicates the man, till within a fortnight of his death in 1614. It is literally 'Nulla dies sine linea.' Wherever he went the current volume went with him, and he made a note, however brief, of the spent day before he slept. So invariable was the rule, that on one occasion, having left the register behind when he slipped out of Paris for a night, his wife takes up the pen in his stead. 'February 23 (1601). Ce jour dit M. Casaubon a esté absent, que Dieu garde, et moi et les nostres avec lui. Amen.' The daughter of Henry Estienne, though accustomed from childhood to speak Latin in her father's house, where the very domestics were compelled to talk like ancient Romans, makes her entry, it will be observed, in the vernacular tongue. Casaubon himself uniformly employs Latin; or rather Græco-Latin, so thickly is his Diary sown with Greek phrases. The Latin is good, and shows much facility in the adaptation of classical language to modern and household objects. The Greek occurs more in low phrases and half theological expressions of the Byzantine mint. The flow of Casaubon's style in a journal, which must have been written *currente calamo*, establishes the justice of the account of his conversation which was given by Cardinal Du Perron, who said of him 'That when he talked French he talked like a peasant; but when Latin, he spoke it like his mother tongue.'

The *Ephemerides* is now for the first time published entire.
There

There is a hiatus of about three years and a half, between 1604 and 1607, the fasciculus containing that period having been lost as early as the time of Meric Casaubon, who succeeded his father as prebendary of Canterbury, and deposited the MS. in the chapter library, from whence it has been disinterred by Dr. Russell. It is in the regularity of the entries that the value of the *Diary* consists, and the Editor has exhibited a sound judgment in resisting the temptation to select only the interesting passages. These are not very many; for a scholar's life is seldom one of incident, and he has little else to tell than what he read and wrote. Casaubon does this minutely, but rarely mixes reflections or criticism, which were reserved for other MS. volumes, such as '*ἔλλιν indigesta*,' or for the margins of his books. Several volumes of such *Adversaria*, compiled by Meric from his father's memoranda, are still preserved. Besides noting his daily scholastic tasks, Casaubon intimates, but very briefly, his family affairs, visits, journeys, letters, and conversations, including sometimes his expenditure. Public events are little noticed, and only when they have interested him more than ordinarily. The loss from the omission of historical and political details is probably nothing. We can read anywhere of the battlefield and the council-chamber—show us, if you can, the domestic interior. We are sated with state apartments, let us have a peep into the kitchen or the housekeeper's room.

M. Nisard, ignorant of the publication of Dr. Russell, has drawn his materials from two volumes of letters, and other collections (among which are extracts from the *Ephemerides*) which appeared at Rotterdam in 1709. These he has used well, and, though the *Diary* enables us to deepen some of the lines, and add here and there a more life-like touch, his Casaubon is faithfully and distinctly drawn, and is in every essential particular the Casaubon of the *Ephemerides*. In that triumvirate, which forms the subject of his agreeable volume, and which contains Scaliger the most brilliant, and Lipsius the wittiest scholar of his day, our journalist represents laborious industry. In the age of the schoolmen, if the first had been saluted as *Doctor Incomparabilis*, Lipsius might have been canonized as *Doctor Lepidissimus*, and Casaubon fairly earned the title of *Indefatigabilis*. Having nothing excentric about him, he will for this very reason be a better representative man, and furnish a juster idea of the ordinary life of a classical scholar about A.D. 1600.

Isaac Casaubon was born at Geneva, February 8 (18), 1559, and was thus the junior of Scaliger by nearly twenty, and of Lipsius by more than ten years. His father was a French Calvinist minister, who was forced to fly from his native province of Dauphiné,

phiné, by the rigorous persecution which the Lorraine faction, ruling in the name of Henry II., directed against the reformed faith. When the vigilance of the Inquisition was relaxed in the early part of the reign of his successor, Charles IX., Arnald Casaubon was invited by the Protestant congregation of Crest, a small town in the department of Drome, to settle among them as their minister. Here, sharing with his flock the perils and vicissitudes of that period of distress which culminated in the massacre of S. Bartholomew, he passed the remainder of his life. For several years Isaac had no other instructor than his father, and his initiation into the rudiments of Greek was effected during one of their forced retirements into the sequestered valleys of the Hautes Alpes. At nineteen, having evinced his aptitude for learning, he was sent to Geneva, the head-quarters of Calvinism, where the new religion had formed a college, of which Beza was then the director. Here he addicted himself specially to Greek, and soon attained such proficiency that he was pointed out by Francis Portus, who was lecturer on that language, as his own successor. It may have helped to quicken the perception of his merits, that the performances which revealed it were two Greek epigrams in praise of his master. A year or two after Portus' death, which happened in 1581, Casaubon was, on this recommendation, appointed to the post. The elevation may seem premature for a youth of twenty-four, and doubtless implied great merit; but the name of 'Professor of Greek' must not mislead us. When the age of the students was much below what it usually is now in our universities, such a functionary, notwithstanding his imposing title, would find himself, as is the case in a Scotch university at present, engaged in teaching the very rudiments of the language. For this humble drudgery older or more distinguished scholars would not often be obtainable, and thus it was that in that day so many young men filled the office. Even in the University of Leyden, and at the height of its early renown, Heinsius was lecturer in Greek at eighteen, whereas the newly-founded establishment at Geneva advanced very modest pretensions. It consisted of a preparatory school or *college*, with an academy or 'auditoire' annexed to it, and though Calvin had wished to establish a chair in each of the faculties, the want of funds had prevented his proceeding beyond the three most essential—Hebrew, Greek, and Philosophy. But the functions of the professors were wider than their titles. Casaubon explained both Greek and Latin authors, and sometimes Hebrew—perhaps during a vacancy of the chair—while the teacher of Hebrew was professor of Oriental tongues in general. How poor were the stipends may be gathered from the statement, that Beza, who

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was second pastor in the town as well as rector of the academy, received only 80*l.* a-year.

Geneva might appear to have combined most of the requisites which were needed for the erection and growth of a university. *Politically* uniting the honours of the name of Free town of the empire with all the solid advantages of entire independence, its recent successful resistance to the seigneurial claims of the Dukes of Savoy had inspired a spirit of confidence and triumph from which has so often dated the commencement of a new existence for enfranchised states. The citizens were neither unprepared nor unworthy to exercise their own privileges. Long habits of self-government, and the existence of two parties who contended by constitutional arms alone within the bosom of its senate, had taught them valuable political lessons. When the better party, that of the friends of liberty, found themselves the stronger, they used their victory with the wise moderation which might have been looked for from men so trained.

Geographically, situated in the midst of nations speaking three great languages, there was much in Geneva to facilitate the immigration of foreigners. This of itself was an inestimable advantage. The revival of university life in Northern Europe which set in about the middle of the sixteenth century encountered two great obstacles, neither of which existed in the middle ages, and to the absence of which is to be ascribed the peculiar development of the schools of learning which the twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed. These obstacles were, the religious schism, and the formation of nationalities. The gradual gathering of the separate members of the European state-system into a few large monarchies with powerful antipathies was a decentralizing power which the attraction of a common literature might for a time resist, but could never overcome. The neutral territory of Geneva offered a most favourable field for counteracting the dissociating elements of the new state of things. A Bavarian student at Paris was a stranger by the side of the French pupils, as a French student at Pisa was equally an alien among Tuscans and Lombards. But at Geneva all were equally at home, or equally strangers. There 'Tros Tyriusve nullo discrimine agetur.' A native of Geneva, however much attached to his 'patrie,' could have no nationality, and he has none to this day. Like Athens of old, the city was the asylum, and might have become the school, of the rest of the world. Scarcely any of its illustrious inhabitants at that epoch were natives of the place,—Calvin came from Picardy; Beza from the Nivernois; Portus was a Greek, of Candia; Diodati and the Turretini had migrated from Lucca, Pacius from Vicenza; the Spanheims from the

the Palatinate. At a time when its population was probably under 15,000 souls it contained 400 English refugees (1556). With these advantages of territory, situation, and liberal government, it might have been anticipated that the attempt made in the middle of the century to establish a university would have met with success. Whence came it, then, that the successor to the fading splendour of the Italian schools was not Geneva, but Leyden? That question is answered when it is said that the founder of the former college was Calvin. The success of Leyden, which had equally with Geneva to contend with the obstacle created by nationality, was due to its being based on the principle of religious toleration. The failure of Geneva was owing to its being wholly committed to the principle and spirit of religious exclusion. Leyden, in a corner of Europe among an illiterate people who spoke a semi-barbarous dialect, had a brilliant career and a universal reputation. Geneva, speaking the language of civilization, on the borders of the nursery of letters, remained a mere Calvinist seminary. Indeed, though both Calvin and Beza were among the most erudite men of their age, their object was not the promotion of learning. With them everything was subservient to theology, and by theology they meant their own system, which, though undoubtedly profound, was eminently narrow and exclusive. They wanted a seminary to propagate 'la religion,' as the reformed doctrines were called, and we need not wonder that a sectarian academy should have produced comparatively little fruit. Within its own narrow limits it bore the stamp and impress of its founder's vigour; but so rigid were its rules, that as late as 1796 no dissident, nor even a Lutheran, could be a citizen of Geneva, or teach publicly in the academy.

The subjugation of university life at Geneva to ecclesiastical ends had a powerful influence in shaping the character and course of Casaubon. It was in this society, the first for which he exchanged the paternal roof, that he married, and formed his friendships, and it was here that he passed the eighteen years of his life which intervened between his nineteenth and his thirty-seventh year. At the time of his appointment to succeed Portus in the Greek chair his passion for literature possessed all the ardour of a first love. It broke out in the shape of notes on Diogenes Laertius—a characteristic choice, as showing his early taste for the erudite, rather than for the vigorous and practical writers of antiquity. He dedicated this inaugural essay to his father, and the venerable pastor received the offering of his learned son with the observation that he had rather have from him a single sentence on the Holy Bible than all the fine things he seemed to have so much at heart. Casaubon never forgot the rebuke;

rebuke; and, like Elwood's remark to Milton, it took effect long after it was uttered. For the present his conscience was satisfied by the composition of some brief notes on the Gospels, and after what was, perhaps, a forced labour, he betook himself to the unexplored and inexhaustible fields of Plato and Aristotle.

His next publication, however, was a volume of corrections of Theocritus, which only deserves mention as being the produce of his gratitude for the notice he received from the very celebrated man who has left the stamp of his name on all the Greek literature of the period—Henri Estienne. In character they were sufficiently dissimilar; but as there was thirty years difference between their ages, disparity of temper was no bar to a friendship which was cemented by community of taste. Henri Estienne, though not the greatest critic, was the most singular and original character connected with letters in that generation. An Hellenist 'de première force,' according to the measure of the time, he has no claim to be ranked with the triumphviri; nor is he considered equal to Budeus, Camerarius, or Canter. But, considering how little his temperament was adapted for a studious life, his attainments in classical learning must excite our wonder. He was by natural constitution formed for stirring, and not for sedentary intellectual pursuits: nothing less than the sphere of politics could have absorbed his restless energy; nothing below the first prizes in that arena have slaked his craving ambition. The son of a printer was excluded from the competition, except by the avenue of the Church, which was closed to the Huguenot. Hence, like so many other frustrate activities, his were obliged to find what vent they could in literary pursuits. The path in which his eccentric and chafing spirit was compelled to walk was marked out for him by the circumstances of his inheriting his father's name, and his stock in trade; but it was too petty a distinction for him to be satisfied with emulating the beauty of typography which had acquired for the press of Robert Estienne its European reputation. To Henri, 'unus non sufficit orbis;' he aspired to be his own printer, corrector, editor, critic. His father, with a prognostic of the son's unsettled temper, had directed by his will that the famous Greek types which had been cast at the cost of Francis I. should not be removed from Geneva. The spirit of Henri fretted at the confinement to so narrow a theatre; he felt himself, as was said afterwards of Mad. de Staël, 'trop grand poisson pour notre lac,' and, like her, he sighed for Paris. Henri IV., who did nothing else for him, had the goodness to intercede with the Council of Geneva to obtain the annulment of the clause in the father's will; but the burgher pride of the senate, though docile to the despotism of their pastors, was
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aroused by the interference of a foreign potentate. They cared nothing for the retention in their town of the first Greek press in Europe, and their resistance proceeded from their jealous independence. But though the household gods of Estienne were thus constrained to abide in one place, and though he had there a wife whom he loved, at least of whom he has written most warmly, he himself was to be met with anywhere rather than at home. From Naples to London he wandered wherever he could meet with MSS. and learned men, collecting the one, insulting and quarrelling with the other; getting into scrapes with the police by his neglect of regulations, and escaping the consequences by his dexterity and the impossibility of detecting his country or his native tongue. Incessantly on the move, he collated Greek MSS.—the most sedentary of literary occupations—with the perseverance of a Bekker; found time to throw off more books from his too fluent pen than many printers have sent forth from their press; and printed more than many men have found leisure to read. His own compositions were not, it will be supposed, of the most solid description; but consisted of a cloud of brochures, pamphlets, diatribes, prefaces, dedications, notes, observations, schediasmata, libelli—the light artillery of the scholar. The matter is often in ludicrous contrast with the title. His ‘*Apologie pour Hérodote*’ is the text for a string of scandal on the monks. He sate down in a mood of ill-humour to review the Latin of Lipsius—a fertile theme—and having written the title ‘*De Latinitate Lipsiensi*,’ he is wholly occupied with the Turkish war, which gave occasion to the wits to entitle the book ‘*De Latinitate Lipsiensi contra Turcas*.’ His own latinity was far from being unexceptionable. He showed Pithou several fragments of new editions of Roman authors, and on pressing him for his opinion received the significant answer that he had better keep to his Greek.

He travelled, as was customary before the days of passable roads, on horseback, but on a high-spirited and mettlesome Arab, and not on the spavined hacks of the post-houses. These seasons—for his teeming imagination could not be idle—were claimed by his muse. An epigram, or a prologue, or a soliloquy, was composed and written down, without drawing rein.* Like

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* His father before him is supposed to have improved these equestrian hours. It was Robert Estienne that divided the New Testament into verses, and his son Henri tells us that it was effected during a journey from Lyons to Paris, *inter equitandum*. The phrase has been commonly supposed to signify that he performed the task upon horseback, but Michaelis thought it might only mean that he did it between the stages while taking his ease at his inn. The first, and literal interpretation, is doubtless correct. John Wesley read hundreds of volumes as he ambled upon his nag from one preaching

the author of *Marmion*, his poetical excitement required a gallop. He talks as much of his horses as Sully, and has sung the praises of one which he bought at the fair of Francfort; and bewailed in elegiacs the way in which he was jockeyed in a deal at Zurzach. His equestrian feats intrude themselves into his gravest dissertations, and he will break out in the middle of a preface to Apollonius Rhodius into an anecdote of how he once leaped a toll-gate on the high-road near Francfort. Fifty different Latin versions of a single distich in the Greek Anthology attest at once his powers of versification, and the uneasy soul to which variety was the breath of life. When excitement failed him, as it did on several occasions during the three score years and ten for which the machine continued to supply the incessant demands he made upon it, he fell into a state of the most utter wretchedness. His seasons of sadness were not ordinary depression of spirits, for when he was unnerved, the reaction was in proportion to the previous feverishness of his existence. He was then the victim of a satiety or loathing of his usual occupations, and he could not even enter his library without shading his eyes with his hand to avoid the sight of his books. He complained that he could nowhere find a description of his disease, but the simple truth was, that his commanding energies, made for manly strife, rebelled from time to time against the pedant's vocation to which they were condemned.

It is impossible to allude in the most cursory manner to the endless diversity of Henri Estienne's writings, and this teeming pamphleteer was the compiler of one of the most laborious monuments of erudition that was ever produced in any age—the famous Greek Thesaurus, which has only been recently superseded, and which was of itself a sufficient task for one industrious life.

It was at the time when Estienne's fortunes were on the decline, owing to the excess of his undertakings, and specially to the vast expense of publishing the 'Thesaurus,' that Casaubon came first within his orbit. The young professor began by courting the notice and the library of the great Philomath, but soon included in his devotion the printer's fair daughter Florence. Estienne's passion for the collection of MSS. was accompanied by an equally alert jealousy in their custody. He had amassed great treasures of the sort, and guarded them as the Indian griffins their gold from every invader except the mites and the

preaching station to another, and, however difficult it might have been to pencil figures upon the margin of the Testament when mounted upon the fiery Arab of Henri, it might easily have been accomplished upon the hack of Robert, which was probably as steady as his desk.

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worms. He was averse, it is said (*Scaligerana*), to the match with Casaubon, but Casaubon could more easily obtain his daughter than one of his MSS. He was as unwilling to restore the works he had borrowed as to lend his own, and Leunclavius had to dun him for a series of years to get back a Xenophon. To enter his library was strictly forbidden, not only to strangers, but to his family. To open it by stealth, and hunt for a book among the disordered heaps, during one of his long absences, was, says Casaubon, 'as mighty an undertaking for them as the siege of Troy,' and when they had accomplished the feat, they trembled with apprehension lest the impetuous old Grecian should detect what they had done. The paternal opposition to the suit was probably less disinclination to the match than a fear that the son-in-law would extort the key of the book-room. Casaubon's mode of laying siege to daughter and library at once was quite in character. Estienne had printed two editions of Theocritus, and till he should himself think proper to publish a third, these two must have been, in his own opinion, incapable of being improved on. It would never have entered into any head less simple and unworldly than Casaubon's to think of recommending himself by publishing '*Lectiones Theocriticæ*;'—by re-editing over an editor's head. Scaliger had been mightily indignant when Henri Estienne had presumed to tamper with some of his emendations. '*Omnes quotquot edidit libros, etiam meos, corrumpit*' (*Scaligerana*). This was high treason, and it might seem petty treason for Casaubon to meddle in his turn with the readings of Henri. He only assumed, however, to be the moon following in the wake of the sun, and a deprecatory preface and proper submissions caused the offering to be graciously accepted. The great merits of Casaubon, and the reflection that a son-in-law who promised to be so learned a Grecian might be useful in executing some of the numerous projects which multiplied on him as he waned in years, weighed with Estienne. The author of the '*Lectiones Theocriticæ*' was frankly admitted into his friendship and his house, and in 1586 married his daughter. How tenderly Casaubon was attached to her every page of the Diary bears abundant evidence, and she returned his affection; but there is no appearance of her sharing, as M. Nisard supposes, in her husband's pursuits. On the contrary, we infer that she was a weak woman, and, though we hear nothing like the untunable murmurs of Hooker's wife, it is evident that her domestic distresses were not sparingly inflicted on her good-man, who perhaps on his part tried her patience by a scholar's indifference to household difficulties. Still there was no bitterness in the harpings of the housewife on her cares, and a narrow *ménage* and

and a numerous family seem never to have introduced domestic discord.

Casaubon had rushed into print early, not to say precipitately; but, as we should scarcely regard the 'Diogenes Laertius' as more than an exercise for a degree, it may be thrown out of the account, and thenceforward we shall see him forming himself for the editorial functions which made his great reputation by long, silent, and laborious study. Matrimony did not detain him long from his books. This was his Philosophy and Jurisprudence period, of which the former with him meant Aristotle and Plato, and in the latter he had the assistance of the eminent Julius Pacius, the pupil of Raymond Sully, the master of Peiresc. We are not surprised to find that the next event we have to record is that he fell dangerously ill. During his compulsory abstinence from study his father's rebuke of his profane pursuits came back strongly upon him. He registered a vow that, should he regain his strength, he would give his time exclusively to sacred authors. No sooner was he in a condition to re-enter his study, than he threw himself with ardour upon the Old Testament Scriptures, and the oriental tongues, devouring the rabbis, and astonishing Chevalier, his Hebrew instructor, by the rapidity of his progress. His skill in student-craft shortly convinced him that, even with a view to the understanding of the sacred books, it was a false system which would confine the mind to them alone. He got back to the classics, and before long was as much engrossed by them as ever. But now it was not philosophy; for which, in truth, though he superintended an edition of Aristotle, he had no vocation. He fastened upon authors more congenial to his tastes, and during the first ten years of married life, he successively brought out Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Polyænus (an Ed. Princeps), Apulius, Suetonius, and what remain, the most characteristic, if not the happiest specimen of his editing, the Characters of Theophrastus. All this while he continued to lecture his pupils, and, though confined by the ignorance of his auditors to humble ground, he himself applied to all the books he read in class the critical skill of a master. His copies of the tragedians, of Hesychius, Stephanus Byzantius, Synesius, Epictetus, bear evidence in their margins of his unwearied labour, the results of which—the mere sweepings of his study—were always at the service of his friends. He had fixed his eyes on Athenæus as the subject for his own *chef-d'œuvre*, and had for some time been making corrections of that corrupted author. His emendations were to be submitted to an Aristarchus whose opinion might be a trustworthy guide to an explorer adventuring on such a quagmire as the existing text. He was still

still only in his thirty-fifth year, and there was but one man in Europe to whom he could look up as his superior in Greek.

Scaliger had just (1593) removed to Leyden. In his retirement near Tours, he had been waited on by a deputation, humbly praying that it would please his lordship to deign to become the hope and light of the studies of the Dutch University. He might dictate his own terms. Let him but give his presence and his name; let him but occupy the professorial chair, and he need never descend to the labour of lecturing. On this condition, and after once flatly refusing their proposals, Scaliger had consented. It was now that Casaubon presented himself before the 'King of Letters' with his humble petition. 'He had debated it long,' he said, 'and ventured on the step with fear and trembling. For if he knew him to be a man, and one both amiable and condescending, he knew also that an intellect occupied in fathoming the mysteries of knowledge ought not lightly to be intruded on. In this spirit he presumed to knock at the gate of his friendship to ask for admission, including the favour of his advice and correspondence.' He received a gracious reply, and in return submitted a specimen of his *Athenæus*. It was slightly commended by Scaliger, with the cold addition, that he could, if it were worth while, point out blemishes. Casaubon, not repulsed, and sincerely anxious for the credit of his work, implored him in the most submissive terms not to keep back anything he had to say of his emendations. Scaliger was disarmed by such an entire surrender at discretion. He protests with arrogant humility that he was not so vain as to correct Casaubon, that he had never read anything more admirable than the notes on *Athenæus*, and that he was not ashamed to avow that there were innumerable things in them which he had learned for the first time, and that his ambition was to be esteemed not the least contemptible of those who called Casaubon master. The master understood well enough what these effusions were worth. He was not so simple as to take Scaliger at his word, and his discretion was able finally to ripen into a secure alliance, an acquaintance opened on the rotten foundation of mutual flattery. He desired to make a pilgrimage to King Joseph in Holland, and laid up two hundred golden crowns in a purse of velvet to defray the expenses of the journey. The coveted opportunity never arrived, and he was obliged to content himself with having 'knocked at the gate of Scaliger's friendship.' Though they never met, their correspondence was only broken by death, and is one of the most interesting in the collection of the epistles of Casaubon.

By this time our Diarist had by his numerous and careful editions

editions achieved a reputation in France and Germany. He had also formed connexions, not merely among scholars, but with a wide circle of men of rank and eminence. To one of these patrons was owing his removal—promotion it can scarcely be called—from the city which was at once his native and his adopted country, and in which he had struck all the roots, domestic and social, that give a man a hold on the ‘*solum patriæ*.’ He was undoubtedly attached to Geneva, yet he deserted it for a post, which offering him no better prospects than the one he was leaving, exposed him to charges of a discontented, capricious disposition. The imputation, taken in connexion with a confessedly somewhat querulous temper, cannot be pronounced altogether unfounded; yet the motives for his leaving Geneva are apparent enough, and have not been sufficiently considered by his biographers. His father-in-law was a most inconvenient and troublesome neighbour; and his slender salary was ill-paid, partly from the emptiness of the treasury, partly from the little estimation in which his functions were held by the long-cloaked party who administered the affairs of the Calvinistic republic. The atmosphere of the place was pre-eminently theological; and though Casaubon the man was esteemed, liked, loved, Casaubon the scholar was not appreciated at a scholar’s value. His scrupulous attendance at four sermons per week was of more worth than the most profusely learned expositions from the professorial chair. Here were sources of disgust enough, and it took no more than it does now to make a man whose position is uneasy desire to improve it by change of place. The fallacy of attempting to escape social annoyances by the expedient is only to be detected by trying the experiment.

He was thus in a mood to accept any promising opening which might present itself. Proposals had been made from universities in the United Provinces—from Leyden and Franeker; but they were neither very hearty or very distinct. The only tangible offer came from Montpellier, and this had been obtained for him by the influence of one of his powerful and warmest friends. Canarge de Fresne, a nobleman of rank, and of great credit at court, had been lately sent by Henri IV. into the south as president of the chamber (*mipartie*) of Languedoc. At his suggestion the town council of Montpellier, as early as 1595, had made overtures to Casaubon. They were not very alluring in themselves. Montpellier was as poor as Geneva; and being, like Geneva, closely bound up with the Huguenot cause, it shared equally in all the embarrassment under which the French Protestants were labouring at this crisis. Casaubon played with the proposal, anxious to escape from Geneva, but hoping to
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receive some more eligible invitation. Two years passed away, and nothing else offered. The Government at Geneva did not take the hint, and would not, or could not, augment his stipend. The council of Montpellier, still prompted by De Fresne, renewed their instances, and Casaubon gave a tardy consent. It would, at least, remove him from Geneva, and bring him into France, where alone, if anywhere, he could look for preferment. Henri IV., who was on the point of completely accommodating the protracted religious troubles, would have preferments to dispense, and obscure hints were thrown out of Royal favour.

The university of Montpellier did not rank high. Its reputation rested almost entirely on its medical schools; though even in this department its fame was on the wane. Since the time when, on the ruin of Cordova, it had risen to be the first university of its class in the south-west of Europe, the throngs of students had dwindled, and four regius professors of physic, salaried from the treasury, now alone represented the numerous lecturers and demonstrators in anatomy, whom the payments of the pupils had once sufficed to maintain. It still continued, however, to rank next after Paris, and to be an M.D. of Montpellier was a sufficient title to practise anywhere. The number and severity of the examinations, sixteen of which had to be passed before the doctor's hood could be assumed, stamped a peculiar value on the degree, just as the facility with which the payment of fees secured the discredited appellation at Valencia had occasioned the saying, 'Doctor de Valenza, Longa Roba, corta scienza.' But medicine formed a faculty apart, which had its own university officers, who took precedence, and disclaimed connexion with the other faculties which had grown up by its side. In the faculty of laws the University possessed a teacher of some renown, William Rankin; in arts its celebrity was wholly provincial, as might have been expected from the fact that while the chairs of physic and anatomy were submitted to competition, those in arts were the patronage of the town council. If there was little distinction in the position, there was no pecuniary equivalent. When we find that the regius professors of medicine received only 600 francs, we shall not expect that the teachers in what were considered the inferior faculties would be highly paid. The evil was co-extensive with letters, and wherever there existed a full head it was almost sure to be accompanied by an empty purse. Bacon complained, in his *Advancement of Learning*, of 'the smallness and meanness of the salary which in most places is assigned unto the public lectures. In the universities of this realm, which I take to be of the best endowed universities of Europe, there is nothing more wanting towards the

the flourishing state of learning than the honourable and plentiful salaries of such readers.'

But little tempting as were the terms, they were not performed. They had promised him, besides his stipend, a house and firewood; the latter a cos'ly item in a locality removed from the great forests, and where the cold in winter is occasionally intense. Neither condition was kept. He had to spend the first winter in two little rooms hired at his own cost, and not a tenth part of the wood was supplied. When, at last, they found him a house, he had to pay for it himself, and they immediately deducted the first year's rent, 30 francs, from the first half-year's stipend, which had been promised, but was not paid, in advance. They had engaged to give him four hundred and fifty francs towards furnishing the dwelling they had omitted to provide, and he could only get two-thirds of the sum. Disgusted with their faithlessness and their parsimony he seriously thought of retracing his steps to Geneva.

These difficulties, however, were owing to want of means more than to want of will on the part of his patrons. The disasters of the civil wars had exhausted all the parties in France, and they paid him as they could, in little sums at a time. But what was wanting in lucre, was in some degree compensated by the appreciation which was denied him at Geneva. Deputations from the corporation and the university met him on his arrival a mile from the city. His course was attended not only by the scholars, but by men of learning and eminence, of whom he found no lack at Montpellier. He selected for his subject, with a view to attract the legal students, the Laws and Civil Affairs of the Roman Republic. His prelection, as was usual in all the faculties, physic as well as arts and theology, was in the Roman tongue. His inaugural discourse was written; his subsequent lectures were spoken from notes. They consisted of detached remarks, or a running comment on some text, such as Book iii. of '*Cicero de Legibus*.' His long, correct, but dull, sentences, largely interlarded with Greek; his profusion of learned illustration and quotation, which overloaded his subject, and the purely philological character of his course, were not at all adapted for general popularity. To account for his drawing an extra-academical audience, we must consider, besides the erudite taste of the age, the novelty of the exhibition, the celebrity of his name, and the desire of the authorities to do honour to their selection. He now, for the first time, tasted the gratification of a public homage, and witnessed in person the general recognition of his unrivalled attainments. Medicine was the ancient boast of Montpellier; law, which formerly had been monopolized by Poitiers, had more

recently begun to flourish among them: and Casaubon, they said, had at last brought the classics. He exerted himself to the utmost to meet their expectations. Too wise and too modest to be made vain, he felt the applause which attended his course to be less the reward of past labour than an incitement to further research. He gave up all his days to preparation for the lecture-room. His subject obliged him to be at once jurist and philologist, and great as were his acquisitions, he was fully conscious what regions of knowledge were still unexplored.

This bright season in a life of gloom was of short duration. The novelty wore off: the audiences fell away, and the niggardliness of the town council began to be seriously felt. He relapsed into his habitual despondency about his family affairs, and a severe illness came to aggravate his mental distress. The chancery of Paris, even on the personal solicitation of Rankin, refused to issue the letters of naturalization which had been promised him, except at an exorbitant fee, which Casaubon declined to pay. He had never contemplated Montpellier as a permanent residence, and the mortifications he experienced increased his impatience to leave it. He only coveted such a provision as should release him from the drudgery of teaching, and enable him to give his whole time to his books. In these he found his sole relief from vexations, and returning to his 'Athenæus' he again began to read with a view to edit. We survey with despair the stupendous monuments of the erudition of the time, and conclude that there were giants in the earth in those days. With more iron in the globules of their blood than we find in ours, the secret of their achievements is in their industry, and not in their force of mind. Sustained labour, prolonged to an advanced period of life, was as much the rule then as it is the exception now. Here is a man, at forty, who is in his own department of letters at the pinnacle of fame, and who has already secured whatever promotion is within his reach, toiling on at productions which could be no further source of fame or profit. He would have hailed a benefactor of mankind in the being—

'Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood!'

Before he emigrated to France he had formed a connexion with a wide circle of distant friends, entailing a heavy correspondence. Letter-writing, not on business, but on literary topics, took up much of his time, and he paid the tax grudgingly. Though a quick-tempered, he was a warm-hearted and affectionate man, and he soon conciliated a numerous set of fresh friends in his new place of residence. The fashionable era of
Montpellier

Montpellier had not yet commenced. Fifty years later it had become a great winter resort for health or pleasure; and dress, visiting, and fashionable company had transformed it from a Huguenot fortified town to a lively watering-place. Edward Browne, son of Sir Thomas, who visited it in 1664, while he reports highly to his father of its medical school, is no less charmed with its society:—

‘This place is the most delightful of all France, being seated upon a hill in sight of the sea, inhabited by a people the most handsome in the world; the meanest of them going neatly drest every day, and their carriage so free that the merest stranger hath acquaintance with those of the best rank of the town immediately.’

In Casaubon's time the social disposition was equally strong, but the visiting was on a more simple and primitive footing. His friends—‘*amici quam non amici!*’—dropped in on him every morning, and though our courteous student received them in his workshop, he all the while was counting the minutes and wishing them gone. Notwithstanding his sighs and groans over morning callers and gossiping half-hours, he dedicated whole days with satisfaction to a *tête-à-tête* with Rankin, or the President de Fresne, and was always ready for a conversation on the state of the Church, on the prospects of ‘the Religion,’ and on the backsliding of Henri IV. Six a. m. was a late hour for him to enter his study; five, and often earlier, was more usual. His first act was one of devotion, and unless specially busy, he gave an hour to the Hebrew Scriptures, or some religious book. The author he had in hand occupied him, with the interval of breakfast at ten, till the lecture, which was usually at four, was announced by the tolling of the great bell. He lectured four days in the week. Wednesday and Saturday were holidays,—*Mercredi*, then styled ‘*jour d'Hippocrate*,’ being substituted, in the medical school of Montpellier, for Thursday, which was adopted in most universities. Though the town was wholly Huguenot, yet from long custom the ‘*jours chomés*’ of the Catholic ritual were kept as holidays, but the emancipation from the lecture-room was counterbalanced by sermons, of which there was one nearly every day in the week, and on Sundays four. The university functionaries were not bound to attend. Yet Casaubon was usually present at festivals, and always on Sundays, not, however, without a strong sense of the sacrifice he was making in quitting Chrysostom or Basil in his study to comply with the custom of a Church where the quantity of preaching was in his judgment so often in the inverse proportion to its quality.

‘Their sermons,’ says Heylin, writing in 1625, ‘are very plain and homespun, little in them of the Fathers and less of human learning, it being

being concluded in the synod of Cappe that only the Scriptures should be used in their pulpits. They consist much of exhortation and use, and of nothing in a manner which concerneth knowledge; a ready way to raise up and edify the will and affection, but withal to starve the understanding.'

Calvin himself was 'facundiæ contemptor,' and at Montpellier the entire duty was performed by two curés, of whom the one was incapacitated by age, and the other by youth. On Sundays, after the first sermon, which was at 8 A.M., Casaubon wrote letters, pursued his ordinary studies, or received his friends. To our astonishment we find that there was no strictness in keeping the sabbath among the French Protestants of that age of theological ferment. The commencement of the summer vacation varied with the time of Easter, but it was not later than the first week in July, and the schools re-opened in August or September. The Christmas holidays began in the middle of December, and lasted about a month. Sometimes, but very rarely, he went beyond the walls for health or recreation, and he visited de Fresne at Carcassonne, or walked out to the country villa of Dr. Sarrasin, or went over the ruins of Maguelonne.

The chair he occupied is called by Le Clerc the chair of Greek and Literæ Humaniores. The subjects on which he lectured were miscellaneous enough. He opened his course, as has been said, with the Roman History and Constitution. He afterwards took up the *ἔπος* of Hippocrates, the whole of whose works he had gone through in private in little more than a month. In addition to his ordinary course he read from time to time some Greek author with a voluntary class. We find mention made of Homer, Pindar, Theophrastus, Aristotle's Ethics, Persius, Plautus (*Captivi*), and Cicero ad Atticum. At a later period Theophrastus on Plants was in reading, and the pleasure was heightened by the discovery that the last editor (the elder Scaliger) had left room for a plentiful crop of emendations. Though in common with his age he thought philosophy meant Aristotle, he could not live at Montpellier without discovering that medicine was something more than the perusal of Hippocrates and Galen. He was a not infrequent attendant at the medical disputations, and even at dissections, and he entered with zest into some chemical experiments when on a visit to Lyons. It may deserve to be mentioned that at Paris in 1601 (January 18) he bestowed a spare hour on a show of 'illius equi Scotici mirabilis,' in which readers of Shakspeare will recognise the 'dancing horse' of 'Love's Labour lost.*' His reading was discursive, not desultory,

* 'How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.' The date of the first edition of *Love's Labour Lost* is 1598.

tory, and when he commenced a book he generally persevered to the end. In the spring of 1597, though labouring under a severe attack of dysentery, and much interrupted by the disputes with the Council, and by several changes of lodgings, the works he digested were Hippocrates, Basil, Seneca, Suidas, and Cedrenus, while the Hebrew Bible, Chrysostom, Jerome, Tertullian, Menander Rhetor, and Philostratus were read cursorily or in parts. All this was between February and June, and was quite independent of two courses of lectures, for some of which considerable research was required. He was sensible at times that he was impairing his power of thought by over-much reading, and after resolving to resist its seductions was ever and anon driven back when he began to reflect of how much he was ignorant. There is a notion afloat that the great scholars of the olden time were merely prodigies of pedantry who knew nothing beyond Greek and Latin; and the study of their lives in correcting this error will dispel another,—that it is impossible to be at once discursive and deep. The Scaligers and Casaubons took a wide range; but devoted more hours to each field of the farm than punier cultivators bestow upon their one little plot.

In June Casaubon began to devote himself to Athenæus. He instinctively discerned what a congenial field he offered to his own turn of scholarship, and had long marked him down as his game. Other occupations and the prospect of a removal from Geneva had deferred the execution of his project. Now, when he seemed to be settled for life and in the full maturity of his powers and acquirements, he gave himself to a task, of which the arduous nature could with difficulty be overrated. Those who suppose that to edit a classic is among the easiest of literary toils, and only a fit occupation for laborious dulness, can form no conception of what Casaubon accomplished. Those only who know that a perfectly good edition of a classic is among the rarest of the triumphs which the literary Fasti have to record; that for the last three centuries we have been incessantly labouring at the Greek and Latin remains, and yet that the number which have been satisfactorily edited is fewer than that of great epics, or histories; and who call to mind that some of the most popular of ancient authors who have been attempted the oftenest, as *e. g.*, Horace, still awaits a competent expositor—those only can measure what a giant's strength was required to cope with Athenæus, in the state in which his remains existed in the time of Casaubon. It was a giant's strength that Casaubon put forth,

1598. To the illustrations collected by Douce we may add, besides this visit of Casaubon, an allusion in Whitlock's *Zootomia*, 'Nay, I believe Banks his horse was taught in better language than some would have Christians taught.'

and he produced a work which has continued to this day one of the landmarks of philology. That it is utterly inadequate as an edition of Athenæus is only a consequence of its having appeared in the sixteenth century; but as a collection of most multifarious erudition, very pertinently applied to illustrate the text, it must always remain a standard book of reference, and has as yet indeed no equal. Casaubon's weakness lay in arranging the text, and for this there was more than one reason. He appears to have committed himself to this portion of his labours prematurely, having revised it for a spirited publisher and patron of letters, Jerome Commelin, of Heidelberg, with whose name on the title-page it appeared in 1598, before Casaubon left Geneva, where it was printed at the press of his brother-in-law, Paul Estienne. The basis of his text was that of the Basle edition of 1535, which he corrected from collations made in Italy by Henri Estienne, and by conjectures of his own, and other scholars, who had exercised their skill on detached passages. But, with the laxity of his age, he has not given that exact *signalement* of the MSS. employed, which can enable us to identify them; and worse still, he has not always distinguished between the readings of his authorities and the emendations suggested by his own ingenuity. He has thus, if anything, multiplied the difficulties of determining the genuine text. But had he bestowed all the pains in his power there was one department of the critical art to which no scholar of his day was competent—the metrical arrangement of the poetical citations, with which Athenæus is studded. Even in the prose portion our Diarist is not often happy in his conjectures—a species of sagacity in which he was surpassed by many of his contemporaries—and in the verse he is helpless. The Latin translation was worse than the original Greek, for to save time—in the case of Casaubon it could hardly have been done to save trouble—he reprinted the version of Daléchamp, which very incorrect in itself, was not accommodated to the new recension. When the Editor of Athenæus commenced later an edition of Polybius, which he never lived to complete, warned perhaps by his former negligence, he began by turning the first book into Latin, and with such success that some of his contemporaries affirmed that we, who came after, would find it difficult to decide whether Casaubon translated Polybius, or Polybius Casaubon. Apart from the hyperboles of prettily turned compliments, M. Nisard, an excellent judge, pronounces it a model of its kind—uniting literal fidelity with purity of language and elegance of composition.

The volume, then, hastily printed at Geneva, and published by Commelin, would never have made or sustained a reputation. It is
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in the other half of the work, the volume of 'Animadversions,' prepared during his residence at Montpellier, that his genius shone forth. The rich and fertilizing stream of his inexhaustible erudition diffuses itself over the page, and keeps the reader in perpetual admiration at its steady and well-directed supply. There is nothing philosophical about his philology; but, on the other hand, he does not merely cite and accumulate.* His knowledge comes from his mind, as well as from his memory or his commonplace book. He was far enough from being versed in politics, but speaks of the life and affairs of the Greeks and Romans with uniform good sense, like a plain man, who understood in a plain way what life and affairs were. It was an advantage imposed upon him by the age in which he lived, that all his information was gathered at first hand. The compendia and sylloges, the manuals of antiquities, philosophy, and history, which smooth the path of the modern scholar, save his time and preserve him from blunders, but they inevitably tinge with a borrowed hue the pure impression of ancient manners and ideas, which immediate contact with the originals can alone secure.

Such are the celebrated 'Animadversiones in Athenæum.' The Ephemerides enable us to compute the time—almost the days and hours—which Casaubon bestowed on the task. The foundation was laid when he was engaged on the text at Geneva, and it was at Montpellier, June 23, 1597, that he began seriously to shape his collections into a commentary. He completed on April 16 of the following year the first rough draught of what now constitutes a folio volume of a thousand pages. Within a few days he commenced an entire revision of what he had written. There is no note of the time occupied by these 'secundæ curæ,' but he was still engaged by them on the 3rd of July, when he left home for an absence of some months. A third and final review, including writing out for the press, was begun at Lyons,

* He was not, however, free from the weakness with which we are so familiar in the commentators of Shakspeare, of piling up quotation upon quotation for the sole purpose of displaying his reading. M. Nisard has given a specimen of the manner in which he contrives to append three pages of note to two words of text. Theophrastus had alluded to the habit of the dealers at Athens in putting money into their mouths when, in the hurry of business, they had not time to put it into their purse. Casaubon backs up his interpretation with an array of passages from Alexis, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, and others. Then he remarks that the essence of the custom might be witnessed in his own time with the women who held their pins between their lips to avoid the trouble of sticking them into the pin-cushion. Upon this hint he takes a fresh start, and launches out into a dissertation on the danger of the practice, and infers that, as the women of the fourteenth century sometimes swallowed a pin, the shopkeepers of Athens may have done the same by a coin. This carries him off to the passage of Aristophanes, in which Guelpis meets with precisely such an accident, and here at last he stops in his 'excursus!' M. Nisard justly remarks of notes, that the more the light is concentrated the stronger it shows.

March 20, 1599, and with much interruption completed at Paris, August 9, 1600,—the year in which the '*Animadversiones*' were published.

The vexations of the printing-house were not the least misery of the learned enthusiasts of that generation. Before Casaubon turned his back upon Geneva he confided a few leaves, which he had prepared of his Commentary, to the family press. His despotic father-in-law had two correctors at the period, one of whom was ignorant of typography, and the other of Greek. Between them they provoked the despairing editor to withdraw his manuscript. He hoped for better luck when he was settled at Montpellier, and found on his arrival that the city of Hippocrates was without a set of Greek types. He had then recourse to the printers of Lyons who possessed the types, but had no compositors who were skilled in the use of them. Casaubon scolded and entreated by turns without perceptible result, and he exclaimed in his letters that his hair was growing white with the harassing conflict.

To have done with the book was all the satisfaction it ever gave him. The work itself had been throughout its progress an irksome task, '*catenati in ergastulo labores.*' Should any one have had occasion to feel that the fruits of a life of ambition are '*apples of Sodom,*' let him not conclude that the life of the man of letters is an unmixed delight. The recent complaints which have been raised against literature as a profession have turned chiefly on the fact that it is so poorly remunerated. None of the plaintiffs have pleaded the throes attendant on the act of composition, or the exquisite torture of a fastidious taste, exercised like a conscience, '*tortore flagello,*' on its own products. Literary leisure, if it mean to read books, may be a very agreeable life, but to have to write them is another thing. While engaged in translating Homer, Pope used to be haunted by the ghost of his undertaking in his dreams, and '*wished to be hanged a hundred times.*' Of the blood and sweat, the groans and sighs, which enter into the composition of a volume in folio, as much as into that of a hogshead of sugar, no more faithful record has ever been preserved than in these '*Ephemerides.*' Yet Casaubon was not writing for bread, nor for fame. He had the latter, and the former was not then to be procured by books. The pains of composition were not even repaid by the parental pleasure of contemplating his offspring. To Casaubon the labour and its result were equally repulsive and disappointing. He felt most bitterly on the completion of his '*Animadversions*' how far he had fallen short of his own ambitious designs, and humbly invokes the aid of Scaliger to amend passages, of which the

the corruption had baffled his skill. He was sometimes inclined to explain his distaste by the frivolity or grossness of parts of his author, and he continually sighed for the time when, rid of his travail, he could give himself up to sacred letters. On regaining his liberty he refrained from executing his vow. Athenæus done, he took up with Persius; and when, many years after, he did resign the classics for the Fathers, the result was pronounced by general consent a signal failure.

We have anticipated a little, in order to keep together the history of the Athenæus. It has been seen that on his first removal to Montpellier, his friends had dropped hints of some further promotion. In the summer of 1598, they allured him to Paris, where he was presented at court, and the hopes were authenticated by the King in person. Nothing specific was promised, but he was led to understand that it was intended to appoint him to a chair of classical literature in the University of that capital. There were, however, difficulties in the way, with which his friends were acquainted, but of which he himself only learnt later the full extent. He was not long in suspense. In December, De Vicq announced that he had obtained him a patent for a retaining pension till he should be installed in his chair; and he signified his promotion to the Council of Montpellier. He still awaited a nomination in form. On the 22nd of January, after dinner, he was gladdened by the sight of the expected document, as it still exists among the Burney MSS., signed by the King, and countersigned by the secretary. It was, however, no presentation to a Royal Professorship, but a command to relinquish his engagement at Montpellier, and come to Paris, where it was the King's intention to employ him in the profession of the *Literæ Humaniores*. These indefinite expressions might have raised suspicions; but he seems to have had none at first, and immediately prepared to obey the summons. He despatched his family and his books as far as Lyons, and speedily followed himself, little foreseeing that this promise of future advancement was nearly all he should ever get from the French court. He had been very impatient to leave Montpellier, but it soon appeared that there was no occasion for hurrying to Paris. He lingered months at Lyons, where, with his family and library, he was lodged in the hotel of his magnificent patron, De Vicq, who also undertook to advance the requisite sums for bringing out the '*Animadversions*.' Literature was not held in the same esteem in the town as in the house of his friend, and there was little demand for any books except breviaries. When De Vicq wanted to send a present to Germany, Casaubon at his request hunted the shops for anything in the shape of a new publication, but
without

without success. What Lyonnese booksellers there were must have been truly 'cormorants on the tree of knowledge,' if the widow Harsy, who published for Casaubon, was a fair specimen of the race. She appears to have taken advantage of the poor Diarist's simplicity, and cheated him with a barefaced impudence that could only have been used to a man who was far too deep in Greek and Latin to attend to anything else. Before he closed his career, he had successively tasted all the ills but one of the scholar's life:—

'Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.'

The last was his only blank chapter in the Calamities of Authors.

Meanwhile his friends at court, who had his interest much at heart, and whose honour was pledged to promote it, were urging on the fulfilment of the promise that had been made him; but the obstacles in the way were becoming every day more apparent, and were really on the increase. In a word, the tide of feeling and opinion at Paris was now setting in with increased strength against the Reformed religion and its adherents. It was thirty years since the S. Bartholomew, and the reaction—if indeed there had been any—which followed that massacre had quite died away, and the Parisian mob were ready for a second. In no part of that mob was the hatred against 'cette maudite secte Huguenote et Habloniste' more vehement than among the students of the 'pays Latin.' In going out on Sundays to any of the three churches which the Edict of Nantes allowed them in the banlieu they were liable to be robbed and insulted by the roystering youth. Paris and its schools had throughout the troubles been the stronghold of the League; and now, when in the provinces the stream had turned strongly in favour of the Catholics, it was not likely that the capital would cool in its zeal for orthodoxy. The university occupied a position between two enemies, the Reformed on one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. The latter were, at the moment, by far the most formidable foe; but the very opposition of the colleges and professors to the encroachments of ultra-Catholics, rendered it more incumbent on them to place their orthodoxy above suspicion by keeping the Calvinists at bay. University interests are among the first to suffer in a time of civil war, and the wars of the League had been no exception. Students had fallen off, lectures were interrupted, discipline had become impossible; the endowments of exhibitions and professorial stipends, generally secured on lands or houses, were irregularly paid or altogether in abeyance. Accordingly, one of the first cares of Henri IV. as soon as he became undisputed master was to endeavour to restore efficiency to the educational establishments. A commission was appointed to

review

review the statutes; the old professorial chairs were revived and two new ones created. But it was gradually found to be impossible to enforce the religious equality, which was the wish of the King. When, accordingly, in 1600 (September 18th), Henri's new statutes were promulgated in full assembly of the academical body, they contained an enactment prohibiting the admission to the colleges not only of Huguenot teachers, but even of Huguenot students. Strangers lodging in the town were still allowed to attend the courses without regard to their tenets; but if they discoursed with the collegians on subjects of religion, they were to be interdicted the privilege.

Under these circumstances it was impossible that effect could be given to the mandate addressed to Casaubon at Montpellier. Indeed, when we look at the date and the terms of the summons, it is difficult to believe that it was made in good faith:—

'Monsieur de Casaubon' (it ran), 'ayant deliberé de remettre sus l'Université de Paris, et d'y attirer pour cest effect le plus de savans personnages q'il me sera possible; sachant le bruit que vous avez d'estre aujourd'hui des premiers de ce nombre, je me suis resolu de me servir de vous pour la profession des bonnes-lettres en la ditte université, et vous ay a ceste fin ordonné tel appointment,' &c.

Before the date of this letter (Jan. 3, 1599), it must have been sufficiently apparent that no Huguenot, in the present temper of the university, could be quietly seated in one of its chairs. The truth we believe was, that the court even then entertained expectations of winning Casaubon over to the fashionable side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. These expectations were most sanguine at the outset, and were not unreasonable, looking at the numerous conversions which took place every day. They only died away gradually as the proselytizers slowly arrived at the discovery that they had mistaken their man. Casaubon and the court misunderstood one another. He was so candid, so reasonable, and admitted so much, that they supposed him ripe for apostacy, while he, in turn, imagined they would accept him in spite of his heresy, since they seemed to prize so highly his reputation for learning.

But if the court thus dallied with him to procure an abjuration, the University professors showed him the steadiest aversion. With them his religion was only the pretext, and the real motive was professional jealousy. They hated him with the hate which dull mediocrity bears to superior merit, and were glad of any excuse for shutting their gates on him. The splendid days of the University—the days of Francis I.—were gone by, and the great names of Lambinus and Turnæbus had been replaced by men of an inferior stamp; many of them, like Passerat, useful
teachers,

teachers, but with all that over-estimate of their own importance which teaching, whether in the school-room or the lecture-hall, is apt to engender. Seen through the distorted medium of academic judgments, Charpentier was preferred to Ramus, and Marcile to Scaliger. At the time of Casaubon's first visit to the capital, Marcile was the 'magnus Apollo' of the students; and the Parisian professor sent a patronizing message to the humble provincial, that he had his permission to call upon him. Casaubon meekly complied, and paid his respects in that wonderful apartment in the College du Plessis, in which this admirable Crichton had, as his disciples reported, spent, like another Pythagoras, ten years in unbroken study. Pigeon-holes round the walls contained the fruits of his vigils—commentaries on the civil law, a perfect compilation on Roman antiquities, translations of Aristotle, and dictations on all the principal classics. The egotism, presumption, ignorance, and pedantry, were highly offensive to Casaubon, who took care never to repeat his visit, and when he came to settle in Paris he chose a lodging on the court side of the water, with the avowed purpose of avoiding the dwellers in the University quarter. Afterwards, however, he shifted over to the opposite bank, and established himself close to the great convent of the Cordeliers, which became so notorious in the first French Revolution.

While Casaubon was at Lyons awaiting the course of events, he was a second time summoned by a letter from De Vicq, which announced a speedy arrangement. He travelled post with such diligence that he reached Paris early on the sixth day. He got a most gracious reception at court, and Henri repeated his intention of employing him in the University. Casaubon had become sufficiently aware of its character to have lost all desire to be admitted to its honours, even if the realization of the promise had been possible. 'May the earth,' he said, 'swallow me up rather than be the colleague of such a knave as Marcile.' His friends suggested his appointment to the Keepership of the Royal Library, which would retain him in immediate dependence on the King, who though he had not and never affected any taste for letters, had taken a personal liking to Casaubon. The office was not vacant, but he received a patent of the place in reversion, and for the present a pension of 2000 francs, with a further sum to defray the expenses of removal. Though this may seem a paltry allowance, it was above the average of professors' stipends at that time, or, if we look at pensions, the poet Malherbe accepted one of 1000 francs, and it was only in his old age that it was raised to 1500. It was enough for Casaubon, with what little property had come into his possession,

possession, to secure him, at least, all the necessities of life. But he soon found that to get a bill on the Treasury was one thing, and to get it paid was another. The admirable Sully, who had not spared his own estate or timber during the necessities of his Sovereign, was a rigid economist; and after passing the *sur-intendant*, there was still to run the gauntlet of the inferior officers. Those who were paid at all had no chance of being paid in full. An enormous percentage was demanded for cashing a treasury draft, and Henri Estienne, on once presenting a bill of Henry III. for 1000 crowns, was offered 600 as a reasonable compromise. On his expressing his willingness to allow 50 crowns discount, the clerk laughed in his face: 'Je vois bien que vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que les finances; vous reviendrez à l'offre, et ne la retrouverez pas.' It was certainly essential that there should be parsimony somewhere. Between his passion for play and his passion for women, Henri would have long before involved his finances, if Sully had not kept the key of his coffers. The marquise in the morning, and the dice in the evening, left little margin for poets or scholars, and the inexorable paymaster, to add to the difficulty, did not like Casaubon, though of his own religious persuasion. The poor Grecian had to tramp many a fruitless journey to the Rue St. Antoine, and to waste many a weary hour in the antechamber, before he could get to speak with the minister, and we are not surprised that the great Sully of history should be handed down to us in the letters of the poverty-stricken pensioner as 'iniquissimus quæstorum præfectus.'

The King's countenance continued to shine on Casaubon, and if he was rebuffed at the Treasury he was welcomed at the Palace. Henri was not a prince who saw character, as most princes must do, with other men's eyes. His long and early admixture in the rough and equal school of camps had made him a shrewd judge of men, and he retained to the last his frank and sociable *Béarnaise* humour. He delighted to converse with Casaubon: not that their talk was like the subsequent colloquies with James I., of classics and Roman antiquities, or of the Five Points, but they had still one serious subject in common—the interest of the Protestant Churches. Notwithstanding Henri's abjuration, and his having now become, whatever may originally have been the case, sincerely bent on establishing the Catholic religion, he was not utterly forgetful of the interests of the Protestant minority, to whom he had till recently belonged, and whose arms had kept open for him the road to the throne. He knew, what many of his new advisers did not, that it was possible to be a Huguenot and yet a pious man. He saw that Casaubon had the zeal without the fanaticism of the Calvinists, and—strange inconsistency

sistency of the human heart!—the libertine and the gamester delighted to talk with the pious, devout, and almost ascetic scholar of their *common* religious hopes. There was no hypocrisy here: it was but the other side of the man. Pursuing his licentious amours at fifty, with a passion unpardonable at twenty-five, he loved to listen to the searching sermons of the Père Cotton, and to the serious and solemn conversation of Casaubon — ‘*graves cum rege de pietate sermones.*’

The Père Cotton, a Jesuit, was the King’s confessor, and such was his influence that it was said of Henri that he had cotton in his ears. The ill offices of the Jesuit were never wanting to discredit the Huguenot. Persevering calumny, which, addressed to a weak prince, is certain death to the object of his estimation, is at least a slow poison with the strongest minds, and after a lengthened absence of the King from Paris, the clouded brow and averted eye would declare to Casaubon how the enemy had improved their opportunities. The impression was dissipated by renewed intercourse, and the eulogiums of more candid and loftier minds. It is a high testimony to Casaubon’s personal worth, that the best men of both religions were his friends, and that his enemies were the fiercest and most bigoted partizans of the rival creeds. The premier president, Achille de Harlay, his brother-in-law, the great De Thou, and Petau (Paul), great-uncle of the celebrated Jesuit theologian, were a tried trio, who, though Catholics, stood by him against all opponents. It was to De Thou’s interference that he was now indebted for not being disappointed of the post of King’s Librarian. Casaubon had for three years had the patent of survivorship in his possession; but with great delicacy had never mentioned it to the aged occupant of the office, though at different times he received much annoyance from him. When he died, the same Spanish cabal that had clamoured against the appointment of Sully as ambassador to England, because he was a Huguenot, were urgent with the King that so responsible a post as the custody of the MSS. of the Fathers should not be intrusted to Casaubon. To avoid seeming however to pass him over an account of his religion, they proposed to invite Grotius from the Hague, to show that the objections were on personal grounds. Casaubon, with a lofty pride of spirit, refused to solicit or to urge his claims; but the cotton with which the royal ears were stopped was, as yet, penetrable by the voice of De Thou, who was grandmaster of the Library. His interference was decisive. Casaubon was confirmed in the place with an addition of 400 francs to his pension.

With an office thus honourable, of which, though not a sinecure, the duties were light and congenial, enjoying the esteem
of

of all the good and wise of the capital, and having achieved a European reputation, the position of Casaubon might appear even enviable, and might certainly have been supposed productive of content. But there were bitters in the cup, and before we charge the repining tone in which he always spoke of his situation in Paris, to dissatisfied temper, we must make allowance for the annoyances to which he was exposed. A stipend of 2500 francs, though even above the average of literary incomes at the time, was a narrow dependence for a large family to whose periodical increase there seemed no end; and he had, besides, his sister (a widow) and her child on his hands. It could barely have met their necessary requirements, and education for the sons, or provision for the daughters, must have been out of the question. The scale of living, and of every other expense, was far higher in the capital as compared with the provinces than it is at present. He could not rent an apartment that would hold them all, though small and inconvenient, under 300 francs. The modest portion which would have been suitable for the daughters of a provincial curé would, he complains, be spurned by a Parisian lackey. When the city of Nismes offered him 1800 francs as Professor, he admits that it was better than the 2500 francs he had at present, if he took into account the cost of residing at the respective places. Independent of his salary his own resources were next to nothing; for he had early dipt into them by the indispensable necessity of a classical library, and he lost the remainder of his little patrimony, while still charged with his mother's jointure, by the dishonesty of the corporation of Bordeaux. The total had been but some 1500 francs and 35 sheep, and the greater part of it was invested in bonds of that town. The municipality, finding the burthen inconvenient, and knowing the widow Casaubon to be helpless, repudiated principal and interest. His wife's fortune was lost in a way he thought still more grievous, by the rapacity and injustice of the Senate and Presbytery of Geneva—his own Geneva, for which 'he would have gladly laid down his life'—and he inveighs with much vehemence against the 'unjust, inhuman, and unrighteous decision of these pharisees and hypocrites!' But John Le Clerc had heard a different version from his grandfather of one part, at least, of these proceedings. Besides a considerable sum of money, there were among the effects of Henri Estienne at Geneva the celebrated Greek matrixes, which Francis I. had caused to be cast, and the great scholar had pawned them in some pecuniary crisis for 400 crowns to Nicolas Le Clerc. The matrixes were now claimed by the King of France as the property of the Crown. Whether the claim was just or not, one thing was clear, that

that Le Clerc was entitled to his 400 crowns, and we must certainly confirm the decision of the Genevan courts, that the money ought to come from the estate of Henri Estienne. If the matrixes were not his, he had no power to mortgage them, and if they were, the French Crown, which wrongfully claimed them of the heirs, was the party in fault, and not the magistrates of Geneva. Le Clerc had the strongest reason to complain, for he was only reimbursed the half of his loan, and though it was mean in a King of France to withdraw from the Estienne family at the third generation the stock in trade which had been turned to such noble account, it is yet admitted that Francis I. had never pretended that they were an absolute gift.

Casaubon was more justified in his constant uneasiness at the uncertain tenure of what he continued to enjoy. It was with difficulty he could touch his quarter's salary of 600 francs, because perchance 300,000 in hard cash had been handed over that morning to Mademoiselle d'Entragues. No sums were too vast to be lavished on the King's pleasures; if the money is not forthcoming, the *gabelle* can be doubled, and a tax of 15 per cent. can be laid on woollen cloths; no sum was too small not to be grudged to the most learned scholar in France. Henri IV. was a patron of literature, and ranks not the lowest among the sovereigns who have encouraged and pensioned its cultivators; but the Marquise de Verneuil would not have stooped to pick up a draft for the total amount of the bounty he bestowed upon authors: 'Hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano ut multum duo sufficient.'

Casaubon soon experienced in addition the painful truth that the man who accepts favours at court belongs no longer to himself, and has parted with his peace and independence. Innumerable compliances and accommodations were expected of him, which were no sacrifices to supple courtiers, but were felt as humiliating by one who had principles to cherish. All offices, small as well as great, were in former times held during the pleasure of the Sovereign, and if what was given was little, much was expected in return. The zeal of the Jesuits, co-operating with the favour of the Court, was bringing back the noblesse to the bosom of the Church, with a success that attracted universal attention, and was, in fact, the most remarkable occurrence of the time. The political *proneurs* of the League were succeeded in the pulpits of Paris by theological controversialists, incessantly handling the topics of Romanist polemics. In point of learning, the Reformed party in France were much over-matched by their antagonists, and Casaubon was almost the only exception among his co-religionists in the capital. His immense erudition, his standing at court, the favour of the King, and

and the friendship of the learned, made him conspicuous above the ill-educated, narrow, and obscure knot of Calvinist pastors, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the proscribed congregations at Hablon or Charenton. When his friends and patrons were going over daily, he became a mark for the renewed assaults of the proselytisers, and he might have said, as Bellamine did of himself, 'Ego pungor, ego plector.' At each fresh triumph in other quarters they returned to attack the fortress that still defied them, their irritation increasing with every repulse. Du Perron reasoned with him from antiquity; Fronto Ducaeus threatened him with the loss of the royal favour; others promised him all the rewards that Rome could bestow. Argument he waived, though professing himself always willing to listen, for he had seen enough of controversy to be convinced by experience of the truth of what he had read in Gregory Nazianzen, that no fruit is ever gathered from the thorns of dialectics. The threats he despised, and the offers of preferment he indignantly rejected. His friends who were Romanized already tried their efforts. Canaye de Fresne contrived theological breakfast parties, at which he entrapped Casaubon into the company of Jesuit priests. It was more than once reported, and believed, that he had actually gone over, and the rumours were by no means fraudulent inventions. They originated in the sincere but precipitate zeal of sanguine religionists, who trained to think prodigies, when their own Church was concerned, more probable than not, were always believing that Christendom was on the eve of returning to the bosom of the Pope. The same fallacious dream has been indulged by the Romanists of our day, and however often they awake to find that it was but the phantom of their brain, they are always ready to hail anew the deceitful vision. Our Diarist's conduct, though it never afforded any real ground for such expectations, wore just that complexion which, to superficial observers, imports hesitation and uncertainty. In this way Baxter was abused by High Churchmen as a Roundhead; and stigmatised as an Erastian by Nonconformists. Casaubon, on solid grounds and sufficient knowledge, was distinctly attached to the Protestant form of faith and worship. But he was moderate in his opinions, and candid in his arguments, and while his temperate language made his Roman Catholic companions believe what they wished, the fanatics of his own party thought it treason to their cause that he refused to father the whole of their extravagance.

One of the most remarkable examples of Casaubon's impartiality and its natural consequences was exhibited in his conduct at the conference of Fontainebleau, which has been compared with that of Hampton Court. They had little resemblance except

in the unfairness with which they were managed, and the clumsy attempt on the part of those who got them up, to give a judicial character to a foregone conclusion. The issue to be tried at Fontainebleau was not the general issue between the Roman and the Protestant Church, but the good faith of certain quotations from the Fathers, in a book on the Eucharist, lately published by Philippe de Mornay, seigneur de Plessis-Marly. The elegance of the style, the noble birth of the author, and, above all, his lay character, had caused the book to make a great sensation. There is no question that his theological learning, of which he made a wonderful parade, was unequal to the undertaking. Du Perron affirmed that there were at least 500 false, garbled, or misinterpreted citations of the Fathers in the book, and Du Plessis challenged him in an evil hour to prove his charge. The Bishop, who was the most learned theologian in France, accepted the challenge, the King took up the matter, and Casaubon was adroitly nominated by the Romanists one of the arbitrators. There is an anecdote current that Henri IV., who presided at the discussion, turned to Sully after the opening debate, and said, 'What think you of your Pope?' 'I think,' replied Sully, 'that Mornay is more of a Pope than you imagine, for do not you see that he is conferring the red hat upon the Bishop of Evreux?' The minister meant that Du Plessis, by the weakness of his cause, was sure to give his popish adversary a triumph which would end in his being made a Cardinal. Besides fighting feebly while the contest continued, the Protestant pleaded illness, and withdrew from the lists. He was soon, in fact, convinced that his cause was bad. The greatest amount of critical erudition would not have saved, from innumerable blunders, any one who embarked, in that age, on the unexplored ocean of patristic learning. What could be expected from a lay-gentleman who had got up his references for the occasion, and who had doubtless, as Scaliger asserted, taken the majority of them at second-hand? It was as easy for Du Perron to expose De Mornay, as for Bentley to demolish Boyle. Though the real question put to *arbitrement* never touched the merits of the respective creeds, it was sure to be represented as a triumph of the Romanist over the Protestant cause. No Huguenot could comprehend how a true disciple could aid in the result, and Casaubon, for pronouncing that A was not B, was believed to be a secret ally of the enemy and a traitor to his faith. Pinault, one of the ministers at Geneva, and a former friend, did not hesitate to write to him that, after the part he had played at the Conference, it must be doubtful whether he adhered to the true religion.

In the midst of the perplexities which beset him, Casaubon found,

found, or rather made, leisure to produce an enormous commentary upon Persius, which was published at Paris in 1605. None of his works were elaborated with greater vexation of spirit, and he declared that he had exhausted his mind upon the task. Scaliger, who had a low opinion of Persius, wrote to Casaubon, upon receiving the commentary, that 'the sauce was worth more than the fish.' The editor adroitly turned his defence of his author into a panegyric upon a critic who would brook no contradiction, and as among other faults he had objected to the obscurity of the satirist, Casaubon wonders that anything could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger.

In January, 1609, that celebrated scholar breathed his last. Besides his great work upon chronology, he won immense distinction as an editor of classics. Bayle has said, in a passage quoted by M. Nisard, that the ancients would laugh if they could read the thoughts that were imputed to them, and no one was ever more open to the criticism than the younger Scaliger. He showed the same partiality for ingenious refinements in amending as in interpreting his text; but nothing can be further removed than the blunders of dullness, and the extravagancies of genius, and his very errors were a proof of his powers. His contemporaries lavished on him all the flowers of panegyric. He was more allied to the Gods than to men; he was the sun of letters, the Hercules of the Muses, an abyss of erudition, an ocean of knowledge, the miracle of nature. Those who bestowed the appellations were not far from believing in them, and their subject was convinced of their literal truth. He was the most arrogant of mortals, and the faintest whisper of dissent from one of his wild conjectures or fanciful explanations almost put him beside himself. He recommended the sceptics to light a candle to add to the blaze of noon-day, and warned them that after all it would be useless, since no light could enable the blind to see. He called them asses, apes, hogs, beetles, and other names too bad to be penned. Much of the homage he received was due to the circumstance that to kiss his foot was the only way to avoid being kicked. He was attended by Heinsius on his death-bed, and the last words which fell from the lips of the disdainful dictator were:—'Fly *pride* and *arrogance*; hate as much as possible ambition; take care above all to do nothing against your conscience. My son, it is over with me. Your Scaliger has lived.' The scene recalls the dying words of Louis XIV. to his successor. 'My son, you are about to be a great king, but depend for all your happiness upon obedience to God, and the care you take of your people. Do not imitate me in my taste for buildings and wars. They are the ruin of a nation. I have

often commenced war too lightly, and persevered in it from vanity.' Of all the lessons which can be read to the living, none speaks so powerfully as this—that the commonest exhortation from dying men is to avoid the vice for which they have been notorious themselves.

The Fontainebleau Conference was held in 1600, the first year of Casaubon's residence at Paris, and from that time his position had annually become more uneasy. The King and the Catholics were now getting weary of the protracted siege. They resolved to push it with redoubled vigour, and oblige him to capitulate. Du Perron had orders to pursue him like his shadow, to waylay him in his walks, intrude upon his meals, and sit at his elbow in the library. On all these occasions, the single topic of conversation was the errors of the Protestant, and the infallibility of the Romanist religion. The skilful controversialist enticed the scholar upon ground to which he was a comparative stranger, and where he himself was as much at home as Casaubon would have been in Athenæus or Persius. Once, when the poor man felt that if he had the best cause he was having the worst of the argument, he begged that the discussion might be adjourned to the following day, and spent the night in reading the Fathers. A night's reading was but a miserable training for a conflict with a theologian who had prepared himself by years of laborious study to be the champion of his church, and the morning's conference was not more propitious to Casaubon than that of the previous evening. It was evident to him that he could not continue to be both Keeper of the King's library and of his own conscience, and it is thus that, with a summary of these and other trials, he opens the *Diary* of the year 1610:—

'May the year which this day commences be a happy one to us all! To myself, and all mine, wife, children, sister. Grant this, O everlasting God, I pray thee of thy mercy, and for the merits of thy only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Now, if ever, yea more than ever, have I need of Thy aid and protection. Now, indeed, have I to fight without ceasing a spiritual fight. Not a day, not an hour, scarce a moment, have I respite from their attempts on me. The antagonists, too, are such as it is not easy either to neglect or shake off. We wrestle with men of the first consideration, either for learning or rank. I am perpetually forced to argue with an adversary who is, without dispute, of all on that side the first in learning; second to none in ability. [Du Perron.] Again, I have to support the most pressing instances from him who is above all in this kingdom in rank [the King], and to whom, under God, I owe for so long, maintenance, favour, and the leisure and ease I now enjoy. The matter has now come to that pass, that if I persist in opposing his wishes in this particular, I must forfeit his favour and benefits. When that happens
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what is to become of me? Long since, when I foresaw that it would come to this at last, I tried every resource I could think of, to provide for myself elsewhere. But all, one after another, failed me. Many offers and magnificent promises from great princes, but they have all come to nothing. My own means, besides, are in the most desperate condition. My sister has lost everything, and is dependent on me for support. I am made liable to her creditors, but we get nothing from those who are indebted to her. . . . God immortal! my mind shudders lest, thus beset, I should offend thy Divine Majesty by doing that which I abhor and detest. *πρὶν μοι χάνει εὐρεῖα χθών.*—*Ephemerides*, p. 705.

All that seemed to stand between him and disgrace, was the King's personal good will. Henri IV., though entirely selfish and destitute of real generosity, had a heartiness and frankness which enabled him to appreciate honesty of character in others. This was a very insecure guarantee; for one of the many blots in Henri's character was the facility with which, throughout life, he let his friends drop when they had served his turn. The tie, such as it was, was abruptly severed on the fatal 14th of May, 1610, and Casaubon was abandoned to the chances of a new court, where the face of everything was changed, and where he was only certain of the single fact, that his enemies were much more powerful than his friends.

At this juncture a new and unexpected patron appeared on the scene, a 'deus ex machina,' just at the crisis when he was wanted most. Many years before, while James I. was only King of Scotland, Casaubon had opened a correspondence with that prince. Though unversed in the more delicate arts 'de salon,' he administered flattery in no sparing doses, and apologised for the liberty he was taking by the necessity he felt to praise the rare qualities of the Scottish monarch. After James succeeded to the crown of England, he had more than once invited Casaubon over, who, as long as his first protector lived, did not think it grateful to quit his service. The obstacle was removed, and the Queen Regent (Marie de Medicis) gave him a graceful *congé*. She parted from him with reluctance, made him engage to return, and insisted on his leaving behind him his family and his books. His English friends too advised his coming over alone, to see how he liked it. Our insular manners were peculiar, and above all, it could not be known without trial how he would relish the usages of the Anglican Church. A prebendal stall in Canterbury was assigned him, though a layman, with the addition of a pension of 300*l.* a year.

While the negotiations were pending, an unexpected calamity came to trouble his good fortune. The Romanists, unable to shake the father, seduced his eldest son by a considerable

siderable annuity to embrace their creed. He was a mere lad of nineteen, who was utterly incapable of pronouncing on the controversy, but it was a triumph to the Catholics to be able to allege that, in spite of his paternal partialities, he had found their arguments more convincing than Casaubon's.

The adoption of our habits at fifty years of age must have cost something even to one so habitually regardless of physical enjoyment. Besides the ordinary grievances of the 'François chez l'étranger,'—the language, the coinage, the landlord, the servant, the custom-house, each of which brought their share of troubles,—there was the vast difference in 1610 between England and France in respect of the comforts and accommodations of life. The little conveniences and luxuries, which are now within reach of all but the poorest, were then confined to our great houses. As long as he was a guest of the Bishop of Ely, or of the Dean of St. Paul's, the privation was not felt, but when he entered on a house in St. Mary Axe we find him complaining that 'he suffered from the want of everything to which he had been accustomed through life, money excepted.' Of this, through James's liberality, he had what appeared to him wealth. His first impulse on becoming master of so much ready money had been to indulge in books; but finding books, like household stuff, far more costly in England than in France, he came to a resolution to allow himself only a single work, with a reservation which every biblomaniac will commend, '*excepto si quid forte occurrat rarius.*'

On the more important subject of religious worship and belief, all doubt was speedily removed. Though Casaubon had previously conversed much with the English, he was imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities by which the Anglican is distinguished from the other Protestant churches. Such inquiries did not come within the range of his curiosity, and he had never even witnessed the ceremonies at the celebration of the mass till his stay at Lyons in 1598. But the conclusions of his mind were in harmony with 'Anglicanism' before he had heard of it. He was, as we have seen, sincerely averse to Popery; of this he had given the best evidence, in hazarding for ten years every temporal interest rather than conform to it where it was the established, favoured, and popular form of religion. At the same time he was aware that extravagant zeal had impelled the Protestants to repudiate, for the mere sake of differing, every practice which had been defiled by the touch of Rome. His Geneva Calvinism had been corrected by an acquaintance with primitive antiquity, and he had often expressed to Du Moulin himself his condemnation of the extreme doctrines of grace and predestination

predestination propounded in their pulpits. As soon as the English Liturgy and worship was presented to his view he seemed to recognize it at once as the realization of his dreams and fondest desires. The first celebration of the Communion he witnessed in St. Paul's especially struck him: 'Vidi sanctæ Eucharistiæ communionem, certe longe aliam quam apud nos in Gallia. Itaque te magis amplector, Ecclesia Anglicana, ut quæ a veteri Ecclesia propius absis' (p. 786). If his life and character did not exclude the suspicion of insincerity, it would be sufficient to remark that all his position required was a bare acquiescence in the Anglican forms. His admiration and raptures were entirely voluntary, and are here recorded among his private thoughts. Nor does he spare censure where he differed, as when at the consecration of a bishop, though he approved the ritual, he thought it overlaid with too much pomp and show.

The general cordiality with which he was welcomed by the bishops and clergy soothed his amiable but irritable nature. He was the London lion of the season. He resolved to settle, and sent for his family and his books; but the French Queen, Marie de Medicis, refused to let the latter go. He had only leave of absence for a year, and she kept his library as security for his return. In vain his wife went back to Paris, as his special ambassador, to procure a reversal of the decree; the Queen would only relent so far as to allow her to carry him a few of the most important. This cruel act must have been a daily vexation for the rest of his life. The present stores of the British Museum could not have supplied the place of his own well-thumbed volumes, which were covered with his notes, and where he could put his finger upon any passage he required. When engaged in composing his subsequent works, how often he must have recalled some memorandum on the margin, which would have saved him hours of research, and the trial to his temper must have worn him more than all the extra toil.

The King was enchanted at having got a new gossip, and withal so capable, one who, whether the talk fell on the affairs of the French Protestants, on the heresy of Vorst, or the errors of the Douay version, was equally intelligent and informed. Casaubon was no less won by the King's *bonhomie*, and the odd mixture of sense and puerility which made Sully call him 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' James was perpetually summoning him to Greenwich, to Theobald's, to Royston, much to Casaubon's disturbance, yet it was done with so much hearty zest for his society, that the patient could not bring himself to complain aloud of these invasions of his time, though he groaned in secret over the Court attendance,
and

and thought every hour lost which was spent away from his books. When he escaped to his study it was no longer to execute his favourite schemes. During the latter portion of his residence in France he was engaged on Polybius, but he told Grotius in 1613 that he had ceased to meddle with a military history to which he had been directed by the martial monarch he formerly served, and had now turned his attention to the topics which interested the English King, who was more for peace than for war. The only war which James loved was theological controversy, and Casaubon, to whom nothing would have come amiss, if it had involved the elucidation of a Greek or Latin author, was set down to what, with him, was the wearisome task of answering Arminians and Jesuits.

Before he left Paris the affairs of his family and friends had largely encroached on his time and thoughts. These concerns multiply with years, and we carry on the business of the study at an increasing disadvantage. We find him exclaiming at that period,—*‘Olim inter literatos nomen habuimus; nunc eo miseriarum sumus redacti, ut dies totos amittamus, vix unam horam libris impendamus!’* The polemical taint, with which the new atmosphere he breathed in London was impregnated, was still more damaging to his literary powers than the distractions of business. The attempt to make his great name in letters available in the warfare with the Romanists, could only tarnish his reputation as a scholar, instead of the scholar giving weight to the theologian. Two things were indispensable for the task, neither of which were possessed by Casaubon—a dialectical training, and a profound knowledge of Christian antiquity. He had chosen for himself a different branch, and to change his weapon was to resign his skill. After fencing with Fronton du Duc, Du Perron, and Vorst, he came to a compromise with his employer. It was agreed that he should prepare a reply to Baronius, for which he had begun to collect materials in France, and which, as it involved a little of everything, would fall in sometimes with his own taste, and sometimes with that of the royal pedagogue who had purchased the right to guide his pen. The book would comprise controversy, theology, history, and classical lore, and besides the other advantages of the compound, it was a partial fulfilment of the vow, often made, and never kept, to resign profane for sacred learning. ‘I am not able,’ he said, in giving an account of his progress in the undertaking, ‘to disguise my taste for letters, but my highest pleasure is, that I am thus growing old in the meditation of the Holy Scriptures, and that so I shall die.’ The *‘Annales Ecclesiastici’* of Baronius were correctly designated by Pithou, *‘Annals on the Power of the Pope,’* and as must invariably

invariably happen with works, which instead of embodying the results of honest research, are a forced adaptation of evidence to a previous prejudice, it swarmed with misstatements. But if it was easy to detect innumerable errors, unfortunately Casaubon committed many himself—

‘Wedged in the timber which he strove to rend.’

It is admitted that the ‘*Exercitationes contra Baronium*’ were a failure, and, with his usual fate, Casaubon gave satisfaction to no one. A student of our time who takes up the work might be disposed to object that the *errata* were signalised with too much virulence. The English bishops thought otherwise. It was a vituperative age; and when a controversialist assumed the rod for his party he was expected to wield it with ferocity, and to do his utmost to flay as well as refute his antagonist.

The ‘*Exercitationes*’ appeared in 1614. They had but, as Du Plessis said, knocked down a few of the battlements of the great edifice of Baronius, and were themselves but a fragment of what Casaubon had once designed. But he had many warnings to gather up his sheaves in haste. It had been a lifelong struggle between the ‘*vivida vis animi*,’ and the weakness and maladies of the flesh. Even with care and nursing, so frail a tabernacle could not probably have held together much longer; but it had, on the contrary, to bear up against severe labour, and a fretful temper. He was in his fifty-sixth year, and began himself to feel the premonitions of the speedy decay which three years before had been plainly legible to the professional eye of his intelligent physician, Raphael Thoris. He was now no sooner called in than he discovered the lines of death in the dark ring round the eye, the prominent cheek-bone, the hectic flush, the sunken chest, and the incessant cough. Four years of unintermitted labour had deepened all the shades of the prison-house. In vain did friends, physicians, and his own good sense prescribe rest. It was worse, he said, than disease, and that he never suffered more than when his pains were sharpened by inaction, and the reflection of the detriment it was to his studies. He had long in truth been ‘bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease.’ Scaliger, who had never seen him, had heard some years before that he was ‘tout courbé d’étude;’ but the machine had been kept going by the energy of the spring, and the feeling that he had pored over books till to desist was to make his existence a blank to everything except irritating longings after the forbidden fruit. As his end drew near, new symptoms supervened. They were attended with excruciating pains, and were so unusual in their nature, as to put the medical science of the time completely at fault. The appearances indicated either a calculous affection—the disease
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of the sedentary student—inflammation of the bladder, or granular degeneration of the kidneys. A *post mortem* examination disclosed, what it was otherwise impossible to detect, a singular and monstrous malformation of the vesica, which no skill could have arrested, but which studious habits had doubtless developed with accelerated rapidity. It carried him off with great suffering, July 6th, 1614.

The life of Casaubon is justly considered one of the most tranquil and prosperous of any scholar of his day—the proper meed of his extraordinary learning, uprightness, and moderation. He was a stranger to the worst vicissitudes of his calling, and neither wanted bread, like Scaliger in his prime, nor died, like his father-in-law, in an hospital in his age. He equally escaped many of the personal rivalries and incessant disputes which rendered learning less a peaceful pursuit than an irritating warfare. Yet the moment we come to take a closer view we discover that the brow which looked smooth at a distance is wrinkled with care. If we go with Casaubon into his study we find him beset with difficulties, and groaning with weariness; if we follow him into his family, we see him pinched at the present and anxious for the future; if we behold him in his professorial chair, we perceive that the outward honour is associated with endless and almost insupportable mortifications; if we accompany him to the French capital, a history is unfolded to us of hopes deferred, of humiliating attendances to extort the payment of his pittance, of harassing discussions with Catholics, and injurious suspicions from Protestants; if we cross the Channel with him, and attend him to the court of James, we observe that though a richer he is not a happier man—that he has purchased pecuniary independence by mental slavery—that the student, to his misery, must play the courtier, the scholar become a theologian, the critic a controversialist, and that even the advantages he obtained have only been procured when age is creeping over him, and sickness has seized upon him. Those whose lives have been a greater struggle, and who have worked more unremittingly for a smaller reward, may complain that their lot has been cast upon stony ground; but the majority of men of letters will rather have reason to gather courage and cheerfulness from the example, and be thankful that, with all the hardships of our time, it is at least an improvement on the generation of Casaubon.

- ART. VI.—1. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* By Henry Holland, M.D. London, 1852.
2. *Principles of Human Physiology.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.
3. *Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By Karl, Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D. Translated by William Gregory, M.D. London, 1850.
4. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D. London, 1851.
5. *On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an account of Mesmerism.* By Herbert Mayo, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1851.
6. *Neuryponology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism.* By James Braid, M.R.C.S.E., &c. London, 1843
7. *The Mesmeric Mania of 1851, with a Physiological Explanation of the Phenomena produced.* By John Hughes Bennett, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
8. *What is Mesmerism? an Attempt to explain its Phenomena on the admitted Principles of Physiological and Psychical Science.* By Alexander Wood, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
9. *Table-Turning and Table-Talking.* London, 1853.
10. *Table-Moving tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London, 1853.
11. *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London, 1853.
12. *Table-Talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs; a Word for the Wise.* By Rev. E. Gillson, M.A. London, 1853.

‘ **WHAT** are we to believe?’ as to Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Odyism, Table-Turning, and (we are almost ashamed to be obliged to add) Spirit-Rapping and Table-Talking, is a question which most persons have asked themselves or others during the last few years, and to which the answers have varied with the amount of information possessed by the respondent, with his previous habits of thought, with his love of the marvellous, or his desire to bring everything to the test of
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sober sense. And thus an ascending series is formed, of which the base is composed of those utter sceptics who discredit the genuineness of all the asserted phenomena, maintaining that none but fools or knaves could uphold such nonsense; whilst it culminates in that assemblage of thorough-going believers, who find nothing too hard for 'spiritual' agency, and who recognise in the wondrous revelations of a *clairvoyante*, and in the dispersion of a tumour—in the communications of departed spirits with their surviving friends, and in the rotation of a table—in the induction of profound insensibility during the performance of a severe operation, and in the oscillations of a suspended button—in the subjugation of the actions of one individual to the will of another, and in the flexure of a hazel twig—in everything, in short, great and small, which they cannot otherwise explain—the manifestations of some occult power, to be ranked among the cosmical forces, but not to be identified with any one of those previously recognised.

To the class of earnest and rigorous inquirers, whom the true philosopher, whatever be his pursuit, welcomes as his most valuable coadjutors, the Mesmerists and their allies have ever shown a decided repugnance. 'All or nothing' seems to be the motto of the latter, who act as if a rational explanation of any one of their marvels were a thing to be deprecated. In order to reconcile this discouraging treatment with their professions of readiness to court investigation, they have had recourse to the hypothesis, that, just as a damp atmosphere around an electrical machine prevents a high state of electric tension, the presence of even a candid sceptic weakens the mesmeric force; and this, not merely when he manifests his incredulity by his language, his tones, or his looks, but when he keeps it concealed beneath the semblance of indifference.

It is to be attributed to the difficulties which honest investigators long encountered, through being treated as antagonists by most of those to whom they might naturally have looked for assistance, that they have until recently done little to enlighten the public. So long as they could not make up their own minds, it was neither prudent nor right that they should attempt to guide the opinions of others; and the discreet silence which best became them, was only broken by an occasional intimation from some of our medical authorities of the direction their researches were taking.

Recent events, however, have worked a great change. The obstacles which beset the inquiry, whilst Mesmerism alone was in question, have been overcome by the introduction of methods,

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in which a large number of the phenomena can be developed, without even the semblance of that exertion of power by one person over another, which was always the most suspicious feature in the Mesmeric system. The first important step was made by Mr. Braid, a surgeon in Manchester; who discovered, about twelve years since, that a state of coma passing into somnambulism (to which he gave the appropriate designation of *Hypnotism*), can be induced in numerous individuals, of all ranks, ages, and temperaments; and that the phenomena of this state are so essentially the same with those of the (so called) Mesmeric somnambulism, as to afford the most valuable assistance in the analysis of the real nature of the latter. In both, the somnambulist appears to be incapable of controlling his ideas, his feelings, or his actions; and is entirely amenable to the will of another, who may govern the course of his thoughts at his own pleasure, and oblige him to execute any command. The clue to the marvel was soon found by Mr. Braid, in the concentrated operation of that principle of *suggestion* which has long been known to psychologists; and under the guidance of this idea, he has subsequently followed up the investigation with great intelligence, making no mystery of his proceedings, but courting investigation in every possible way.

In the course of his researches, Mr. Braid discovered that a kindred mental condition may occasionally be superinduced upon the waking state, without passing through the stage of comatose insensibility; and that in some susceptible individuals, it is sufficient that the attention should be fixed, for a few minutes, or even for a few seconds, upon any object whatever. We ourselves witnessed a remarkable series of experiments, at least seven years ago, upon a gentleman of high literary and scientific attainments, who possessed in an unusual degree the power of self-concentration. It only required him to place his hand upon the table, and contemplate it for half a minute, to be entirely unable to draw it back, if assured in a determined tone that he *could not possibly* do so. When he had gazed for a short time upon the poles of a magnet, he could be brought to see flames issuing from them, of any form or colour that the operator chose to name; and when his hand was on one of the poles, the peremptory assurance that he *could not* detach it was sufficient to retain it with such tenacity, that Mr. Braid dragged him round the room, in a manner that realised Gammer Grethel's story of the Golden Goose. The character of the 'subject' placed him beyond the suspicion of deceit; and we had been prepared by our previous inquiries to find nothing too strange for belief, that could be referred to the simple
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and intelligible principle of *suggestion*. We hope, before we have done, to bring our readers to the same conclusion.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Braid's investigations were thus carried on for several years, they did not attract the notice that might have been anticipated for them. The slight difficulties which attended the employment of his hypnotic method, were sufficient to keep it from coming into ordinary use; and as the public is always more prone to run after what is marvellous, than even to walk towards what is rational, the champions of Mesmerism continued to have it pretty much their own way. A new light, however, shone forth about three years ago, which has already dissipated much of the obscurity that still hung around the subject; and we hope, by the use of it, to clear away still more. A couple of itinerant Yankees appeared in this country, styling themselves 'professors' of a new art, which they termed '*Electro-Biology*;' and asserting that, by an influence of which the secret was known only to themselves, but which was partly derived from a little disc of zinc and copper (whence the designation which they adopted), held in the hand of the 'subject,' and steadily gazed-on by him, they could subjugate the most determined will, paralyse the strongest muscles, pervert the evidence of the senses, destroy the memory of the most familiar things or of the most recent occurrences, or even make the individual believe himself transformed into any one else—all this, and much more, being done while he was still wide awake. They drew large assemblages to witness their performances; and commonly elicited some of the most remarkable phenomena from strangers whose collusion with them could not be suspected. Mr. Braid, however, soon proved that the little disc of copper and zinc may be replaced by any object which serves for the steady direction of the eyes to one point, at the ordinary reading distance, for a somewhat prolonged period. Thus, instead of the mysterious effects being limited as heretofore to a few susceptible 'subjects,' difficult to be met with, and open to suspicion on various grounds, amateurs were furnished with a ready means of experimenting upon their families and friends, the student upon his fellow-students, the officer on the members of his mess; everybody, in fact, upon somebody else on whom he could rely. '*Electro-biology*,' or '*Biology*' (as it was commonly designated), now became a fashionable amusement, at evening parties, though the public, in growing familiarised with its phenomena, still laboured under the difficulty of not knowing 'what to believe' as to their genuineness, or to what scientific principles to refer them if their genuineness were admitted.

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We think that the time has come when we may pronounce upon the controversy. Several of the most distinguished Professors of the University of Edinburgh, defying the prejudices of their class, have plunged boldly into the inquiry; and it has been prosecuted under their auspices with most advantageous results. Besides the special works of more or less merit which treat of the question, Sir Henry Holland has touched upon many of its most interesting points, in the republication, with additions, of the 'Chapters on Mental Physiology,' which formed part of his universally-admired 'Medical Notes and Reflections;' and Dr. Carpenter, whose 'Human Physiology' is now employed as the text-book in almost every medical school in this country and the United States, has fully discussed, in his latest edition, the entire subject. Between the views of these two authors there is an essential conformity, but as each writes in the manner dictated by his own habits of thought and by the general purpose of his work, those who wish to master all that is known of the philosophy of the phenomena will find it advantageous to consult them both.

Neither Sir H. Holland nor Dr. Carpenter, however, has given us the *rationale* of 'spirit-rapping,' 'table-turning,' or 'table-talking;' these latest fashions under which the 'spiritual influence' has been pleased to manifest itself, having only 'come out' during the season which has just terminated. Go where we would, we heard of the intimations which our friends had received from departed souls; or of the agility of some sprightly table under the hands of dignitaries of the Church, and (if report do not lie) of Privy-councillors and cabinet Ministers,—to say nothing of the miscellaneous multitudes of all ranks, among whom the farce of 'turning the tables' was nightly repeated with astounding success. We had supposed its 'run' to be suspended for a time, but the epidemic has broke out in a new form, and is spreading through a class which may be seriously endangered by it. The farce becomes tragical when we find clergymen of undoubted honesty, deluding themselves into the belief that 'Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs' are disclosed by the movements of their tables. If they have still ears to listen to a rational explanation, they will find that the turning of tables, and the supposed communications made by spirits through their agency, are due, like the actions of biologized 'subjects,' to the mental state of the performers themselves.

It is necessary to begin by recalling certain well-known principles which will afford the basis of our subsequent reasonings; for it is by building upon familiar experience, that we
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are enabled to demonstrate how large a part of these marvels may be at once reconciled with the admitted laws of mental action, and how probable it is that the remainder (so far, at least, as they are genuine) will fall under the same category, when they shall have been studied with equal care.

The first of these principles is, that *a large part of our ordinary course of thought, and consequently of action, is determined by direct suggestions.* Every one recognises the existence of 'trains of thought,' which consist of a continuous series of ideas, connected together by associations that have previously grown up amongst them, in virtue of which the presence of one brings up another, which calls forth a third, and so on. This may be termed *internal suggestion.* Every one is conscious also of the influence of impressions upon the senses in originating such trains of thought, and in modifying their subsequent course. This may be termed *external suggestion.* When these processes take place without the exercise of any control on the part of the Will, the mind may be said to be acting automatically. Such is its condition in the states of *Reverie* and *Abstraction*, which differ from one another only in the nature of the suggestions which determine the sequence of ideas. The access of both is well known to be favoured by a monotonous succession of sensory impressions (especially visual), which enchains the attention and absorbs the will, leaving the thoughts free to be swayed by impulses from without or within. As long as the mind is given up to either, it is insensible to the inconsistency between the notions that may possess it and the realities of experience; and hence arise all the absurdities in the conduct of absent people. The philosopher, who, when interrupted in his meditations by the intelligence that his house was on fire, coolly replied to the servant who had burst in upon him with the terrible news, 'Go and tell your mistress; you know that I never interfere about domestic matters,' was acting on his habitual system, unconscious, through his mental pre-occupation, of the absurdity of maintaining it at such a crisis. And the learned professor, who failed to recognise his own wife when he met her in the street, and who, when he had run against a cow, pulled off his hat and apologised as to a lady for the mischance, hoping she was not hurt, was probably following out some train of profound analysis, which, by engrossing his whole attention, prevented him from deriving any benefit from his antecedent experience in distinguishing his wife from other ladies, or even in recognising the difference between the human and the bovine female.

The direct action of external suggestion in determining the course of thought, when as yet the volitional power is scarcely

scarcely developed, is very palpable in children; and the following case is an example:—A child of English parents residing in Germany, when learning to talk, acquired both tongues simultaneously, and could speak on ordinary matters in either, without confusing the words or idioms; but seemed invariably *constrained* to employ the language used by the person he was addressing. Thus in conveying a message given him in English by his mother to his German nursery-maid, he rendered it (apparently without the slightest effort) into appropriate German; on returning, however, to his mother, if asked what the maid had said, he answered in English as often as the question was proposed in that language. Even though pressed to give the actual words he had heard in the nursery, he still continued to give the English rendering of them, without seeming to be aware of the difference; and the only mode of getting at them was to put the question in German, when there seemed to be the same inability to reply in English, as there had previously been to give a German reply to an English question. Precisely the same phenomenon continually presents itself with sleep-talkers who speak two or more languages,—their replies being given in the language in which they are addressed.

Now, the power which, in every well-constituted mind, the Will possesses to direct its course of thought, is exercised, not in *producing* ideas, but in *selecting*, from among such as spontaneously present themselves, those which are apposite to the purpose in view. This is easily shown to be the case in the familiar act of Recollection, so profoundly analysed by Mr. James Mill. When we *try to remember* anything which is not at the moment before the consciousness, we determinately fix our attention upon some idea which is already present to the mind, and use this as the instrument with which we feel after that of which we are in search. It may be that we have to repeat this process several times, getting nearer and nearer to our object at each stage, before we succeed in grasping it; and every one must have learned, from his own experience, that he cannot always recall to his mind ideas which are usually most familiar to him. Even those who are most remarkable for the accuracy and range of their memory, occasionally find themselves baffled for want of a word or a date which they feel to be only just beyond their reach at the moment; the reason being, that they had not got hold of the right suggestive key, by which to unlock the particular chamber it occupied in the mental storehouse. Thence results the important principle, that *all determinate recollection involves the exercise of volitional control over the direction of the thoughts*; and consequently, that if this control be suspended, and

the mind be left to its own automatic activity, the power of recalling even the most familiar ideas is completely annihilated.

So, again, the determinate exercise of the *judgment*, which involves the comparison of ideas, can only take place while the Will has the power of selecting those which are appropriate, and of bringing them into collocation with each other. This process is the source of that *common-sense*, whereon we rely in the ordinary conduct of life. We almost unconsciously store up a mass of impressions derived from our habitual experience, by which we are continually testing the validity of new impressions, admitting them if consonant with it, rejecting them if vehemently discordant, and keeping them on trial if we cannot at once dispose of them in one or other of these modes; while the simple credulity of the child depends upon his having no stock of experience upon which to fall back, for the correction of the erroneous notions which he may himself form, or which may be imparted to him by others. The effort required for this comparison of things present with past experience, when it once comes to be habitual, is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible even to one's self; yet slight as the effort may be, it is the one thing needful; and it may be unhesitatingly laid down, that, *if the directing power of the Will be suspended, the capability of correcting the most illusory ideas by an appeal to common-sense is for the time annihilated.* Of this we have a typical example, familiar to every one, in *Dreaming*, which is a state of automatic mental activity of a kind so unregulated that the combinations and successions of ideas are often of the most extraordinary character, and are inconsistent not merely with our most familiar experience, but also with each other. Yet, as has been most truly remarked, *nothing surprises us in dreams.* We are never struck with the impossibility of the events which we seem to witness; but we accept as genuine, with child-like simplicity, all the wonderful combinations which are successively unfolded before our mental view. The same must be the case in *any* state of mental activity, in which there is a similar abrogation of voluntary control.

Another well-known fact, essential to be carried along with us, is, that the *entire concentration of the attention upon any object of consciousness*, whether a sensory impression, an idea, or an emotion, *most wonderfully increases its intensity.* Our most familiar illustrations of this truth are furnished by the wonderful acuteness in the use of the senses yet remaining to them, which is manifested by those who have been deprived of one or more. Thus we are informed of Laura Bridgman, —the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, whose education has been so admirably

admirably conducted by Dr. Howe, of the Boston (N. E.) Blind Asylum,—that she not only discriminates those with whom she is intimate, by the slightest touch of their hands, but that she can thus recognise, though somewhat less readily, individuals whose hands she may have grasped but once or twice before, and that too at a remote interval. In these and similar cases, it is not the *bodily* but the *mental* sense that is sharpened; not the power of receiving impressions, but the power of appreciating them: and it is easy to see how this intensification arises out of the absence of the distracting suggestions, which, with the rest of the world, are continually tending to weaken the impression made by any one object, by drawing off the attention to others.

So, again, when *the whole energy is concentrated upon some muscular effort*, especially under the influence of an overpowering emotion, *the body seems endowed with super-human strength and agility*; and some extraordinary feat is accomplished, at which the performer himself stands aghast when he contemplates it after his restoration to his sober senses. An old cook-maid, having heard an alarm of fire, seized an enormous box containing the whole of her property, and ran down stairs with it, as easily as she would have carried a dish of meat. After the fire had been extinguished, she could not lift it a hair's breadth from the ground, and it required two men to convey it up stairs again.

Closely akin to this state is another, of which the history of mankind in all ages furnishes us with abundant examples;—namely, the *state of subjection to a dominant idea*. The mind is liable to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of it, and all the actions of the individual thus 'possessed' are results of its operation. The notion may or may not be in itself an absurd one. It may be confined to a single individual, or it may spread epidemically among a multitude. It may be one that interests the feelings, or it may be of a nature purely intellectual. We do not pretend to account for these facts; but we simply cite them as a part of the history of Human Nature, closely related to the subject of our present inquiry. The wild but transient vagaries of religious enthusiasm in all ages,—as shown in the Pythonic inspiration of the Delphic priestesses; the ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries; the preaching epidemic among the Huguenots in France, and more recently in Lutheran Sweden; the strange performances of the 'Convulsionnaires' of St. Médard, which have been since almost paralleled at Methodist 'revivals' and 'camp-meetings';—the belief in witchcraft and diabolical possession, entertained not merely by the accusing public, but often by the unfortunate

accused; the dancing mania of the middle ages; the Tarentism of Southern Italy, and the leaping-ague of Scotland in later times; together with the most recent, but not the least remarkable specimen, the character of the individuals affected being taken into account—the table-turning and table-talking of the year 1853;—are all, with many similar wonders, to be ranged under the same category, namely, the *possession of the mind by a dominant idea*, from which it makes no sufficient effort to free itself. The idea not unfrequently declines in intensity, especially when it expends its force in action, and the mind spontaneously returns to its previous condition; but sometimes it may exert a dominant influence through the whole of life, and if the conduct which it dictates should pass the bounds of enthusiasm or eccentricity, we say that the individual is the subject of Monomania.

From the sum of the principles we have been enunciating it will follow, that if the human mind should lose for a time its power of volitional self-direction, it cannot shake off the yoke of any ‘dominant idea,’ however tyrannical, but *must* execute its behests;—it cannot bring any notion with which it may be possessed to the test of common sense, but *must* accept it, if it be impressed on the consciousness with adequate force;—it cannot recall any fact, even the most familiar, that is beyond its immediate grasp;—upon any idea, therefore, with which it may be possessed, the whole force of its attention is for the time concentrated, so that the most incongruous conception presents itself with all the vividness of reality;—and finally, if the automatic activity of the mind, when freed from the controlling power of the *will*, should depend more upon *external* than upon *internal* suggestion, and should hence take no determinate direction of its own, one idea may be readily substituted for another by appropriate means; and the whole state of the convictions, the feelings, and the impulses to action may be thus altered from time to time, without the least perception of the strangeness of the transition.

Considered under this point of view, the *Biological* phenomena are far from being incredible; they are simply the manifestation of a state of mind to which we may detect very close approximations within our ordinary experience; and their principal peculiarity consists in the *method* by which they may be artificially induced—viz. by *the steady gaze at some fixed object*, during a length of time which varies according to the susceptibility of the individual. That the ‘biological’ state may be generated in persons who were previously quite incredulous
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in regard to its reality, our own observation has fully convinced us: it does not, therefore, *require* any *mental* preparation. But we are no less convinced that the anticipation of the result tends to produce it in a shorter time than would otherwise be necessary; and it is usually among individuals who have repeatedly submitted to the operation, that the greatest facility presents itself. Every one who has sat for a photographic portrait, knows how difficult it is to maintain a fixed position for even a few seconds; and has experienced, in particular, how strong an effort is required to keep the eyes from wandering. Hence in the 'biological' process, the longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the will of the individual concentrated upon the direction of his *eyes*, so that at last it seems to become entirely transferred to them; and, in the mean time, the continued monotony is operating, as in the induction of sleep or of reverie, to produce a vacancy of mind, which leaves it open to any impressions that may be made upon it from without. When this state is complete, the mind of the biologized 'subject' remains dormant, until aroused to activity by some *suggestion* which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a locomotive obeys the manipulations of its driver. He is, indeed, for the time, a mere *thinking automaton*. He is given up to the domination of any idea that may be made to possess him; and he has no power of judging of its consistency with actual facts, because he is unable to bring it into comparison with them. Thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those about him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak, or act; but this, *not*, as has been represented, because his Will has been brought into direct subjection to theirs, but because, his Will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such *suggestions* as they may choose to impress on his consciousness.

In the public exhibitions of professional 'Biologists,' much assumption is made of a peculiar power possessed by the operator over his 'subject;' his suggestions are conveyed in the form of commands; and the delusion is kept up by a frequent recourse to 'passes' resembling those of the Mesmerists. We are satisfied, however, that no such tie exists, save where it has been established by habit, or by a strong anticipation on the part of the 'subject.' When an individual brings himself into this state for the first time, and without the idea that he is to be controlled by one person rather than by another, he is amenable to suggestions from *any* of the bystanders; and the influence they exert depends chiefly upon the tone and manner in which their directions are given. But as previous expectation, or acquired habit, affect the facility with
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which this condition may be induced, so do they influence the entire course of its phenomena; and if the 'subject' be possessed with a conviction that a particular person is destined to exert a special control over him, his suggestions are received with greater readiness than those of any one else. The assumption of command has simply the effect of impressing the 'subject' with the idea of the necessity of the action enjoined; and we have found the earnest reiteration of the phrases 'you must' or 'you cannot,' quite as efficacious as the vehement tone of mastery in which the directions are frequently given. So, again, the effect of the 'passes' is merely to concentrate the attention of the subject upon the member to which the injunction refers; for, as Prof. Bennett has remarked, they are made over the part which is to move or to be fixed (as over the mouth when it is to be prevented from opening, or over the foot which is to be riveted to a certain spot of the floor), and not over the muscles by which the action is produced.

The biologized 'subject,' like a person in an ordinary reverie, must be considered as *awake*; that is, he has generally the use of all his senses, and for the most part retains a distinct recollection of what has occurred. Different persons, however, vary in this particular, as does the same individual on different occasions. Sometimes everything can be recalled, sometimes merely the general course of thought and action; sometimes the excitement of the feelings is more strongly remembered than that of the circumstances which produced it, whilst, in other instances, it is only the incidents themselves which leave a trace in the memory.

The same diversity shows itself in the phenomena manifested during the actual continuance of the biological state. Suggestions of different kinds are received by different individuals, with very varying degrees of readiness; and few are equally amenable to all. With many, the muscular movements may be entirely governed by the authoritative assurance 'you must do this,' or 'you cannot do that.' The hands of the 'subject' being placed in contact, he is assured that he cannot separate them; and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent efforts to draw them apart. Or, the hand of the operator being held up before him, he is told that he cannot strike it; and all his strength is inadequate to the performance of this simple action. We have seen a strong man chained down to his chair—prevented from stepping over a stick on the floor—obliged to remain almost doubled upon himself in a stooping posture, by the declaration that he *could not* move; and when the first assertion did not produce the full effect, its repetition, in a more emphatic tone, was sufficient to retain him. So we have seen a lively young lady

lady struggling in vain for utterance, with a ludicrous expression of distress, when told that she could not open her mouth to speak a word; and it has required all the strength of a man to drag over the threshold of the door another lady who had been assured that she was without the power to cross it. There is no end to the strange performances which may be thus called forth; and they are all referable to the principle we have laid down as the characteristic of this state—the possession of the mind by a *dominant idea*, which the individual himself has lost the ability of testing by his previous or present experience, simply because he cannot carry his thoughts to any other object. The attempts which are frequently made to resist the mandates of the operator, and which are often successful for a time, are obviously due to the persistence of a certain degree of self-directing power, which preserves to an imperfectly biologized individual some little capacity of judging for himself.

No sooner is the attention of a spell-bound 'subject' diverted into another channel, or the infused idea dissipated by a word, a sign, or a look, on the part of the agent who is directing him, than the potent charm by which he was enchained is at once dissolved, the effort to fulfil the supposed necessity immediately subsides, the most violent struggle with the assumed impossibility comes to an end, and he appears to be 'himself again.' Yet he is not so in reality; for his volitional power is still withdrawn from the direction of his thoughts, so that the peremptory command of another exerts its influence over him, even after a considerable interval may have elapsed. We cannot say precisely how long this state may continue; we have known it to last for several hours; and we are inclined to think that the biologised 'subject' does not usually regain his proper self-control until he has experienced the renovating influence of sleep.

We may remark, in passing, that the want, not really of power to move, but of a belief in the possession of that power, is the characteristic of the peculiar form of paralysis which is commonly designated as 'hysterical;' and that the most efficacious treatment of this remarkable disorder is to work the patient up to the conviction that the ability *has been or will be* restored. Such was the manner in which, about twenty years since, a young lady, who had been for some time confined to her couch, was enabled to rise up and walk, at the bidding of a clerical friend, who had successfully inspired her with religious *faith* in her capability to execute his command.* And such is the manner in which similar

* The readers of the 'Christian Observer' of that period will doubtless remember the discussion to which this occurrence gave rise; some maintaining that a genuine miracle had been worked, whilst others had the good sense to rest satisfied with the natural explanation given by the eminent medical attendants of the patient.

marvels have been brought about by any *modus operandi* whatever, which begets in the mind of the 'subject' a confidence that the thing hitherto deemed impossible *can* be accomplished, and concentrates all the mental and physical powers on the effort to perform it. What youth is there, to take a lesser example within the cognisance of all, that has not felt the inspiring influence of encouragement when a brook has had to be leaped, or a gate to be vaulted over, in affording an increased degree of volitional command over the muscles, which seems to double their strength? or who, on the other hand, has not found himself half paralysed by the doubt of success, suggested, perhaps, by some malicious rival whose prophecy thus works its own fulfilment? Let the doubt be converted into certainty—let the whole mind be unwaveringly possessed by it—and the impossible becomes easy, the most commonplace action as difficult as the removal of a mountain. This is just what happens, as we have seen, in the 'biological' state; and it happens, too, in any case in which people allow themselves to be possessed by some dominant idea, to which honest enthusiasm or selfish charlatanism may have given currency. Thus we remember, some twenty years ago, being among those who tested the assertion contained in Sir David Brewster's 'Natural Magic,' that four persons could hoist a full-sized individual from the ground upon the points of their fingers with a marvellous facility, provided that they and the person lifted all took in a full breath previous to the effort. We were sceptical of any other benefit from this preparation, than what would be physiologically afforded by the distention of the chest with air; and we were so far from experiencing the predicted result, that our share of the burden appeared to us just as great, as if we had omitted the prescribed formalities. Among our coadjutors, however, we found many, who, strong in the faith inspired by the eminent name of Sir David Brewster, implicitly believed that the body *would* ascend like a cork, and asserted that it *did* so. They were not aware how much force they were putting forth; the expectation of the result having most powerfully aided the volitional effort.

We return, however, to our biologized 'subject,' whom we left awaiting a new set of operations, whilst we have been rationalizing on those already witnessed. A glass of water is presented to him, and he is directed to drink it, with the assurance that it is milk, coffee, porter, wine, or any other liquid the operator may choose to name. The liquid is tasted, and all the indications of approval may be given by the 'subject,' who believes that he is actually partaking of the liquor in question; the assurance which has been conveyed to his mind through his sense of hearing,
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having taken such full possession of his consciousness, that the impressions made by the liquid itself upon his sight and taste are not sufficient to correct the erroneous notion. Here, as with the muscular movements, a curious result often presents itself, in consequence of the imperfect degree in which the subject is possessed by the notion which the operator has endeavoured to impress upon him. He often, after tasting or looking at the liquid, expresses hesitation, or downright disbelief, as to the asserted metamorphosis; and reiterated and very forcible assurances may be required to convince him that it is anything else than what it really is. Convinced, however, he usually is at last; although it is a singular fact that some biologized subjects, whose muscular movements are entirely amenable to the control of the operator, never give up their senses to his direction; whilst, on the other hand, some of those who may be most successfully played on as regards their sensations, altogether resist the influence of suggestion with respect to their movements. Nay, further, there are instances in which the 'subject' will believe himself to be *tasting* anything which the operator names, but is instantly disabused by *looking at* the liquid, if its appearance is inconsistent with the representation; whilst, on the other hand, another will *see* milk or porter, wine or coffee, as he is directed to see it, but instantly sets himself right when directed to *taste*. Nothing can be more amusing, however, than to experiment upon a subject who has no misgivings, but whose perceptive consciousness is entirely given up to the direction of external suggestions. He may be made to exhibit all the manifestations of delight, which would be called forth by an unlimited supply of the viands or liquors of which he may happen to be fond; and these may be turned in a moment into expressions of the strongest disgust, by telling him that the liquid which he is imbibing so eagerly is something which he holds in utter abomination. Or, when he believes himself to be drinking a cup of tea or coffee, let him be assured that it is so hot that he cannot take more than a sip at a time, and neither persuasion nor bribery will induce him to swallow a mouthful at once; yet, a moment afterwards, if assured that he can do so without inconvenience, he will be ready to gulp the whole at a draught. Tell him that his seat is growing hot under him, and that he cannot remain upon it, and he will fidget uneasily for some time, and at last start up with all the indications of having found his place no longer bearable. Whilst he is firmly grasping a stick in his hand, let him be assured that it will burn him if he continue to hold it, or that it is becoming so heavy that he can no longer sustain it; and he will presently drop it, with gestures conformable to the impression with which his mind is occupied.

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We as entirely repudiate the doctrine that the Will of the operator directly controls the senses of his 'subject,' as we reject the dogma that it immediately directs his muscular movements. We have shown that it operates on the latter, not immediately but *mediately*, through the mind of the 'subject' himself; and we hold the same to be the case in regard to the alteration of his perceptions. No one can be ignorant of the fact, that we frequently experience sensations, which, originating in our own sensorium, instead of being called forth by impressions made by external objects upon their appropriate organs of sense, are designated as *subjective*. The ringing in the ears, the flashes of light before the eyes, the nauseous tastes or disagreeable odours constantly perverting the true savour of everything that is tasted or smelled, the feeling of cutaneous irritation excited by the simple mention of the unclean torments of our beds, are familiar examples. We may cite, as parallel phenomena, those renewals of past sensations, which are often excited, with all the vividness they could derive from the actual presence of the object, by the mere force of mental association. Thus, it is by no means uncommon for those who suffer acutely from sea-sickness, to experience nausea at the mere sight of an agitated ocean, especially if a wave-tossed vessel be within view; and a like feeling, we are assured, has been produced by the sight of a toy, in which the motion of a ship was imitated with peculiar fidelity. We have even known a case in which a lady, who witnessed the departure of a friend by sea on a stormy day, was affected with an actual paroxysm of sea-sickness. Such facts are so familiar as to have become proverbial; for the common phrase, 'it makes me sick to think of it,' is nothing else than the expression of a physical feeling excited by mental association. There are few persons indeed who have not experienced the vivid return of past sensations, pleasurable or painful, when the appropriate mental state had been renewed. A Roman Catholic, who had gone to confession for the first time, when a boy, with his mouth full of the taste of a particular kind of sweet cake in which he had been indulging rather immoderately, never went on the same errand for a dozen years or more, without the distinct recurrence of the same flavour.

It is obvious, then, that visual, auditory, gustative, olfactory, or other perceptions may be excited in the mind, not merely by impressions made upon the corresponding *organs of sense*, but also by *ideas* with which the mind becomes possessed through other channels. And applying this principle (fully recognized by every scientific psychologist) to the case before us, we shall see that it affords the key which unlocks the whole of this part of the biological mystery. For when the 'subject' is assured,

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whilst drinking a glass of water, that it is coffee or porter, this assurance, taking firm possession of his consciousness, produces the very same effect upon it, as would be induced by the actual contact of the liquid in question with his tongue and palate. He tastes it, so to speak, with his mind, though he does not taste it with his tongue; and it is the mental, not the bodily impression, that constitutes the actual perception. This false perception is not contradicted by the inconsistent impression transmitted from the organ of sense; because it is characteristic of the biologized condition, that the mind of the 'subject,' being *entirely* possessed by the idea which may chance to be before it at the time, can entertain no other, and is incapable, therefore, of bringing it to the test of experience. It is a mere question of the relative strength of the two suggestions—that conveyed by the assurances of the bystander, and that derived from the 'subject's' own sensory impression. The latter, as we have seen, may prevail in the first instance, and may yet be overcome by the augmented force which the former will derive from vehement repetition.

It may strengthen the belief in the truth of this explanation to add a few more instances, in which, under ordinary circumstances, our sensory impressions are determined by the ideas with which our consciousness may be possessed at the time. Most persons have heard of the exclamation of Dr. Pearson,—'Bless me, how heavy it is!' when he first poised upon his finger the globule of potassium produced by the battery of Sir H. Davy; his preconception of the association between metallic lustre and high specific gravity, leading him to attribute to this new body a character which the test of the balance determined to be the opposite of the fact. So Professor Bennett mentions a case of supposed child-murder in Scotland, in which, when the coffin was exhumed, the Procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odour of decomposition which made him feel faint, and withdrew in consequence; yet, on opening the coffin, it was found to be empty; and it afterwards turned out that no child had been born, and consequently no murder committed. Another case, related by Prof. Bennett upon an authority which we know to be trustworthy, is yet more remarkable, as showing, beyond a doubt, the reality and intensity of pains, which had their origin in a mental delusion, and not in a physical lesion. A butcher, who had a shop in the market-place at Edinburgh, in trying to hang up a heavy piece of meat upon a hook above his head, lost his footing in such a manner that his arm was caught upon the hook. On being taken down and carried

carried into the house of a neighbouring surgeon, he expressed himself as labouring under the most acute agony; and the paleness of his countenance, and the almost entire absence of pulse at the wrist, were unmistakable indications of the reality of his torture. His arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain, and he frequently cried out while the sleeve of his coat was being cut off; yet when the arm was exposed, it was found quite uninjured, the hook having only penetrated the cloth of the sleeve, and the skin being scarcely even grazed!

Those, moreover, who are familiar with hypochondriacal states, have constant opportunities of noticing how disordered sensations, referred to a particular region, are created by the determination of the patient to believe in the existence of disease; yet more, the constant direction of the attention to its supposed seat has a tendency to alter the organic action of the part, and thus to induce real disease in the stead of that which was at first imaginary. The subject has been most ably treated by Sir H. Holland; whose chapter 'On the Effects of Attention on Bodily Organs' embodies the results of his large medical experience, interpreted by the most advanced principles of physiological science.

It is only necessary to glance at some of the most familiar features of Insanity, to be satisfied that the strangest perversions of the perceptions of sense exhibited by the biologized 'subject' have their counterparts in those morbid states, in which the mind is possessed, not transiently but enduringly, by some dominant idea. The lunatic who supposes himself to be a sovereign prince, looks upon the place of his confinement as his palace, believes his keepers to be his obsequious officers, and his fellow-patients to be his obedient subjects; the plainest fare is converted into a banquet of the choicest dainties; and the most homely dress into royal apparel. Now and then, perhaps, a gleam of common sense will enable him to see things in a truer light, and he may be sensible of some inconsistency between his real and his imaginary circumstances; and it is curious that this should be often limited, as in the case of the biologized 'subject,' to some particular class of sensory impressions. Thus, a patient confined in a Scotch pauper lunatic asylum, after dilating upon the imaginary splendours of his regal state, confessed that there was one thing which he could not quite comprehend—that all his food tasted of oatmeal!

Passing now to the more purely psychical phenomena of the biological condition, we find that even such of these as are most extraordinary are readily explained on the same principle. The operator assumes the power of controlling the memory of his 'subject;' and tells him that he cannot remember his own name, the

the first letter of the alphabet, or something equally familiar. The 'subject' exhibits a puzzled and somewhat vacant aspect, and confesses that he is baffled. Nothing is more intelligible when we call to mind that the very simplest act of determinate recollection involves a voluntary change in the direction of our thought, *from* the idea which may occupy the consciousness at the moment, *towards* that which we desire to recall. But the biologized 'subject' is unable to escape from the notion infused into him by the operator, and the most familiar thing is consequently as much beyond the reach of his mental apprehension as a bank-note of a hundred pounds, offered him as a reward for his successful effort, would be beyond the grasp of his hands, if he has been possessed by the conviction that he cannot use them for the purpose. In fact, there is a complete parallelism between his bodily and mental state; the will being temporarily withdrawn from control over both alike.

So, again, the loss of the sense of personal identity, or the actual change of personality, which the biological operator asserts that he is able to induce, is to be referred to the same cause. Mr. A. is repeatedly assured that he is Mrs. B., or Mrs. C. is brought by reiterated assertion to the belief that she is Dr. D.; and they are incapable of correcting this absurd perversion, because the sense of personal identity is dependent upon memory, and they can recollect nothing when forbidden to do so. It is not by any means in all 'subjects,' that we meet with a capability of being thus affected; there are many whose ordinary course of thought and feeling can be entirely directed by external suggestion, who yet obstinately cling to their own personality; but when the transformation *is* made (and we have noticed that it is most readily brought about in individuals who have been habitually disposed to project themselves into characters that have strongly excited their interest in works of fiction), it is usually complete; and nothing can be more remarkable than the assumption of the tone, manner, habits of thought, forms of expression, and other characteristic peculiarities of the individual whose personality the 'subject' has been made to adopt. No one who heard it could forget the intensity of the lackadaisical tone, in which a lady thus metamorphosed into the worthy clergyman on whose ministry she attended replied to the matrimonial counsels of the physician to whom, in her clerical character, she had been led to give a long detail of her hypochondriacal symptoms—'A wife for a dying man, doctor!' *Intentional* mimicry could never have approached the exactness of the imitation which spontaneously proceeded from the idea with which the fair 'subject' was possessed, that she herself experienced

experienced all the discomforts whose detail she had doubtless frequently heard from the real sufferer.

It is almost superfluous to remark that the precise counterpart of this condition is one of the commonest forms of Insanity. Every large asylum contains patients who imagine themselves to be kings, queens, princes, lords, bishops, or the like; nay, the metamorphosis may proceed to yet greater extremes, the lunatic persisting that he is the Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ, or even the Eternal Father. No reasoning will dispossess him of this conviction; because whilst his mind remains under the domination of this idea, all the arguments that can be employed are to his apprehension entirely irrelevant. Even in the ordinary experience of life, we meet with individuals who are possessed by notions scarcely less absurd, from which they cannot be driven by any appeals to their common sense, simply because the dominant idea presents itself to their consciousness with greater force than does any other that can be brought before it. Of this there have been abundant illustrations during the last few months, in the vain endeavours of enlightened men to subvert the baseless vagaries of 'spiritual influence' by the heavy artillery of scientific facts.

From what has been said of the unchecked operation of the principle of suggestion in the biological condition, it might easily be anticipated that the thoughts of the 'subject' may be directed into any channel, by appropriate hints; and descriptions be called forth, by leading questions, of any scene which the operator chooses. This 'mental travelling,' as it has been called, is not accomplished with equal readiness on the part of every 'subject.' Those obey the impulse best who have been accustomed vividly to picture to themselves scenes or incidents; and the replies elicited are obviously determined by the previous knowledge and feelings of the individual, where they are not directly suggested by the words or tone of the questioner. The same lady who underwent the metamorphosis into a hypochondriacal clergyman, ascended in a balloon, and proceeded to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin, whom she found alive; and her description of his appearance and that of his companions was given with an inimitable expression of pity.

We have thus shown by the analysis of the principal phenomena of the 'biological' state, how easily they may be all reduced to the one simple principle of *suggestion*, acting on a mind which has lost for a time the power of volitional direction; and how much this state of mind, anomalous as it appears at first view, has in common with others, with which we are all more or less familiar. The chief marvel, we repeat, lies in the discovery that

that a continued steady gaze at a fixed object will induce this condition, chiefly with such as are constitutionally predisposed to abstraction or reverie, or who possess that kind of imaginative power which transports them into circumstances altogether different from those which surround them. The proportion of such individuals is stated by those whose experiments have been extensive, to be from one in twelve to one in twenty; so that in a company of fifty or sixty persons, there are pretty sure to be two or three who will prove to be good biological 'subjects,' if they take the appropriate means. We are far, however, from encouraging needless trials, and their frequent repetition upon the same individuals is to be especially deprecated; for the phenomena are essentially morbid; and the reiterated suspension of the volitional power over the direction of the thoughts, can scarcely do otherwise than tend to its permanent impairment.

One of the most remarkable of all the effects of the biological condition, however, yet remains to be considered; namely, the superinduction of genuine *sleep*, which may often be accomplished in a few minutes, or even seconds, by the declaration of the operator that the 'subject' *shall* sleep, or even, in some cases, by the simple prediction that he *will*. Here again, however, we find that the apparent marvel disappears upon consideration; for the most important step in the induction of sleep—the suspension of the spontaneous activity of the mind—has been already gained by the antecedent process, which, in many individuals, itself suffices to produce the whole effect. And when the biologized subject is left in a state of perfect inactivity, and the whole attention is concentrated upon the idea of sleep, it seems quite consistent with our knowledge of the conditions which most favour its ordinary supervention, that the undisturbed monotony of impression, though continued but for a short time, should be adequate to the purpose.

The duration of this slumber, and the mode of its termination, may be decided in a most remarkable manner by the impression made upon the mind of the 'subject' before passing into it. If he be previously directed to awake speedily, he will awake accordingly; and the same result will ensue upon a like suggestion conveyed in other ways. Thus we have seen a lady sent off to sleep by the conviction that a handkerchief held beneath her nose was charged with chloroform; the precise symptoms ensued as if she had inhaled the narcotic vapour (which she had actually done on two or three occasions), and she gradually passed into a state of profound insensibility, from which she awoke in a few minutes, just as would have happened had she been really 'chloroformed.' But this same lady, having been put to sleep
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by the assurance that she could not resist, and having received from the operator the injunction not to awaken until called by himself, showed no sign of consciousness when a large hand-bell was rung close to her ear, when she was somewhat roughly shaken, or when a feather was passed full two inches up her nostril. Her slumber appeared likely to be of indefinite duration (in one instance a patient of Professor Simpson slept for thirty-five hours, with only two short intervals of permitted awakening); but it was instantly terminated by the operator calling the lady by her name in a gentle tone.

The influence thus exerted over the duration of the sleep and the susceptibility of the 'subject' to certain sensory impressions, whilst utterly insensible to all others, are points of extreme interest. Believing that the solution is to be found in the *dominant impression by which the mind of the 'subject' may be possessed at the time of entering this state*, we shall endeavour to confirm this instance, like the rest, by an appeal to familiar experience.

Common observation affords ample proof of the influence of previous habits of attention to sensory impressions of a particular kind, in determining what *shall* and what *shall not* be effectual in recalling the sleeper from the land of dreams to the working-day world. Thus, most persons are more readily awakened by the sound of their own names, than by any other mode of address. The medical practitioner, in his first profound sleep after a laborious day, is aroused by the opening stroke of the clapper of his night-bell, or even by the movement of the bell-wire which precedes it; the telegraph-clerk, however deep his repose, is recalled to activity by the faintest sound produced by the vibration of that wondrous needle, to whose indications he is required to give diligent heed; the mother is awakened by the slightest wail of uneasiness proceeding from her infant charge. And these facts cannot be explained upon the supposition that the sleep, prevented from becoming profound by the persistence of the previous excitement, is consequently interrupted by trifling disturbances; for in all these instances the sleeper may remain unaffected by much louder sounds, which have not the same relation to his previous mental state. Thus the doctor's wife shall be insensible to the full peal of the night-bell, whose first tingle awakes her snoring spouse; and he may go forth upon his errand and return to his couch, without disturbing the slumbers of his partner. But her turn next comes; the cries of her child arouse her maternal vigilance; and she may spend hours in the attempt to soothe it to repose, which are passed by her husband in a state of blissful unconsciousness. This is no imaginary picture, but

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one of daily, or we should say nightly occurrence. It is the very familiarity of these facts, which, as in so many other instances, prevents their import from being duly apprehended.

A remarkable example of this class of phenomena was furnished by the late Sir Edward Codrington. When a young man, he was serving as signal-lieutenant under Lord Hood at the time of the investment of Toulon, and, being desirous of obtaining the notice of his commander, he applied himself to his duty—that of watching for signals made by the look-out frigates—with such perseverance, that he often remained on deck nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, going below only to sleep. During his snatches of repose, his slumber was so profound that no noise would awake him; and it was a favourite amusement with his comrades, to try experiments devised to test the soundness of his sleep. But if the word ‘signal’ were *even whispered* in his ear he was instantly aroused, and was fit for immediate duty; the constant direction of his thoughts towards this single object having given to the impression produced by the softest mention of its name, a power over his mind which nothing else could exert.

But it is not requisite that the sensory impression should be one habitually attended to during the waking hours. It is generally sufficient to produce the effect, that the attention should be strongly fixed upon it before going to sleep. Thus, the traveller who requires to start early upon his journey, is awakened by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber, although he may have slept through a succession of far louder noises with which he had no concern. And the student who has set his heart upon rising at a particular hour, in order to continue some literary task, is aroused by the recurrence of the strokes of the clock which mark it, although no other may have affected him throughout the night, and although he may have habitually slept to a later hour without being disturbed by it. Nay, more; it is common to meet with individuals who have the power of determining, on going to rest, the time at which they will awake; and, unlike many, who would be prevented by such a determination from obtaining an hour of continuous repose, they enjoy unbroken slumbers until the allotted limits are reached.

Whatever may be considered as the most feasible explanation of these well-known facts, the same will be equally applicable to phenomena, which are usually considered, as dependent upon some special agency, directly exercised by the will of another individual upon the corporeal organism of the sleeper. When B. goes to sleep at the bidding of A., and is also told by A. that she will awake at a certain hour, in what essential respect does the case differ from that last cited, save that the requisite

state of mind is produced by the assurance of another, instead of by the spontaneous determination of the individual herself? Or, again, when B. is told, on going to sleep, that she is to awake at the sound of A.'s voice, and that no other sounds are to recal her to consciousness, wherein does the phenomenon differ from circumstances which naturally occur, except in the production of the peculiar susceptibility to the one kind of sound, by an impression forced upon the individual, instead of by the habit of attention to it? In the one instance, as in the other, the effect is obviously dependent upon the previous mental state of the subject.

The state of *Somnambulism*, or sleep-waking, may be regarded as having much the same relation to that of dreaming, as the 'biologized' state bears to ordinary 'reverie:' in fact, it may be best characterized as an *acted dream*. There is the same want of control over the thoughts, and the same subjection of the consciousness to the one notion which may for a time possess it, as we perceive both in the dreamer and in the biologized subject; but, like the former, the somnambulist must be regarded as *asleep*, his ordinary relation to the external world being suspended; whilst, like the latter, he retains such a control over his nervo-muscular apparatus, as to execute, or at any rate to attempt, whatever it may be in his mind to do. The sequence of ideas is sometimes determined entirely by *internal* suggestion. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem; an orator will make an effective speech; a preacher will address an imaginary congregation with such pathos as deeply to move his real auditors; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a poet will improvise a torrent of verses; a mimic will keep the spectators in a roar of laughter. The reasoning processes may be carried on with remarkable accuracy; so that the conclusion may be quite sound, if the data have been correct. But the usual defect of the intellectual operations is, that, owing to their very intensity, the attention is drawn off from the considerations which ought to modify them; and thus it happens that the result is often palpably inconsistent with the teachings of ordinary experience, which, if they present themselves to the consciousness at all, are not perceived by it with sufficient vividness for the exercise of their due corrective influence.

In this form of *Somnambulism*, there is usually as complete an insensibility, as in ordinary sleep, to all external impressions, excepting such as fall in with the existing current of ideas. No ordinary sights or sounds, odours or tastes, pricks, pinches, or blows, make themselves felt; and yet, if anything is addressed to the somnambulist which is in harmony with the notion that occupies his
mind

mind at the time, he may take cognizance of it, and interweave it with his web of thought, which may receive a new colour therefrom. A case is cited by Dr. Carpenter,* of a young lady who when at school frequently began to talk, after having been asleep an hour or two; her ideas almost always ran upon the events of the previous day; and, if encouraged by questions, she would give a very coherent account of them, frequently disclosing her own peccadilloes and those of her schoolfellows, and expressing great penitence for the former, whilst she seemed to hesitate about making known the latter. To all ordinary sounds, however, she seemed perfectly insensible. A loud noise would awake her, but was never perceived in the sleep-talking state; and if the interlocutor addressed to her any observations that did not fall in with her train of thought, they were completely disregarded. By a little adroitness, however, she might be led to speak upon almost any subject if a transition was made from one to another by means of leading questions.

It is an important and distinctive feature of the somnambulistic state, that neither the trains of thought which have passed through the mind, nor the actions which have resulted from them, are remembered when the subject awakes; or, if any recollection of them should be preserved, they are retraced only as passages of an ordinary dream. Both the trains of thought and the events of a former somnambulistic state, are nevertheless frequently remembered, on its renewal, with the utmost vividness, even at a distant interval; and of this interval, however long it may have been, there seems to be no sort of consciousness. The same thing happens, but more rarely, in ordinary dreaming, the sleeper sometimes recollecting a previous dream, and even carrying on the thread; a circumstance which marks the close affinity of this form of dream to that of somnambulism, since it is only when the idea of the sleeper possesses the fixity and congruity characteristic of the latter, that it shows a tendency to recurrence. The following incident, which recently happened, is a good exemplification of the 'acted dream,' and of the continuity of the impression from one occasion to another:—A servant-maid, rather given to somnambulism, missed one of her combs; and on making the most diligent search, was unable to find it. One morning, however, she awoke *with the comb in her hand*, so that there can be little doubt that she had put it away on a previous night, without preserving any recollection of the circumstance when she was awake; and that she had recovered it when the remembrance of its hiding-place was brought to her mind by the recurrence of the state in which it had been secreted.

* Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, vol. iv. p. 691.

Many of the most characteristic features of this species of Somnambulism are presented by a case which is narrated by Dr. Carpenter as occurring within his own experience.* The subject of it was a young lady of highly nervous temperament; and the affection occurred in the course of a long illness, in which all the severest forms of hysterical disorder had successively presented themselves. The state of somnambulism usually supervened upon the waking state; instead of growing, as is commonly the case, out of sleep:—

‘In this condition her ideas were at first entirely fixed upon one subject, the death of her only brother, which had occurred some years previously. To this brother she had been very strongly attached; she had nursed him in his last illness; and it was perhaps the return of the anniversary of his death, about the time when the somnambulism first occurred, that gave to her thoughts that particular direction. She talked constantly of him, retraced all the circumstances of his illness, and was unconscious of anything that was said to her which had not reference to this subject. On one occasion she mistook her sister’s husband for her lost brother; imagined that he was come from heaven to visit her; and kept up a long conversation with him under this impression. This conversation was perfectly rational on her side, allowance being made for the fundamental errors of her data. Thus she begged her supposed brother to pray with her; and on his repeating the Lord’s Prayer, she interrupted him after the sentence “forgive us our trespasses,” with the remark, “But *you* need not pray thus; *your* sins are already forgiven.” Although her eyes were open, she recognised no one in this state, not even her own sister, who, it should be mentioned, had not been at home at the time of her brother’s last illness.

‘On another occasion it happened that, when she passed into this condition, her sister, who was present, was wearing a locket containing some of their deceased brother’s hair. As soon as she perceived this locket, she made a violent snatch at it, and would not be satisfied until she had got it into her own possession, when she began to talk to it in the most endearing and even extravagant terms. Her feelings were so strongly excited on this subject, that it was judged prudent to check them; and as she was inaccessible to all entreaties for the relinquishment of the locket, force was employed to obtain it from her. She was so determined, however, not to give it up, and was so angry at the gentle violence used, that it was found necessary to abandon the attempt; and having become calmer, after a time, she passed off into ordinary sleep. Before going to sleep, however, she placed the locket under her pillow, remarking, “Now I have hid it safely, and they shall not take it from me.” On awaking in the morning, she had not the slightest consciousness of what had passed; but the impression of the excited feelings still remained; for she remarked to her sister, “I cannot tell what it is that makes me feel so; but every time that S—

comes near me I have a kind of shuddering sensation," the individual named being a servant, whose constant attention to her had given rise to a feeling of strong attachment on the side of the invalid, but who had been the chief actor in the scene of the previous evening. This feeling wore off in the course of a day or two.

'A few days afterwards, the somnambulism again recurred; and the patient, being upon her bed at the time, immediately began to search for the locket under her pillow. In consequence of its having been removed in the interval (in order that she might not, by accidentally finding it there, be led to inquire into the cause of its presence, of which it was thought better to keep her in ignorance) she was unable to find it; at which she expressed great disappointment, and continued searching for it, with the remark, "It *must* be there; I put it there myself a few minutes ago, and no one can have taken it away."—In this state the presence of S— renewed her previous feelings of anger; and it was only by sending S— out of the room, that she could be calmed and induced to sleep.

'This patient was the subject of many subsequent attacks, in every one of which the anger against S— revived; until the current of thought changed, no longer running exclusively upon what related to her brother, but becoming capable of direction by *suggestions* of various kinds presented to her mind, either in conversation, or, more directly, through the several organs of sense.'

Here, then, we perceive the complete limitation of the consciousness to the one train of ideas which was immediately connected with the object of strong affection. Her recognition of the locket which her sister wore, when she did not recognise the wearer, was extremely curious; and, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, may be explained in two modes, each of them in accordance with the known laws of somnambulism. Either the concentration of her thoughts caused her to remember only that which was *immediately* connected with her brother, or she may have been directed to the locket by the sense of smell, which is frequently exalted in the somnambulistic state to a remarkable degree, enabling the somnambule to find out the owner of a ring or a glove amongst a number of bystanders, with as much facility as the best-trained hound. The continuity of the train of thought from one fit to the next was strongly marked in this instance; and the prolongation of the emotional excitement throughout the interval, without any idea as to its cause, is a feature of peculiar interest, as showing that some organic impression must have been left by the mental operations of the somnambulistic state, which the waking consciousness could not trace to its source. Common experience furnishes facts of the same order; a sense of undefined uneasiness often remaining as a consequence of a troubled dream, of whose character there is no definite remembrance; and this uneasiness sometimes manifesting itself especially in regard to certain persons or objects, the sight
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of which calls forth a vague recollection that they have been recently before the mind in some disagreeable association.

But there is a very different phase of the Somnambulistic state, in which the mind, though not less possessed for the time by its own idea, is yet capable of having the direction of its thoughts, and consequently the bodily actions which they prompt, as readily influenced by *external* impressions, as in the biologized subject. Between these two forms, again, there is every gradation; the facility with which the mind of the somnambulist is amenable to the guidance of suggestions, being always inversely proportional to the degree in which he is possessed by some one dominant idea. Of the form of natural somnambulism in which the influence of external impressions is most complete, the well-known case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, is an apt illustration.* The course of his dreams could be completely directed by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar (another illustration of our previous position, that the sensibility to impressions is in great degree dependant on the attention paid to them in the waking state); and his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming, all the motions of which he immediately imitated. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life, which he did, with such force as to throw himself from the locker upon the floor, by which he was bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his apprehensions by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next to himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was aroused from his danger.

* This is frequently referred to the head of dreaming; but as the dream was *acted*, it most legitimately falls under the present category.

and his dream together by falling over the tent-ropes. After these experiments he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing him some trick.

It is a state very similar to this, that Mr. Braid discovered might be *artificially* produced by fixing the eyes, for several minutes consecutively, on some bright object placed somewhat above and in front of them, at such a distance that the convergence of their axes towards it is accompanied with a sense of effort, amounting to pain. It will be at once perceived that this process is of the same kind as that employed for the induction of the biological state; the only difference lying in the greater intensity of the gaze, and in the more complete concentration of will upon the direction of the eyes, which the nearer approximation of the object in Mr. Braid's method requires for the maintenance of the convergence. The condition thus induced differs little from the intenser forms of the biological state, save in its more complete removal from the ordinary waking consciousness. In regard to the influence of external suggestion in directing the current of thought and action, the two states are essentially the same; and we need not repeat with regard to Hypnotism what we have described so fully already. There seems to be, however, a state of greater *concentration* about the hypnotic somnambule, than exists in the biologized 'subject.' The whole man seems given to each perception. No doubts or difficulties present themselves to distract the attention; and, in consequence, there is a greater susceptibility to suggestions, and their results are more vividly displayed. This is the case especially in regard to *emotional* states, which are generated with the utmost facility, and which can be governed by a word, or even by the 'subject's' own muscular sense, which suggests to his mind ideas corresponding to the attitude into which he may be put by the operator. Thus, if the hand be placed upon the top of the head, the somnambulist will frequently, of his own accord, draw his body up to its fullest height, throw back his head, and assume a countenance expressive of the loftiest *pride*. Where the first action does not suffice, the operator has only to straighten the legs and spine, and to place the head somewhat back, to produce the result. While this emotion is in full play, let the head be bent forward, and the body and limbs gently flexed; and the haughty bearing instantaneously gives way to the most profound *humility*. The reception of ideas connected with particular actions is not less common. If the hand be raised above the head, and the fingers be bent upon the palm, the notion of *climbing*, swinging, or pulling at a rope, is called up;

up; if the fingers are bent when the arm is hanging at the side, the idea excited is that of *lifting* some object from the ground; and if the same be done when the arm is advanced forwards in the position of striking a blow, the idea of *fighting* is at once aroused, and the somnambulist is apt to put it into execution. On one occasion, Dr. Carpenter tells us, a violent blow was given which chanced to alight upon a second somnambulist, whose combativeness being excited, the two closed, and belaboured one another with such energy that they were with difficulty parted. Although their passions were so strongly excited, that, even when separated, they continued to utter furious denunciations against each other, a little discreet manipulation of their muscles restored them to perfect good humour.

Not only may the mind be thus played-upon, through impressions communicated to it from the body;—it can react upon the body in a way which at first sight appears almost incredible, but which is in perfect conformity with the principles already laid down. Thus an extraordinary degree of power may be thrown into any set of muscles, by telling the somnambulist that the action which he is called upon to perform is one which he can accomplish with the greatest facility. One of Mr. Braid's hypnotized subjects—a man so remarkable for the poverty of his physical development, that he had not for many years ventured to lift a weight of twenty pounds—took up a quarter of a hundred-weight upon his little finger, and swung it round his head with the utmost ease, upon being assured that it was as light as a feather. On another occasion he lifted a half-hundred weight as high as the knee on the last joint of his forefinger. The impossibility of any trickery would be evident to an observant eye, since, if he had been trained to such feats (which few of the strongest men could accomplish without practice), the effect would have been visible in his muscular development. Consequently, when the same individual afterwards declared himself unable to lift a handkerchief from the table, which he had been assured that he could not move, we saw no reason for questioning the truth of his conviction; based as this was upon the same kind of suggestion, as that by which he had been just before prompted to a far more astonishing action.

In like manner various other muscular movements may be induced, of which the same individual would not be capable in the natural state. One of the most remarkable of these phenomena was the exact imitation of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's vocal performances, which was given by a factory girl whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation, and who could not speak her own language grammatically. This girl, in
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the hypnotized state, followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages so instantaneously and correctly, both as to words and music, that it was difficult to distinguish the two voices. In order to test the powers of this somnambule to the utmost, Mademoiselle Lind extemporised a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, which the girl imitated with no less precision, though in her waking state she durst not even attempt it.

So, again, there is abundant evidence that the sensibility of a patient in this condition may be exalted to an extraordinary degree in regard to some particular class of impressions; this being due, as before, to the concentration of the attention upon the objects which excited them. We have known a youth in the hypnotized state find out, by the sense of smell, the owner of a glove from amongst a party of more than sixty persons. In another case, the owner of a ring was unhesitatingly singled out from amongst a company of twelve, the ring having been withdrawn from the finger before the somnambule was introduced. We have seen other cases, again, in which the perception of temperature was extraordinarily exalted; very slight differences, inappreciable to ordinary sense, being at once detected; and any considerable change, such as the admission of a current of cold air by the opening of a door, producing the greatest distress. Some of the most striking examples of this kind are afforded by that refinement of the *muscular* sense, which seems to be an almost constant character of the somnambulistic state, replacing the exercise of sight in the direction of the movements. We have repeatedly seen hypnotised patients write with the most perfect regularity, when an opaque screen was interposed between their eyes and the paper, the lines being equidistant and parallel, and the words at a regular distance from each other. We have seen, too, an algebraical problem worked out, with a neatness which could not have been exceeded if the person had been awake. But still more curious is the manner in which the writer will sometimes carry back his pen to dot an *i*, cross a *t*, or make a correction in a word. Mr. Braid had one patient (the individual whose sense of smell was so remarkably exalted, the son of a most respectable solicitor in Manchester) who could correct with accuracy the writing on a whole page of note-paper; but if the paper was moved from the position it had originally occupied on the table, all the corrections were on the *wrong* points of the page, though on the *right* points as regarded its *previous* place. Sometimes, however, he took a fresh departure (to use a nautical phrase) from the upper left-hand corner of the paper; and all his corrections were then made in their right positions, notwithstanding the displacement. 'This,'
says

says Mr. Braid, 'I once saw him do, even to the double-dotting a vowel in a German word at the bottom of the page—a feat which greatly astonished his German master, who was present. We might fill many pages with the record of such marvels, which present themselves alike in *natural*, and in *artificial* or *induced* Somnambulism. All such phenomena are reducible to the general principles we have already laid down,—the concentration of the entire mind on whatever may be for a time the object of its attention, and its passive resignation (when not previously engrossed by a 'dominant idea' of its own) to any notion that may be suggested to it.

There is one point which Mr. Braid's experiments have brought into prominent relief, too important to be passed by, on account of its bearing on the supposed curative powers of Mesmerism. We have already adverted to the influence of 'expectant attention' upon the organic functions of the body; and the phenomena being acknowledged by scientific physiologists, there can be no difficulty in believing that the peculiar concentration of the mind in the 'hypnotic' state may produce still more striking results. It is found, accordingly, that the pulsations of the heart and the respiratory movements may be accelerated or retarded; and various secretions altered both in quantity and quality. A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotized by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call her attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awakened, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and, to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

We are now prepared to sift the reputed phenomena of *Mesmerism*, with some likelihood of being able to distinguish what is probable from what is incredible—what may be admitted as scientific truth, from what must be rejected until more satisfactory evidence shall be adduced in its support.

In the first place, then, we may freely admit that 'mesmerized' subjects have exhibited all the symptoms analogous to those which are presented in 'electro-biology' and 'hypnotism.' That
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a state resembling 'biological' reverie, as well as true somnambulism, can be induced by Mesmerism, we are assured by Dr. Gregory; and we have witnessed it not unfrequently in mesmeric somnambules who, although they had been awakened in the ordinary mode, had not completely recovered the control of their faculties,—any command given to them being automatically obeyed. It is unquestionable, moreover, that the mode in which these conditions are usually generated by the mesmerizer, is such as to rivet the attention and produce a monotony of impression. Some, for instance, content themselves with directing the subject to gaze fixedly at their eyes, which is just like looking at a shilling in the hand, or at Mr. Braid's lancet-case. In fact, we have seen a young lady 'biologized' either by staring at her own fingers or at the eyes of the operator; and her *rapport* with the operator was the same in both cases. Other mesmerizers employ certain strokings and waftings of the hand, termed 'passes;' and these have a two-fold effect, serving to produce the monotony of impression which is favourable to the access of the sleep, and to direct the thoughts towards any part upon which it may be intended to act.

All the ordinary methods of the Mesmerist, then, may be considered to operate in the same manner as when practised by those who employ them merely as means to fix the attention of the 'subject.' The question of magnetic or other dynamical force, which is the fundamental article in the mesmeric creed, must, therefore, be decided by quite a different kind of evidence;—namely, that which should demonstrate that either the somnambulistic state, or some other characteristic phenomenon, could be induced, *without the consciousness on the part of the subject that any agency was being exerted.* Now, we must own that all the evidence yet adduced to prove the affirmative of this position, appears to us to be utterly wanting in scientific accuracy. It is far more difficult than most persons who have not studied the phenomena are aware, to guard against sources of fallacy, arising out of the guesses at which the 'sensitives' are marvellously ready, and their alertness in taking advantage of the unconscious intimations of what is expected. So far as our own experience has enabled us to bring this question to the test, it has gone most completely to negative the existence of such a power; for we have found that mesmerizers, who asserted that they could send particular individuals to sleep, or affect them in other ways, by an effort of 'silent will,' have altogether failed, when the subjects were kept from any suspicion that the will was being exercised; whilst, on the other hand, we are cognizant of numerous cases in which 'sensitive' patients have gone to sleep, under the impression
that:

that they were being mesmerized from a distance, when the supposed mesmerizer was not even thinking of them.

But, it is asserted, the existence of some such influence is proved by the peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his 'subject,' which is not manifested towards any other individuals, save such as may be placed *en rapport* with the 'subject' by the mesmerizer. Nothing is more easy, however, than to explain this on our principle of 'dominant ideas.' If the mind of the 'subject' be so yielded up to that of the mesmerizer, as to receive any impression which the latter suggests to it, the notion of such a peculiar relation is as easily communicable as any other. Hence the commands of the mesmerizer meet with a response which those of no one else can produce. In fact, other persons usually seem to be unheard by the somnambule, simply because they are not related to the dominant impression—a phenomenon of which, as we have seen, natural somnambulism presents frequent examples. Moreover, as individuals have brought themselves, by the habit of obedience, into complete subjection to the will of some second person, even in the waking state, without any mesmeric influence whatever, it is not at all difficult to understand how such a habit of attending to the operator, and to him alone, should be peculiarly developed in a state in which the mind has lost its self-directing power, and is the passive recipient of external impressions. The same explanation applies to the other phenomena of this *rapport*, such as its establishment with any bystander by his joining hands with the mesmerizer and the somnambule. It is because the somnambule is previously possessed with the idea that this new voice will thus be audible to her, and that she must obey its behests, that it produces the same effects as that of the mesmerizer had previously done. The history of Mesmerism affords abundant evidence in support of our position; for the *rapport* was not discovered until long after the practice of the art had come into vogue, having been unknown to Mesmer and his immediate disciples; and its phenomena have only acquired constancy and fixity, in proportion as its laws have been announced and received. Several mesmerizers, who have begun to experiment for themselves without any knowledge of what they were to expect, have produced a great variety of remarkable phenomena, and yet have never detected this *rapport*; though they have obtained immediate evidence of it, when once the idea has been put into their own minds, and thence transferred into those of their 'subjects.' In all the experiments we have witnessed, which seemed to indicate its existence, the previous idea had either been present, or it had obviously been suggested by the methods employed to induce the mesmeric somnambulism; whilst

whilst in a large number of other cases in which the subjects were not among the *habitués* of the mesmeric *séances*, their consciousness was not confined to the mesmerizer, or to those whom he placed *en rapport* with them, but was equally extended to all around.

It appears to us that the mesmeric manifestations may be grouped under the following categories:—

I. Those whose genuineness may be admitted, without any extraordinary weight of evidence in their support; since they are quite conformable to our previous knowledge, and can be explained on principles sufficiently established.

II. Those which, not being conformable to known facts, or explicable upon principles already admitted, cannot be accepted without a great amount of evidence in their favour; but which, not being in absolute opposition to recognized laws, may be received, upon strong testimony, without doing violence to our common sense, holding ourselves ready to seek their explanation in a more extended acquaintance with the powers of mind and of matter.

III. But there is another order of facts, which not only lies beyond our existing knowledge, but is in direct contrariety to it. Here, even though the *external* evidence should be the same with that which affords a secure support to the preceding groups, yet, as the *internal* evidence is altogether antagonistic, its force must remain conclusive against the validity of all statements, save those which shall have been sagaciously investigated by observers qualified for the task by habits of philosophical discrimination, and by their acquaintance with the numerous sources of fallacy which attend this particular department of inquiry. Entertaining the lowest possible opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric system, it has astonished us to find the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, bearing the honoured name of Gregory, asserting the monstrous proposition, that if we admit the reality of the *lower* phenomena of mesmerism, the same testimony ought to convince us of the *higher*. Let us try the learned professor by his own canon. He would have no difficulty in crediting a witness who told him that a stone which he had let fall from a height descended to the ground; or that a solution of tartaric acid, poured upon carbonate of soda, produced effervescence. But would he place the same reliance on the assurance, that a piece of lead, let go from the top of a tower, mounted like a balloon to the sky; or that, when sulphuric acid was poured on caustic potass, the two substances continued to exhibit their previous acid and alkaline properties, instead of uniting into a neutral salt? Once admit

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Dr. Gregory's principle, and there is nothing too hard for belief, either in mesmerism or anything else. Mr. Atkinson breathes a dream into a glove, and sends it to a lady; the dream occurs. Mr. Lewis raises a gentleman, previously thrown into a state of cataleptic rigidity, by the simple traction of the hand held above his head, without contact, and keeps him suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin, by the mere force of his will. And Major Buckley avers that his clairvoyant patients, to the number of one hundred and forty-eight, have read upwards of 36,000 words inclosed in boxes, and the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells.

Now the result of recent inquiries, directed towards the phenomena of hypnotism, electro-biology, and the like, has been to bring into the first of the above categories a large number of mesmeric phenomena, which must have previously been ranked under the second; since it has been shown that nothing more is needed for their elucidation, than an extension of principles already known to physiologists. Thus, the induction of comatose sleep and of somnambulism or sleep-waking, the establishment of a peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his subject, the government of the thoughts and actions of the latter by the expressed or implied determinations of the former, the production of cataleptic rigidity or of convulsive movements in the muscles, the extraordinary exaltation of sensibility as regards particular impressions, and the production of entire insensibility with respect to others,—these and numerous kindred phenomena are perfectly credible, because they are spontaneously exhibited in some cases, and may be brought about, in many more, by processes which cannot be fairly supposed to have any other action than on the *mind* of the 'subjects.'

In the second category we may place that power of 'thought-reading' which some mesmeric somnambules are affirmed to possess. Every one knows that there are individuals who have a remarkable capability of discerning what is passing in the minds of others, by the intuitive interpretation of looks, tones, and gestures, such as we all continually and unconsciously exercise in a minor degree, and where a strong motive begets a concentrated scrutiny, even dull observers will detect feelings which we had believed to be hidden in our own breasts. How common is it, for example, that a growing affection is perceived by the party who desires to be, but is not, the object of it, before its existence has been clearly revealed to the individual in whose secret soul it has taken root. Is it not quite conceivable, then, that in the state of expectant attention, which is the necessary condition of the performance, this power of introspection should be

be exalted in such individuals as already possess it in an unusual degree; just as we have seen that the muscular and other senses may be intensified, by the exclusive direction of the mind to some particular class of impressions?

To this peculiar quickness we are inclined to trace a large proportion of these asserted successes of *clairvoyant* somnambules, which are triumphantly appealed to, on the one hand, as affording the most indisputable evidence of the truth of the mesmeric system, and which, on the other, are regarded as so preposterous by its opponents as to stamp the whole as a tissue of delusion or imposture. In the form in which they are presented to us by Professor Gregory and other thorough-going believers, those asserted facts must unquestionably be placed in our third category. We are required to believe that there are individuals who can tell us what is taking place at the moment in localities which they never visited, what is being done by persons whom they never saw, what is being thought or felt by individuals of whose personality they had no previous knowledge; who can inform us of the entire past history of such individuals, and can predict their future course and destination; who can tell, when a key or a ring is placed in their hands, not only to whom it now belongs, but also to whom it has belonged ever since it *was* a key or ring; who can read what is cunningly shut up in boxes, or hidden behind a screen of stone walls; from whose mental vision, in fact, nothing can be concealed, if only it happens to take the required direction, which (it is admitted) cannot be always secured.

In estimating the value of these statements, we must bear in mind, in the first place, that they come to us only from thorough-going believers, to whom alone are these higher mysteries revealed—the presence of an opponent or even of a neutral investigator being sufficient to prevent them altogether. Many such believers have passed at once from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of credulity, and have been equally rash and uninquiring in both; others have always thought that ‘there must be something in mesmerism,’ and as soon as they have met with any facts of whose reality they were satisfied, they have taken the whole series, together with the mesmeric *rationale*, for granted, without the least consideration as to whether the phenomena were not otherwise explicable; and others have been predisposed from the commencement to the reception of everything however marvellous (the more incredible to ordinary apprehension, the more credible to theirs), by a strange exaggeration of the love of novelty, or by a passion for a so-called ‘spirituality’ after which they are perpetually longing. It has not yet been our fortune to meet with a
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single believer in these higher mysteries who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon *any other* subject in which his feelings were interested, while we have known several (and as to these the mesmerists are of course silent) who have begun with a favourable predisposition, but have ended in utter disbelief, through their detection of the fallacies which lurked behind the ostensible results. To some of these fallacies we shall briefly advert.

In the first place, we have to guard against *intentional deception* on the part of the mesmeric 'subjects,' or the persons with whom they are connected. Numerous exposures have been made, from time to time; and others might, no doubt, be effected by any sharp-witted inquirer who would take the trouble to search them out. Dr. Forbes and Prof. Sharpey, for example, detected a certain George Goble in opening a box within which a card had been placed for the purpose of testing his clairvoyant powers; the said George having previously managed so cleverly, as nearly to convince the former of these gentlemen. Another case, which occurred several years ago, has recently been published, in which a pretended *clairvoyante*, having described what the members of her family at a considerable distance were doing at the moment, was found to have written to them by that afternoon's post, to cause them to answer any inquiries in such a manner as to accord with her revelations. The *motives* to such impostures are far more numerous than may be generally supposed. They are not merely love of gain, or love of notoriety; though these exert a most powerful influence; but there is a tendency well known to medical men, which manifests itself especially among hysterical females (the class to which the greater number of the reputedly clairvoyant subjects belong), and which may almost be called a *monomania for deception*. The ingenuity displayed by them in this morbid exercise of their powers is all but incredible.

But, in the second place, we have to guard against the *unintentional deception* to which every one is exposed who goes into the inquiry either with a foregone conclusion, or with an inclination to be convinced, and we could give instances of the facility with which persons have permitted themselves to be deluded, which would excite the astonishment of unprejudiced minds. Thus the patron of Mr. George Goble was persuaded that the said George Goble had opened the box *on one occasion only*, when he experienced unusual difficulty in the exercise of his clairvoyant powers, but did not like to disappoint the company, and we have even seen complete failures, taken up by the believers present, and ingeniously transformed (by a slight unintentional perversion)

perversion) into marvellous successes. It is, therefore, a reasonable rule, *to receive none of these statements upon the unsupported testimony of believers*; not that we impute to them the least intention of stating anything but what is *to their minds* strictly true, but that we are sceptical as to their power of discriminating the whole of the truth.

The third, and probably the most fertile source of fallacy in the reputed performances of clairvoyant subjects, arises from the influence of *suggestion*. Most of their revelations are made in reply to interrogatories, and not only 'mesmeric' but 'hypnotized' somnambules, and 'biologized' subjects, can be made to describe anything, existent or non-existent, by *leading* questions. We have repeatedly caused the two last classes to describe every thing of note in our house, without giving them any positive information; and when, in the absence of other guidance, a mere guess was hazarded, coincidences have now and then occurred, such as mesmerists would doubtless have trumpeted forth as wonderful successes. But that the descriptions were either suggested or guessed, was easily shown by giving the queries a false direction; when the replies being altered to suit them, had no relation whatever to the reality. We have tested mesmeric clairvoyants in the same manner. They all readily detail what is in everybody's house, such as chairs, tables, sofas, book-cases, piano, fire-screens, &c.; but when they have exhausted the standing catalogue, they go no further, until some suggestive question is asked, and, like the hypnotic somnambules, are readily enticed into error. In following the 'lead,' whether in accordance with the realities or not, they often show a marvellous amount of acuteness. It happens, however, that we possess a rather unusual piece of drawing-room furniture, to wit, an organ, of considerable size, with gilt pipes in front, which could neither be overlooked nor mistaken for anything else; yet no *clairvoyant* has ever spontaneously mentioned this.

In the fourth place, we may point out that in Somnambulism, as in dreams, the *memory*, like other faculties, occasionally becomes remarkably intensified; so that the hidden stores, whose very existence had been forgotten in the waking state, have been unlocked, and an amount of information is brought into use, which the individual was himself unconscious that he possessed. This display of dormant knowledge, frequently ornamented by the imagination (which is often extremely vivid), comes upon the credulous auditors like a new revelation; until some one traces it to the pages of an Encyclopædia, or to the recollections of early life.

There are many cases of asserted Clairvoyance, to which, if

all that is stated of them be true, none of these causes of fallacy apply. But until they have been sifted by philosophical sceptics, instead of being passively registered by believers, we feel justified in the conviction that some undiscovered fallacy exists, and this scepticism will continue, unless one of Major Buckley's 148 clairvoyants will perform the easy task of reading five lines of Shakspeare, shut up in five separate boxes; for which Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has offered a reward of 500*l.*, a sum quite adequate, we should think, to stimulate the most refractory 'subjects' to the efficient exercise of their powers.

At the risk of exhausting the patience of our readers, we must direct their attention, before we conclude, to some of the remaining aspects of this curious subject. The automatic or semi-automatic action of the mind, which takes place when it has become possessed by an *expectant idea*, will be found to afford the key to the greater part, if not the whole, of the phenomena brought under notice a few years since by Baron von Reichenbach, and attributed by him to a hypothetical 'Odylic force.' These phenomena consisted for the most part in the peculiar sensations and attractions experienced by certain 'sensitive' subjects, when in the neighbourhood of magnets or crystals. After a magnet had been repeatedly drawn along the arm of one of these subjects, she would feel a pricking, streaming, or shooting sensation; or she would see a small volcano of flame issuing from its poles, when gazing at them even in broad daylight; or, again, she would find her hand so irresistibly attracted towards a crystal, as to follow any movement that might be given to it. Some of these sensitives could never sleep in beds which lay north and south; but were impelled to sleep whilst looking either east or west; a fact which is considered by the learned Baron to account scientifically for the somniferous influence which is occasionally experienced by the most devout church-goers. Some, again, saw sparks and flames issuing from ordinary nails or hooks in a wall,—a circumstance which the Baron was somewhat puzzled to explain. To us, however, it is evident that his 'sensitives' were merely individuals possessed of considerable powers of voluntary abstraction; so that, like similar subjects of Mr. Braid, they could see or feel whatever they were led to believe that they *would* see or feel. In some instances, we admit, there is no indication of the channel through which the suggestion may have been conveyed; but when Von Reichenbach's complete want of appreciation of the importance of excluding all intimation of what was expected, is taken into account, it cannot be deemed unlikely that it *was* communicated, however

however unintentionally, even in the cases which at first seem exceptional; nor must it be forgotten, that when the mind is in a state of concentrated attention upon a particular object, circumstances, which would pass unnoticed by others, have a powerful suggestive influence on the performer.

It is admitted by Von Reichenbach that the attractive force which draws the hand to the magnet, cannot draw the magnet to the hand: the magnet, though poised on a delicate balance, remaining unmoved by the solicitations of a hand placed beneath it. Surely this fact alone ought to have convinced him, that the force which keeps the hand of the 'sensitive' in contact with the magnet, has nothing in common with the physical forces, whose action is invariably reciprocal; but that it must be generated solely *within* the living body which exhibits the movement. Whatever may be his merits as a chemist, he has shown his utter incompetency for the conduct of an inquiry which is essentially physiological and psychological; and we are compelled to say that the public sanction which Professor Gregory has given to Von Reichenbach's assertions, proves that *he* too is chargeable with the same want of philosophical discrimination, and that his own recorded experiences on the subject must consequently be put aside as of little account.

Von Reichenbach never gained any large 'following' in this country, for to repeat his experiments, it is necessary to find 'subjects' of peculiar susceptibility, which are not always to be obtained. The next form under which the phenomena of 'expectant attention' manifested themselves, was a much more popular one; and it served alike to fill up the hiatus *in time* between Odyism and Electro-Biology; and to connect these two pseudo-sciences in the minds of their votaries, by the link of a common causative force. If a ring, button, or any other small body be suspended by a string from the end of the finger, it will speedily begin to oscillate with a pendulum-like movement, and its oscillations will often take a definite direction. In our schoolboy days there was a prevalent belief, that a button so held would strike the hour of the day or night against the side of a glass tumbler. This certainly *was* the case in a large proportion of the instances in which we witnessed the experiment; but it is scarcely possible *now* to avoid seeing, that the influence which determined the number of the strokes was really *in the mind* of the experimenter; since the division of the day into hours is purely artificial, and cannot be supposed to have any other relation with the oscillations of the button, than that which it derives from the mental anticipation of a certain result. The subject was again brought up, about four years

since, in another form, by Dr. Herbert Mayo, who investigated it with a great appearance of scientific precision. Beginning with a gold ring, and then proceeding to other bodies, he came to the conclusion that 'a fragment of anything, of any shape, suspended by a silk or cotton thread, the end of which is wound round the first joint either of the fore-finger or the thumb,' would answer the purpose; though he finally gave the preference to a flat piece of shell-lac. To this he gave the name of 'Odometer,' having almost from the commencement assumed that the oscillations were dependent upon the 'odyle' of Von Reichenbach, whose system he had already embraced. By varying his experiments Dr. Mayo became convinced that the direction and extent of the oscillations could be altered, either by a change in the nature of the substances placed beneath his odometer, or by the contact of the hand of a person of the opposite sex, or even of the experimenter's other hand, with that from which the odometer was suspended. He gradually reduced his results to a series of definite laws, to which he seems to have imagined them to be as amenable as the motions of the heavenly bodies are to the law of gravitation. Unfortunately, however, other observers, who worked out the subject with like perseverance and good faith, framed a very different code; and it at once became apparent to those who knew the influence which 'expectant attention' exerts in determining involuntary muscular movements, that this was only another case of the same kind, and that the cause of the change of direction lay in the *idea* that some such change would ensue from a certain variation in the conditions of the experiment. Let it be tried upon *new* performers, who are entirely devoid of any expectant idea of their own, and who receive no intimation, by word or look, of what is anticipated by others, and the results are found to have no uniformity whatever. Even those who have previously been successful will find that *all their success vanishes, from the moment that they withdraw their eyes from the oscillating body*, its movements thenceforth presenting not the least regularity—a demonstration of itself that the definite direction which they previously possessed was due, not to any magnetic or odylic force, of which the body of the operator was the medium, but to the influence exercised by his ideas over his muscles, under the guidance of his visual sense.

We do not know whether Mr. Rutter's Brighton 'Magnetometer' was an offshoot from Dr. Mayo's 'Odometer,' or had an independent origin. About the same time, however, that no inconsiderable portion of the British public was amusing itself with swinging buttons and rings from its finger-ends, the attention of scientific men was invited to the fact that a definite

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series of movements of a like kind was exhibited by a ball suspended from a metallic frame (which was itself considered a fixture), when the finger was kept for a short time in contact with it; and that these movements varied in direction and intensity, according as the operator touched other individuals with his disengaged hand, laid hold with it of bodies of different kinds, or altered his condition in various other modes. Among Mr. Rutter's disciples was a homœopathic physician at Brighton, Dr. H. Madden, who conceived the notable idea of testing the value of the indications of the magnetometer, by questioning it as to the characters of his remedies, in regard to which he was of course himself possessed with certain foregone conclusions. Globules in hand, therefore, he consulted its oscillations, and found that they corresponded exactly with his notion of what they ought to be; a medicine of one class producing longitudinal movements, which at once changed their course to transverse when a medicine of opposite virtues was substituted for it. In this way Dr. Madden was going through the whole homœopathic pharmacopœia, when circumstances led him to investigate the subject *de novo*, with the indispensable precaution, that he *should not know* what were the substances on which he was experimenting, the globules being placed in his hand by a second person, who should give him no indication of their nature. From the moment that he began to work upon his new plan, the whole aspect of affairs was altered. The same globules produced oscillations at one time transverse, at other times longitudinal; whilst remedies of the most opposite kinds frequently gave no sign of difference. In a short time, Dr. Madden was led to the conviction, which he avowed with a candour very creditable to him, that the system he had built up had no better foundation than his own anticipation of what the results should be.

That the rhythmical motion of the hand should be sufficient to cause vibrations in the solid magnetometer, will not surprise any one, who knows how difficult it is to prevent the tremors of a telescope or a microscope by the most careful construction of its supporting frame-work; or who bears in mind that the form of the speculum of Lord Rosse's telescope, weighing five tons, having a thickness of six inches, and composed of the hardest known combination of metals, is perceptibly altered (as is demonstrated by the immediate impairment of the distinctness of its reflected image) by a moderate pressure of the hand against its back. Moreover, as Dr. Madden has remarked, the arrangement of Mr. Rutter's apparatus is such as to admit of the greatest sensible effect being produced by the smallest amount of imparted motion; and every modification

tion which increases its immobility, decreases in the same proportion its apparent sensibility to the magnetic currents. Yet although it has been demonstrated to Mr. Rutter himself, that his apparatus is so far from being absolutely rigid that the pendulum-vibrations may be induced by intentional movement; and further, that no definite vibrations take place unless the pendulum be watched, he still persists in attributing his performances to 'Human Electricity,' and still draws after him a train of admiring disciples, who refuse to see the possibility of any fallacy either in his method or in his conclusions.

The same explanation will go far to account for the mysterious phenomena of the Divining Rod, whose ancient reputation has been hitherto proof, even in the estimation of many who are ranked among the master-spirits of the age, against the scepticism of modern science in regard to all matters which it cannot explain. In many parts of the world there are to be found certain individuals, who profess to be able to discover the presence of hidden treasures, mineral veins, or springs of water, by the indications afforded by a forked hazel twig, shaped like the letter Y. The two legs of the fork being firmly grasped by the hands, in such a position that the stem shall point forwards, the diviner walks over the ground to be explored; and it is affirmed that the stem begins to bend upwards or downwards as soon as he passes over the object of which he is in search, its writhings being obvious to the bystander, and becoming stronger and stronger as the fork is held tighter. The motions of the rod, like the oscillations of the odometer, are *facts*,—explain them how we will; and notwithstanding that there may have been much intentional deception, yet the phenomena have presented themselves so frequently, when the rod was in the hands of individuals whose good faith could not be doubted, that we cannot set them down as being always, or even generally, no better than conjuring tricks. The 'expectant attention' of the performer was long since recognized as the cause of the movements by MM. Chevreul and Biot; who many years since made a most valuable series of experiments which have never attracted the attention they deserve. Even Dr. H. Mayo, with all his predilection for odyllic agency, was constrained to admit that when his performer knew which way he (Dr. M.) *expected the fork to move*, the results were conformable; but that when the man was left in ignorance, or was blindfolded, they were vague and contradictory.

The question still remains, whether, after making due allowance for the influence of 'expectant attention,' there are any residual

sidual phenomena which this agency does not explain, and which must still be ranked as the mysteries of the divining-rod. All our inquiries have led us to one conclusion—that *where every kind of suggestion has been rigidly excluded, the failure has been complete*; and that the instances of success are to be accounted for (where no fraud was practised) by guesses on the part of the performers themselves, or by the unintentional promptings they have received from the bystanders who are in the secret. It was clearly shown by the French *savans*, that when the effort to maintain a fixed position is kept up in any part of the body for some time, the attention being directed to it, a state of *muscular tension* is induced, which at last discharges itself in movement. The forked hazel-twigg cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more, without such a tendency to approximation or to separation between its branches, that its point is made to move upwards or downwards, according to the mode in which the rod is held; and the higher this state of tension has become, the more readily will the slightest suggestion determine the time and the direction of its movement.

We are now arrived, we are thankful to say, at the latest phases of this remarkable series of popular delusions. Into the previous history of the 'Spiritual Manifestations' on the American side of the Atlantic, we do not think it worth while to enter; it will be quite enough to examine the phenomena, as they presented themselves to the observation of the British public. The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows:—The 'medium' professed to place the questioner in such a relation with any departed spirit whom the latter might choose to summon, that answers should be given by the spirit to any questions which the summoner put *mentally*, without making them known either to the medium or to any one else. The replies were conveyed by gentle raps from the spirit, whilst the questioner gradually moved a pointer along the successive letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeral series, a fresh commencement being made after each letter had been indicated. In this manner words were put together; and, with patience, a whole sentence might be formed. Now, even allowing the strongest weight to the *à priori* improbabilities of this method of communication, and giving to Mrs. Hayden and her disciples the full credit, or rather discredit, of being a cheat, the means by which so many correct answers were given to questions which had never been put in any other than a mental shape, yet remained a mystery. The true explanation was first suggested by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in a weekly newspaper. This gentleman considered that Mrs. Hayden probably derived
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her indications when to 'rap,' from some involuntary sign of the questioner, as his pointer arrived at the letter which should form the next component of the answer;—this sign being either a delay in passing to the next letter, or some unconscious gesture, which would be perceived by an observer habitually on the watch. By *purposely* giving such indications, he caused Mrs. Hayden to *rap out* answers of the most absurdly erroneous character, to a series of questions which he had previously written down, and communicated to another member of the party, for the sake of negating any charge of invention that might be raised against him. One exception, however, did occur to the constant character of these replies, and that was the one made to the final question—'Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?' to which the answer was returned by unhesitating raps, as his pointer came upon the letters Y, E, S.

The correctness of this solution was confirmed by the results of many similar experiments; and we could give a long series of ludicrous replies, which were spelled out under the direction of waggish questioners. We uniformly found too that those whose questions had been most accurately answered, were persons of excitable temperament, who were liable to betray by outward emotion more or less of what was passing in their minds, whilst those to whom the spirits would give no information, were persons of comparatively imperturbable nature, possessing considerable command over their muscles. On one occasion a scientific friend, who belongs to the former class, having been much surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained, but having observed that none could be furnished to a gentleman whose temperament was of the opposite kind, made a fresh trial, with the determination to prevent any indication escaping him of the times at which he expected the 'raps.' His second experiment was as complete a failure as the first had been a success. It was clearly proved, in conclusion, that the sounds *can* be produced by a movement of the foot, which is not perceptible even to those who are watching it. Mrs. Hayden, however, has doubtless realized a very considerable profit from the gullibility of the London public, who paid her almost as handsomely for this exercise of her toes, as if they had been employed in the highest performances of the choregraphic art.

The taste for 'spiritual communications' once excited, has taken such hold of the minds of impressible subjects, that the number of 'mediums' who now sincerely believe themselves to be holding intercourse with departed spirits, would almost surpass the belief of any sober-minded man, who did not know the liability of such vagaries to become epidemic. Until we shall have heard of

of revelations presenting more internal evidence of genuineness, than is afforded by the anxiety of a careful old housekeeper that her daughter shall lay in an adequate stock of preserves for family consumption, by the modest disclaimer of Shakspeare who assures the world that he is 'a very much overrated poet,' or by the indignation of Columbus that America is not called by his name, we must take leave to class the communications in the same category with the dreamy reveries of religious mystics in all ages, and to regard the 'mediums' as simply persons who are possessed with certain 'dominant ideas,' of which, for their own mental health, it is desirable that they should be freed as soon as possible.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to enter into any elaborate analysis of the phenomena of *Table-turning*. What are the facts? A number of individuals seat themselves round a table, on which they place their hands, with the idea impressed on their minds that the table will move after a time in a rotatory manner; the direction of the movement, whether to the right or to the left, being generally arranged at the commencement of the experiment. The party sits, often for a considerable time, in a state of solemn expectation, with the whole attention fixed upon the table, and looking eagerly for the first sign of the anticipated motion. Generally one or two slight changes in its place herald the approaching revolution; these tend still more to excite the eager attention of the performers, and then the veritable 'turning' begins. If the parties retain their seats, the revolution only continues as far as the length of their arms will allow; but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and from a walk, their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can longer keep up with it. All this is done, not merely without the least consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they are not.

To those who already possessed the clue to the mysteries of electro-biology, odylic force, the magnetometer, *et hoc genus omne*, nothing could be simpler than the explanation of table-turning. As in so many other cases, the continued concentration of the attention upon a certain idea gives it a dominant power, not only over the mind, but over the body; and the muscles become the involuntary instruments whereby it is carried into operation. In this case, too, as in that of the divining-rod, the movement is favoured by the state of muscular tension, which ensues when the hands have been kept for some time in a fixed position. Many of those who tried the experiment upon a table that was
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somewhat refractory, felt at last that they *must* move their arms, to get rid of the uneasy sensations they experienced.

All the results of the variations introduced into the experiment are perfectly conformable to this notion of their origin. Thus, when the direction of the movement had not been previously determined, it has generally happened (within our experience at least) that the table turned *from right to left*; plainly because it is the same direction which we give to everything (as in turning a winch, passing the after-dinner bottle, or spinning a tetotum) to which we are in the habit of imparting rotation, unless with some definite purpose to the contrary. When what we may term the *retrograde* movement has occurred, we have generally been able to trace it to the agency of a single individual, whose 'lead' has been unconsciously followed by the other performers; and the direction which he originates may be determined by the accident of his position. An intelligent writer has remarked, that if the body rests more on one side than on the other (which is almost always the case when the muscles are fatigued by remaining long in one posture), the automatic movement tends to direct the table *from* that side towards the other; and he states that he has thus determined the movement at his pleasure, by throwing the weight of his body (whilst standing) upon the right or the left leg. It was a favourite doctrine with those who attributed the rotation to electrical agency, that the movement would take place much earlier if the table were insulated; and this, in a great number of comparative experiments, seemed undoubtedly the case. The fact, however, would afford no support to the electrical hypothesis, even if this were tenable on other grounds, unless the performers had been left in ignorance whether the table were insulated or not; since the expectation that it would move round sooner under particular circumstances, was quite sufficient to bring about the result. The same explanation applies to another method which was at one time much in vogue, and was even represented by some to be essential to success,—that of forming a continuous circuit of hands, by spreading them out so that they touched each other by their little fingers and thumbs. In this case also—the hands being extended in a constrained position, instead of resting easily upon the table—the state of muscular tension is much more rapidly induced, and more quickly becomes unbearable. Again, we may fairly attribute to the 'dominant idea' that feeling of obligation to go along with the table when once its revolution has commenced, which is obviously the real cause of its continued movement. Although the performers may most conscientiously believe that the attraction

tion of the table carries them along with it, instead of an impulse which originates in themselves propelling the table, yet we never met with one who could not readily withdraw his hand if he really *willed* to do so. But it is the characteristic of the state of 'expectant attention,' to which the actors give themselves up in all such performances, that the power of volition is entirely subordinated to that of the 'dominant idea.'

Finding, then, in the known laws of mental physiology a sufficient explanation of these wonders, it is against all the rules of philosophy to assume that any other force is concerned in their production. Yet we have learned by painful experience, that when the common sense of the public once allows itself to be led away by the love of the marvellous, there is nothing too monstrous for its credulity. The greatest difficulty in the whole case has been to persuade the performers that the movement of the table was really due to the impulse which it received from their hands,—their conviction being generally most positive, that, as they were not *conscious* of any effort, the table must have been propelled by some other agency. So resolutely was this believed, that when the table was intentionally prevented from moving by the pressure of one of the parties, so that the hands of another performer, automatically moving in the expected direction, slid over its surface, the fact, instead of being received as evidence that the hands *would* have moved the table, had it been free to turn, was set down to a repulsive influence exerted by the table on the hands! Even since Professor Faraday's ingenious apparatus has supplied the most unequivocal proof that the movement of the table, instead of anticipating that of the hands, is consequent upon the pressure which they impart, they are many who affirm that the tested cases could not have been genuine, and yet decline to apply the touchstone to their own performances. This is in the very spirit of the opponents of Galileo, who would not look through his telescope at the satellites of Jupiter, because they supplied evidence in favour of the Copernican theory.

In our investigation of these phenomena we have found it necessary to treat with complete disregard the testimony of all who had given themselves up to the domination of the table-turning idea; for it has happened—no doubt quite unintentionally—that they commonly omitted from their narrative the very point most essential to the elucidation of the mystery. Thus a lady assured us that, in *her* house, a table had moved round and round, *without being touched*. On inquiring into the circumstances, we found that a hat had been placed upon the table, and the hands of the performers upon the hat; but our fair informant

informant was as sure that the hat could not have carried the table along with it, as she was that the hat moved round without any mechanical force communicated from the hands! In another case we were seriously informed that a table had been moved round by *the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it*; but it came out, upon cross-examination, that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of 'Samson' to move the table, which then obediently went round. Experience of the worthlessness of the testimony of table-turners is thus an additional warning against accepting the evidence borne by the champions of Mesmerism to the wonders which they honestly declare themselves to have witnessed.

We had hoped that a little reflection was making the perpetrators of these absurdities sufficiently ashamed of themselves, when a new style of performance, a sort of 'cross' between 'spirit-rapping' and 'table-turning,' began to claim the attention which its predecessors no longer commanded. This consisted in *putting questions* to the table, with directions that it should *reply* by turning to the right or to the left, or by tilting-over towards one side or the other, or by rapping with one of its feet; and conversations were thus carried on, either by asking such questions as might be answered by a simple *yes* or *no*, or by directing the table to spell the words of the reply by such methods as the experimenters should devise. A large number of persons, of various ranks and degrees, have given themselves up to the belief, that by these clumsy contrivances they are brought into direct intercourse with the spirit-world. Nothing can be clearer than that these movements of the tables, like the preceding, usually take place in accordance with the *ideas* entertained by some or all of the performers. The very system of communication affords the proof of itself; for how could the meaning of the signs given by the tables be known to those who interrogated them, save by the conformity of the reply, with the foregone conclusion of the questioner as to what that reply should be? In fact we could select no more forcible illustrations of our previous principles than those which are afforded by the last three publications of which we have placed the titles at the head of this article.

The Rev. N. S. Godfrey is obviously possessed by the dominant idea, that scepticism as to the personal existence and constant agency of the Devil is one of the crying sins of the present period; and that supernatural manifestations of his power, in a mode obvious to our senses, are to be reasonably expected. He
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has also adopted the conclusion that whatever the nature of the power or influence which produces 'Table-Moving' may be, 'it is at present a controllable one; that it is an intelligent power; that it is an obedient power; and that it is, when its effect is manifested in an insensate piece of wood, as a table, a supernatural one.' He traces Satanic agency downwards from the times of the Egyptian magicians to the present epoch; appealing, in proof of the prevalence of 'the evil spirits' in our own time, 'to the tradition of every country, town, and neighbourhood.' Having thus, as he honestly tells us, 'prepared the way,' Mr. Godfrey sits down with his wife and his curate, with their hands upon a small round mahogany table, which (as we presently learn) stood upon three legs. Having got the table into motion, and assumed the direction of its movements, he commanded it to stand on one leg, to move forward on one leg, to move forwards on its three legs successively, to rock quickly from side to side, to turn to him, to turn from him, to throw off a hat in a given direction,—all which commands it implicitly obeyed. When it is remembered *who* were Mr. Godfrey's partners in this performance, and that (as he honestly informs us) they were satisfied that he really had power to cause the table to obey him, their unconscious yielding to his suggestions, after they had been sitting in solemn expectancy for three-quarters of an hour, is precisely what our physiological view of the matter would lead us to anticipate. He now began to interrogate the table upon the subject as to which he was evidently most anxious for information:—

'I spoke to the table, and said, "If you move by electricity, stop." It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, "If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop." It moved round without stopping! I again said, "If there be any evil agency in this, stop." It went as before.'

It is obvious, from Mr. Godfrey's subsequent explanations, that he was not at all staggered by this negative reply, and that he had, in fact, rather expected it; having already conceived the idea that the spirit which moved the table would be forced by the Arch-fiend to attempt 'to deceive the very elect.' He accordingly devised a test, on whose efficacy he felt that he could rely:—

'I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any
of

of the conditions under which it revolved—it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would *not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it.*—p. 22.

After a few more experiments, the party went to supper; and then, ‘at twenty minutes before twelve,’ they again laid their hands on the table. As soon as it had begun to move, Mr. Godfrey pursued his interrogations, still plainly under the impression that he had got hold of a ‘lying spirit;’ and the following were his results:—

‘I now said, “If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;” it was motionless. “If there be not hell, knock twice;” no answer. “If there be a devil, knock twice;” no motion. “If there be not a devil, knock twice;” *to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be *no* devil, knock twice;” it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions—“If there be a heaven, knock twice.” “If there be not a heaven.” “If there be not an eternity.” “If the soul live after death.” To not one of these questions could I get an answer.’—p. 24.

The table nevertheless would answer readily enough to commonplace interrogatories, such as the day of the month, and actually announced that the party had entered upon the next day, having carried on their experiments until past midnight,—a piece of intelligence which Mr. Godfrey seems to think supernatural, but for which we should account by the supposition that some one of the party either knew or guessed that the clock had struck twelve.

It is curious to observe how little some persons know of themselves. Mr. Godfrey assures us that, when the Bible was placed on the table, the emotion in the minds of all the parties was that of simple curiosity, and that, if they *had* a bias, it would have been *against* the table stopping. Why, the very fact of trying such an experiment, taken in connexion with Mr. Godfrey’s obvious prepossessions on the subject of evil spirits, witchcraft, &c., sufficiently indicates what his real ideas were, even though he might not acknowledge them to himself.

Mr. Godfrey’s second pamphlet contains much more to the same effect. He had established such an understanding with his table, that it ‘lifted up its foot’ and rapped, sometimes very emphatically, when it meant *yes*, and was silent when it meant *no*. The interrogations were all what lawyers would call ‘leading questions;’ and no one can doubt for an instant what were the answers expected by the inquirer. The spirit having announced himself (by spelling out his name) as Alfred Brown, and given
a faint

a faint affirmative reply to the question, 'Are you immortal?' the conversation thus proceeded:—

'Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer.

'Do you want to be released?—No answer.

'Had you rather stay?—Yes.

'Does the Devil send you here?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes.

'Do you like to answer me?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes.

'Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes (decidedly).

'Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes.

'Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the Devil?—Yes.

'Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No.

We shall now give the Rev. E. Gillson an opportunity of narrating his experiences. He has obviously taken his cue from his predecessor; knowing, like him, 'that we are surrounded by innumerable devils,' though scarcely expecting to have their agency thus sensibly manifested; and labouring, in addition, under strongly excited feelings as to Papal aggression. The following is his narrative of the occurrences of a table conversation held at the house of some members of his congregation:—

'I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.

'I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was Yes, indicated by a rap.

'Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate.

'It was then asked, shall you be for ever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned.

'Do you know Satan?—Yes.

'Is he the Prince of Devils?—Yes.

'Will he be bound?—Yes.

'Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes.

'Will

‘ Will you be cast in with him?—Yes.

‘ How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten.

‘ Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet’s predictions:—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again (Is. xxiv. 20).

‘ I then asked, where are Satan’s head-quarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement.

‘ Are they in France?—A violent movement.

‘ Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation.

‘ Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic.

‘ At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent in answer to some questions about himself did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked,

‘ Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No.

‘ How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four.

‘ This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Amongst other questions, he was asked,

‘ Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.

‘ I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten; exactly coinciding with the other spirit’s account of the binding of Satan.

‘ Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey’s, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect.

‘ As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table, *e.g.* I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath.

‘ He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.

‘ I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yes.

‘ Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done.

‘ The second letter. It was given.

‘ I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given.

‘ However

'However, it is needless to multiply particulars. I might enumerate scores, if not hundreds of questions, which were instantly answered in a similar manner.'

Both these clerical seers assert that Professor Faraday's physical proof that the table never moves, unless the performers make it move by their own pressure, has not the slightest bearing upon *their* experiments; inasmuch as, naïvely observes Mr. Godfrey, 'those who tried it in his (Professor Faraday's) presence imparted the motion, he tells us, *which we did not*:' whilst Mr. Gillson assures us that 'the most violent movements were often performed *without the slightest pressure*.' But they must have read Professor Faraday's letter to very little purpose, if they did not see that *his* table-turners were at first as fully convinced as *theirs* that the table could not have derived its motion from them; they repudiated the idea as stoutly when it was suggested to them; but the infallible indicator showed that they always *did* press before the table moved, and that *until* they pressed, the table was stationary. Unless, therefore, Messrs. Godfrey and Gillson *prove* by the use of Professor Faraday's indicator, or some other equally valid test, that they *do not* move the table, their affirmation is not of the slightest value. Those who have followed us through this discussion will have met with numerous instances in which motion was unquestionably communicated without any consciousness on the part of the mover, and in which gigantic efforts were put forth without any sense of extraordinary exertion. It is not a little amusing to find Mr. Godfrey concluding his investigations with the assertion that table-turning 'appears to be whatever the investigator supposes it to be,' and that its general law, therefore, is *Lying and Deceit*, in other words *Satanic Agency*. To us, as to him, the motion appears to be 'lying and deceit,' so long as the actors in it so egregiously and pertinaciously *deceive themselves*.*

We must add a few words of remark upon that condition of the public mind, which has been revealed by the prevalence of this

* We do not pretend to account for all the wonders of table-talking narrated by Mr. Godfrey, nor for those which have been privately communicated to us. Nor do we feel called upon to make the attempt, until we can convince ourselves that we are in full possession of *all* the facts of the case, some of the most essential of which are frequently (as we have shown) left out of the narration. But we may mention that we have reason to suspect that the responses given by the automatic movements are not always directed by ideas which are distinctly present to the consciousness at the moment, but may proceed from impressions left upon the brain by some past events,—such impressions as often vaguely flit before our thoughts in the waking state, but reproduce themselves more distinctly in dreaming, in delirium, or in those sudden memories which sometimes flash in upon us unbidden, *why* or *whence* we cannot tell. This is only an hypothesis, but it will be found to be in strict conformity with the physiological views put forth by Dr. Carpenter as to the unconscious action of the cerebrum.

table-turning and table-talking mania. When the physician studies the history of epidemic diseases, he sees that their spread is limited by the *predisposition* of the people whom they affect; and that this predisposition is nothing else, than a certain state of bodily constitution induced by previous habits of life. When that condition is fully established, a very small dose of the zymotic poison is sufficient to produce the most direful results. When, on the other hand, such predisposition is entirely wanting, through the previous observance of all the laws of health, the same poison, even though present in far greater potency, is altogether innocuous. Now there are epidemic disorders which affect the mind, as well as diseases which attack the body; and the prevalence of the former, as of the latter, must be accounted as indicative of something essentially wrong in our previous condition; especially when it is recollected that this last delusion has taken a firm hold, not merely of ignorant men and silly women, but of well-instructed, sober-minded persons, by whose judgment on ordinary subjects we should set the greatest store. There can be no question then that Prof. Faraday was right in the hint he so modestly gave, that the unfavourable predisposition arises from a radical defect in our system of education; and we shall briefly endeavour to point out where the defect lies.

The study of *Human Nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—is by far too much neglected in our educational arrangements. That the preservation of corporeal health is in great degree dependent upon the observance of the rules dictated by physiological science, and that a general knowledge of the structure and functions of man's *body* is really worth his possessing, for its own sake, is gradually coming to be generally acknowledged. We would urge, however, that an acquaintance with the constitution of his *mind* is not one whit the less desirable for the right development of its powers and for the preservation of its health. We have seen in the various phenomena we have been discussing how largely the Will is concerned in all those higher exercises of the reasoning powers, even upon the most common-place subjects, by which our conduct ought to be governed; and how important it is that the automatic tendencies, of whatever nature, should be entirely subjugated by it. We are satisfied, from extensive observation, that in a large proportion of cases of *Insanity*, the disorder is mainly attributable to the want of acquirement, in early life, of proper volitional control over the current of thought; so that the mind *cannot* free itself from the tyranny of any propensity or idea, which once acquires an undue predominance. The deficiency of
power

power to repel the fascinations of some attractive delusion that appeals to the vanity, to the love of the marvellous, or to some other receptive predisposition, by employing the reason to strip off its specious disguise and expose its latent absurdities, really proceeds from a want of the same kind, the supply of which ought to be one of the prominent objects of educational culture in every grade.

In all ages, the 'possession' of men's minds by dominant ideas has been most complete, when these ideas have been *religious* aberrations. The origin of such aberrations has uniformly lain in the preference given to the feelings over the judgment, in the inordinate indulgence of emotional excitement without adequate control on the part of the rational will. No one, who is as yet untainted by kindred sentiments, can read the productions of Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Gillson, without perceiving that they have abandoned their sober judgment, if ever they possessed any, to the tyranny of their abhorrence of Papal aggression and their dread of Satanic agency, as completely as the biologized 'subject' gives up the guidance of his thoughts to the direction of the operator. This is, in fact, the most melancholy part of the whole affair; since they thus place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. Such persons are no more to be argued-with, than are insane patients. They cannot assent to any proposition, which they fancy to be in the least inconsistent with their prepossessions; and the evidence of their own feelings is to them the highest attainable truth. It is not to these, that we address ourselves—'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone'—but we would save from this pseudo-religious pestilence those who are yet unharmed by it, and who may find themselves unexpectedly smitten by its baleful poison. If any further warning be required, it is to be drawn from the fact, that many of the victims of these delusions have become the subjects of actual Insanity. Mr. Gillson himself confesses to have heard of one such case, which might, he admits, have been caused by excitement, though, he adds, 'I think it more probable that a spirit entered in and took possession.' What kind of spirits they are, which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds, we hope that we have made sufficiently plain. They are *Dominant Ideas*.

ART. VII. — *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London. In 3 Vols. London, 1853.

THE last page of this work should have been the first. There we read that Benjamin Robert Haydon died on the 22nd of June, 1846, by 'self-inflicted death,' and that—

'the coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an *unsound state of mind* when he committed the act.'—iii. 322.

This is, we think, the key to his whole life—*le mot de l'énigme*—the explanation of a series of delusions, follies, eccentricities, and inconsistency such as we believe were never before deliberately recorded—of wild talents mistaken and misapplied—of extravagant pretensions and feeble powers—of enthusiastic professions of piety and honour, shamelessly contradicted by a laxity of practice which can hardly be less severely characterized than as dishonesty and swindling. We can have now no doubt that the mind was 'unsound,'—or, to adopt the vulgar but expressive metaphor, *cracked*—from the beginning. The main symptom was the early mistake of fancying that he was destined to be a great painter; while there was, on the contrary, hardly any vocation in which his cleverness, ardour, and perseverance would not probably have had better success. This misconception of his vocation, and the wayward eccentricities of style by which he endeavoured to conceal and supply the want of natural powers, brought on failure, disappointment, and distress. Then came mortified vanity, degrading want, and desperate old age—

'tristisque senectus,

Et metus et malesuada fumes et turpis egestas.

Such a life has obviously no just claims to the distinction of a special biography, and one's first impression is, *the less said about it the better*. He himself seems to have had misgivings that no one would be found to write it, and his characteristic vanity provided against such neglect by writing it himself. He left behind him his '*Autobiography*'—a narrative of his life to 1820—which occupies the first of these volumes. 'This,' he desires in his will, 'may not be curtailed by an editor.' Whether this has been exactly obeyed the editor does not say; he hints indeed that it has been '*compressed*;' but more than enough remains; 'as to the rest of his life,' says the will, 'his Journals will suffice.' These journals are twenty-six large folio volumes, of which the editor

editor has made large 'curtailments,' occasionally filling up the chasms with connecting remarks of his own. We must, however, add, that, whatever omissions the editor may have made in either, the *journals* are much safer guides to Haydon's character than the *autobiography*, for they were the sincere impulses of the moments at which they were written; whereas the *autobiography* (though founded, Haydon tells us, on earlier journals) was put into its present shape at least thirty years after the events, and affords numberless instances of having been *accommodated* to subsequent circumstances and *later* views. Mr. Taylor, who appears from his interspersed observations to be a gentleman of good sense and good taste, seems to be of our opinion, that *intrinsically* a '*Life of Haydon*' would be a very superfluous work, and he naturally wishes to relieve himself from the responsibility of such a publication by telling us at the outset—

'This is not a biography of Haydon, but an *autobiography*; not a life of him by *me*, but his life by *himself*.'—*Preface*.

This is a delicate and ingenious apology; but it would be, we think, a very unsatisfactory one if Mr. Taylor were responsible for the fact of *publication*. We are not informed how he happened to be employed in this task, nor in what relation he stands to the owners of the MSS. We see by the will that he was not an executor, and we gather that his personal knowledge of the man was very slight, if any. If then he has merely assisted in doing what would have been done at all events, and is answerable only for the details of the execution, we see little to complain of and much to commend in the mode in which he has performed a somewhat hazardous duty. Our wonder is that any one having the least personal regard for Haydon should have consented to the appearance of a work which does him no credit as an artist, and is positively disgraceful to him as a man. It will be pleaded that Haydon himself ordered the publication in his will. No doubt he did, but what was that but another symptom of his mental infirmity? The will was written but a few moments before the final act of insanity. Admitting, however, that he had throughout his life the same design, the same question will arise, Would it have been justifiable to have lent him a pistol or procured him poison to execute the suicide which he committed, merely because he were mad enough to desire it, and is it more justifiable to have helped his posthumous insanity to inflict suicide on his character?

Having thus entered our protest against what we consider a bad principle, seldom more indiscreetly adopted than on this occasion, we repeat that Mr. Taylor has done his part with delicacy, good feeling, and good sense, and we can add that—bating this original mistake of sacrificing Haydon's personal reputation

to

to inferior considerations—the work itself is one singular in character and powerful in various kinds of interest.

In the first place, it is both morally and physically curious to have from the patient himself so remarkable an example of the co-existence in the same mind of, as Dryden phrases it, ‘wit and madness,’ of sagacity and delusion, of a sound judgment on many subjects with a permanent and incorrigible aberration on one. We read of, and indeed see every day around us, specimens of this morbid combination, but we know not where to find such an anatomical exhibition of it as Haydon unconsciously gives us in his own person. Of this, however, there is so much that it grows to be at last not painful only, but tedious and disgusting. Mr. Taylor has been, he says, as brief in his extracts from the later journals as he could be, for—

‘the two last volumes are little more than a record of desperate struggles, alternating with desponding and angry protestations, all pointing to the sad catastrophe which brought this stormy career to a close.’—iii. 221.

We have no doubt that Mr. Taylor’s suppressions have been judicious, and might have been carried much further without impairing the general result; for the habitual derangement of mind exhibited in the later journals, though more striking in degree, is obviously of the same class and arising from the same causes as his earlier hallucinations.

In the next place, we find—apart from his delusions about himself and his own style of art—no inconsiderable degree of acuteness and justice in his appreciation of artistical subjects, and particularly a great deal of critical and biographical observation and information on the works and private characters of his contemporaries, too often, no doubt, tinged with something of personal spleen and jealousy, but, on the whole, freer from such blots than we could have expected either from the peculiar temper of the man, or from the general effect of professional rivalry. His natural disposition was to be kind and candid.

A third, and what will doubtless be to the public at large the most interesting feature, of the work is, that Haydon, though incapable of producing even a tolerable portrait with his *pencil*, turns out to have had a great deal both of talent and taste in sketching with his *pen*. By dint of what he called enthusiasm for art—but which would be more generally and justly characterized as impudence and importunity—he forced himself into communication with a number of the most eminent men of his day, not only in art, but in literature and politics; and by registering, as he did assiduously in his Journals, what he saw and heard amongst them with an easy off-hand cleverness, evident diligence,

gence, and general good faith, he has left us a collection of anecdotes very entertaining, and not without a certain importance as to the characters of several of the most remarkable personages of his time and ours. Indeed this 'Life of Haydon'—if we could subtract from it all that relates to the poor painter, his own troubles, and his own works—would be a peculiarly amusing book. But we must take the volumes as we find them, in which—as in most of his own pictures—the principal figure is decidedly the worst, and with that least agreeable portion of the work we must begin our observations.

Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 25th of January, 1786, where both his father and grandfather had been respectable booksellers; and Haydon himself, after having been at 'two schools, at the latter of which he arrived at the dignity of 'reading Virgil and murdering Homer,' was bound apprentice to his father's trade, for which it soon appeared he had neither taste nor *temper*. 'Now began,' he says, 'that species of misery I have never been without since—*ceaseless opposition*' (i. p. 12.) This is true: but it must be added that he was of a temperament that during his whole career created opposition where he would not otherwise have found it. By a series of accidents, he was inoculated with a love of drawing. He probably had some hereditary turn—we cannot say taste—that way; for his grandfather was, if Northcote may be credited, an execrable amateur dauber. It happened too that one of his schoolmasters and two of his father's apprentices and an Italian bookbinder in his employ had the same propensity:—

'The apprentices,' he adds, 'thought they were geniuses because they were idle. One, I remember, did nothing but draw and paint.'—i. p. 8.

Haydon's own turn for drawing seems to have been at first much like that of the apprentices—an excuse for being idle:—

'My father's business realized a handsome income: I had nothing to do but to pursue his course and independence was certain, but my repugnance to my work grew daily. I rose early, and wandered by the sea; sat up late, and *pondered on my ambition*. . . . I hated day-books, ledgers, &c. I hated standing behind the counter, and *insulted the customers*. I hated the town, and people in it.'—i. 12.

One day, after insulting a customer, he flung out of the shop, and never entered it again:—

'Now what was to be done? Into the shop I would not go, and my father saw the absurdity of wishing it. He was a good, dear, fond father. We discussed my future prospects, and he asked me if it was not a pity to let such a fine property go to ruin? "I could not help it." "Why?" "Because my *whole frame convulsed* when I thought of being a great painter." "Who has put this stuff into your head?"

"Nobody;

"Nobody; I have always had it." "You will live to repent it." "Never; I would rather *die in the trial*." Friends were called in; aunts consulted, uncles spoken to; my language was the same; my *detestation of business unaltered*. My resolution no *tortures of the rack* would have altered.—i. 13.

Just at this time an accident occurred which must have tamed a soberer mind, but it only exasperated his:—

'Luckily I had an illness which in a few weeks ended in chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks *I was blind*, and my family were in misery. I recovered my sight, but *never perfectly*; had another attack—slowly recovered from that, but found that my *natural sight was gone*, and this too with my earnest and deep passion for art. "What folly! How can you think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was my reply; "and, see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first."—*ib.*

He then proceeds to confess, in that style of mingled reason and aberration which marked his whole life:—

'It would have been quite natural for an ordinary mind to think blindness a sufficient obstacle to the practice of an art, the essence of which seems to consist in perfect sight; but "when the divinity doth stir within us," the most ordinary mind is ordinary no longer.

'It is curious to me *now*, forty years after, to reflect that my dim sight never occurred to me as an obstacle. Not a bit of it. I found that I could not *shoot* as I used to do; but it never struck me that I should not be able to *paint*.'—i. 14.

All this is *to us* peculiarly curious, for we never saw one of his pictures without a strong impression that he had an eye even for *form*, but above all for *colour*, very different from the rest of mankind. When, on his arrival in London, he waited with a letter of introduction on Northcote, the old cynic

'looked maliciously at me, and said, "I remember yeer vather, and yeer *grandvather* tu; he used tu paint." "So I have heard, sir." "Ees; he painted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the indzide of's ears was, and my vather told un, *reddish*, and your grandvather went home, and painted un a vine vermilion.'—i. 22.

We cannot but suspect that if Haydon inherited his grandfather's taste for drawing, he had also something of his eye for colour.

While he was in this state of mind, he bought from one of the apprentices two plaster casts of the Discobolos and Apollo:—

'I looked at them so long that I made my eyes ill again. I doated over them, I dreamt of them, and when well, *wandered about the town in listless agony* in search of books on art.'—i. 14.

In

In this search he found Reynolds's Lectures and a volume of anatomical drawings. This sealed his fate.

'The thing was done. I felt my destiny fixed. The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze, now burst out for ever.

'I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother, regarding my looks, which probably were *more like those of a maniac than of a rational being*, burst into tears. My father was in a passion, and the whole house was in an uproar. Every body that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them *so fiercely* that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me, I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—drawing—*dissection—and high art.*'—i. 14-18.

One of his ideas of *high art* was, that a great painter must be a practical anatomist; but of what use could anatomy be to one who never attained any certainty of copying even the external form of the living model? Of what avail was it to him to '*get by heart all the muscles of the body? How many heads to the deltoid? [one of the humeral muscles.] Where does it rise? Where is it inserted?*' (i. 15)—when there is abundant proof that he was not sure of being able to copy the outline of the arm which the *deltoid* had elevated? If he could have accurately copied that action from his model, he had all of the *deltoid* that was required for a representation of visible nature, which is the object of the painter. No one will deny that a knowledge of anatomy may enable an artist to *understand* better the *appearances* of his models, but we cannot see how it will advance the power of *imitating* them. Old Northcote and others, whom he talked to, told him plainly 'it was of no use;' that Sir Joshua, like most, if not all great painters, knew nothing about it. But Haydon was not to be persuaded. And he gives us the following strange instance of his pertinacity on this point. After he had gone to London he was recalled to attend, as was thought, the death-bed of his father. On the *very next morning* after his arrival on this pious visit, which might, one should have thought, have suspended at least the prosecution of such a class of studies—

'I got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital and was hard at work that very night.'—i. 32.

Well might his uncle, after seeing him stretched on the floor of his lodgings in London studying anatomical plates, report to his afflicted father, '*Oh, he is mad—he is certainly mad.*'—*ib.*

We have dwelt the longer on these early proofs of an obstinate irregularity of mind, first, because it grew with his growth, and is to be traced, we think, in every subsequent event and production

duction of his artistic life, but still more, because they show that all the verbiage about *grand style* and *high art* with which he duped himself, and not a few followers, were really the self-excuses of a man who had neither eyes to see, nor judgment to appreciate, any more than he had a hand to copy the simple and unexaggerated aspects of *nature*.

On the morning of the 15th of May the Plymouth mail brought the young enthusiast to London. He had letters to Northcote and Opie, and his sketches of their appearance and manners are striking for drollery and truth; and here we may say, and once for all, that his description of his various characters are throughout the whole work enlivened with graphic touches of their air, dress, manner, dialect, and persons that bring those of them whom we happened to know very vividly to our recollection.*

He immediately became a student at the Academy, was assiduous at the drawing-school, where however he tells us 'he had no great repute,' in spite of his diligence in the study of anatomy, and practice of dissection, which he still pursued with a morbid zeal. In Fuseli, the keeper, he found a kind, but, on the whole, a mischievous instructor—for Fuseli's faults as an artist were too near akin to the extravagance of Haydon's own dreams. When he came thirty or forty years later to complete or revise his *autobiography* he could see his master's errors, but at that time they seem rather to have confirmed him in his own.

'I found him the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. . . . Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. I told him that *I would never paint portraits*, but devote myself to high art. "Keep to dat!" said Fuseli, looking fiercely at me. "I will, sir." We were more intimate from that hour. He should have checked me, and pointed out that portrait was useful as practice, if kept subordinate, but that I was not to allow myself to be seduced by the money that it brought in from making high art my predominant object. This would have been more sensible.'—i. 29, 30.

At the Academy he formed a close intimacy with Jackson, and soon after a closer with Wilkie, who both got an immediate start

* There are, however, some exceptions. One error of this kind is worth correcting. He says that 'Lord Nelson,' whom he saw once in 1799, and again in 1804, was 'a little diminutive man.' This was not so. Lord Nelson, though slight made, was not below the average height of men. Our own recollection, and that of some still surviving who knew him more intimately, is, that he was between 5 feet 7 inches and 5 feet 8.

of him in reputation and employment, but very generously endeavoured to bring forward their more obscure friend to the notice of the patrons they themselves had acquired. With Wilkie the friendship seems to have been cordial and lasting—and we doubt whether the large share that he occupies in these volumes is not the most interesting—as well as to Haydon the most creditable—portion. To be sure he tells us many anecdotes of little oddities and foibles that poor Wilkie would have been very sorry to see recorded; and the great success of the painter of humble subjects on small canvasses sometimes provokes the envy and more often the ire of Haydon, whose engrossing idea of anything *great*, was, that it must be *big*; huge sizes, coarse surfaces, and *pound brushes* were his symbols of ‘high art’; but notwithstanding this opposition of tastes, and a still stronger one in manners and character, Haydon does justice to Wilkie’s genius, industry, modesty, integrity, and amiability; in short, to all the precious qualities in which Haydon himself was the most lamentably deficient. The first and most distinguished patrons of Jackson and Wilkie were Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont. On the favourable reports of Jackson and Wilkie they gave commissions to Haydon, not only before they had ever seen him, but it seems before he had ever painted in oil. It was Haydon’s destiny to weary out and disgust both these amiable and indulgent men, as indeed he did every body who at any time of his life interested themselves for him.

About this period Haydon gives us many ludicrous, and some serious scenes of the modes of life of the crowd of young artists who, with various, but generally like himself with adverse results, aspired to the fame and the opulence of Reynolds.

Our English proverb says, ‘*poor as a poet*’—the French says, ‘*gueux comme un peintre*.’ They are both too true, but we believe the French one is the more extensively so. A poor poet may have some other resource than mere rhyming—he may try other styles of writing, newspapers, magazines, even penmanship at a desk—he has time to spare—his workshop is in his head, his tools cost nothing, and he may live in a garret; but painting, besides being an art, is also a handicraft which engrosses both mind and body, which requires a fixed position, some accommodation of space, and, painting portraits, a decent residence—its materials require a certain outlay that, however moderate, generally creates a *debt* that hangs about the poor artist for years; and the production, in case of failure, is worse than nothing, for it is an incumbrance to the owner and a stimulus to duns—a picture cannot be put away in a drawer like a poem, nor can a poem be taken in execution like a picture. We do not
rely

rely on Haydon's example, for, though he suffered under all these difficulties, he exaggerated them by his own faults and follies; but, taking a larger view, we believe there is no class of intellectual men in which more instances of distress are to be found than amongst the young and undistinguished painters.

The same observation may apply to sculptors, and hence it is that persons of these classes become more legitimate objects of patronage, than those whose work is less dependent on external circumstances. Patronage therefore judiciously administered is a wholesome and almost necessary aliment to these arts, and even when abused, ill-directed, or capricious, it is still in a great majority of cases—a real charity.

We venture to say these few words of encouragement to the patronage of young artists, on *this* special occasion, because the insatiable pretensions, importunity, and ingratitude, with which Haydon confesses that he harassed all his patrons—we might say his *patients*—must tend to disgust even the most benevolent from the indulgence of either taste or charity in that direction. There is, we think, no instance in which those whom Haydon applied to in his distresses, high or low—and his audacity neither spared the highest nor his meanness the lowest—who did not help him kindly, liberally—many of them nobly—and there is *not one* towards whom these pages do not attest his flagrant ingratitude and injustice. To exemplify this would require us to enter into the history of each of his pictures and each of his patrons, and the catalogue would be too long and too disgusting; but we may give the following as a specimen of the spirit in which, even when his own interest was not concerned, he looked at the relative duties of a patron and *patronee*. Lord Mulgrave had assisted Jackson, not merely by personal attentions and professional employment, but by a pecuniary allowance till his abilities should have time to make their own way to independence. This, Haydon tells us, Jackson forfeited by his indolent and, what would be worse, his low habits:—

‘Sooner than not gossip, he would *sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song*. At last his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income, and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses. He exerted himself; and he told me that it had saved him. . . . When he found himself deserted, he *dared all sorts of things* for an honest subsistence, and found himself happier as his own master. *I thank God I never had a patron*, as he had, and I would have shown the door to any man who had offered *such patronage*.’—i. 40.

We have selected this story not merely to exemplify Haydon's character,

character, but to do justice to Jackson's memory. There is no reason—indeed, quite the reverse—to suspect that Haydon had any malevolence towards Jackson, yet we are satisfied that this is essentially erroneous and part of it, if not absolute calumny, a gross exaggeration. In the first place, Jackson was never 'deserted,' for the special assistance was, according to its original design, continued until it was no longer needed; in the next place, the injurious insinuation about '*daring all sorts of things*,' was wholly undeserved; he dared nothing that was not natural and reasonable: what we suppose Haydon hints at was his having painted for a time portraits in water colours with great taste and success—but the rest of the charge is more serious. That Jackson was occasionally indolent, and intermitted for social converse the solitary labours of the brush, may be admitted, and Wilkie, in a letter from Mulgrave Castle, where Jackson was expected but had not arrived according to appointment, describes Lord Mulgrave's real and indulgent feeling on such points:—

'We are all astonished that Mr. Jackson has not yet arrived; but he is not one of those who are scrupulously punctual, else we might be uneasy about him. I find that Lord Mulgrave is as well acquainted with his feelings as we are. He laughs at his unsteadiness, is amused at his simplicity, admires his talents; but grieves at his want of industry, and moreover observes that Jackson is a person he never could be angry with.'—i. 48.

Certain it is that Lord Mulgrave never could have suspected Jackson of such low propensities as Haydon charges on him. It is impossible that he should have continued to be—as he was—a constant guest in Harley-street or at Mulgrave Castle, if his Lordship could have any idea that he *drank with his servants*.

And then Haydon proudly *thanks God that he never had a patron*, and boasts that he would spurn *such patronage*. But within ten pages we find him in rapturous ecstasies at obtaining, through the recommendation of that very Jackson, the patronage of that very Lord Mulgrave:—

'This roused my spirits. I had got my first commission for a grand historical picture "to set me going," as Lord Mulgrave had promised. It was a triumph to me—a reward for what I had suffered. I wrote home; Cobley [the uncle who thought him mad] was silenced, and began to cry; Plymouth was quite pleased. I was really become a public character My father swore Lord Mulgrave was of the right sort.'—i. 49.

And the whole of his after-life was employed in shifts, sometimes very mean, to allure patrons, whom he as constantly disgusted by his incapacity, his arrogance, his worrying, and, in some instances, his extortion. It

It was after he had received Lord Mulgrave's commission that he began his first picture in oil—a flight into Egypt (6 feet by 4), of which, and its figures and composition, he gives us a minute account, remarkable only for a strange omission—"Joseph is holding the child asleep," 'the ass on one side,' 'two angels,' 'and the Pyramids in the distance'—but no hint of the *mother*; no doubt she is there, but where or how employed we know not, never having seen the picture, which, however, we suspect may be one of Haydon's best—for it obtained, unknown as the author was, a good place in the Exhibition, and was bought by a very good judge, Mr. Thomas Hope. It is now at Deepdene—the only one of Haydon's pictures (except Sir Robert Peel's *Napoleon* and Lord Grey's *Reform Banquet*) which we know of in its original position. The fate of those painted before 1826, he himself was doomed to record in that year, when old Reinagle the artist asked him—

"Where is your *Solomon*, Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where your *Jerusalem*?" "In a ware-room in Holborn." "Where your *Lazarus*?" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount-street." "And your *Macbeth*?" "In Chancery." "Your *Pharaoh*?" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your *Crucifixion*?" "In a hay-loft." "And *Silenus*?" "Sold for half price."—ii. 137.

And ten years later:—

"An accomplished Frenchman came to my room to see my works. "I have none." "Where are they?" "My *Solomon* is rotting in a carpenter's shop—my *Lazarus* in a kitchen."—iii. 46.

These bitter lessons had no effect on Haydon, and he persisted in pursuing the same ungrateful class of subjects in the same unpalatable style of execution, and went on believing, or at least asserting, to his dying hour, that this universal neglect arose from the hostility of individuals and the bad taste of the public, and not from any demerit in the repudiated pictures. We shall endeavour to account for this presently by a more powerful motive than mere vanity, which we think could not alone have resisted the evidence of such mortifying facts:—

'My first picture being considered very promising, I had now begun Lord Mulgrave's *Dentatus*, but, as I have said before, I found the difficulties so enormous, that, by Wilkie's advice, I resolved to go into Devonshire and practise portraits.'—i. 72.

Here, let it be observed, that in this moment of his first success—and success in 'history,' too—he had already forgotten his pledge to Fuseli, and we detect none of the contempt for *portraits* which he subsequently professed, and to which he so boldly attributed what he considered his martyrdom. He readily postpones Lord Mulgrave's historical commission, and attempts portraits.

portraits. Now this was, we are satisfied, the real point on which his artistic life turned :—

‘ Here [at Plymouth] I resolved, as soon as settled, to paint *my friends at fifteen guineas a head*, a good price, at which I soon got full employment. *Execrable as my portraits were* (I sincerely trust that not many survive), I rapidly accumulated money, not, probably, because my efforts were thought successful, even by sitters, but more because *my friends* wished to give me a lift, and thought that so much enthusiasm deserved encouragement.’—i. 72-3.

He might well call *fifteen guineas* a head a good price. It was, as he seems himself to have guessed, a factitious one, which could not have been maintained even if his portraits had not been *execrable* : but why should they have been *execrable* ? He had painted, and exhibited, and sold a successful history piece—he was about to commence another on a subject of ‘ enormous ’ difficulty—why should his heads have been, *ipso teste*, *execrable* ? but so execrable they were as even to deter provincial patronage. Lord Boringdon and his lady, a celebrated beauty, resided near Plymouth—an even tolerable portrait of Lady Boringdon would have made a painter’s fortune :—

‘ Both my Lord and Lady seemed disposed to patronize me, but, *as usual, I did not succeed in portraits of every-day* [no, nor of *any-day*] people, and Lord Boringdon, calling one day when I was out, was naturally enough not over well pleased with some of the *worst of my bad efforts*, which happened, unfortunately for my reputation, to be on the easel, and I never heard of him more.’—i. 73.

This is an honest confession of the fact—the main fact, that he *could* not paint portraits. All that followed was delusion and deception ; and because he found that he could not paint reality at Plymouth, he hastened back to paint fiction, which he called *history*, in London. He had, no doubt, considerable power of *drawing*, and we dare say his outlines in chalk, which were probably what attracted the notice of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, were clever ; but he could not paint—above all, he found he could not paint with certainty and precision, and he was driven into the visionary and the vague. We will not here enter into the general reasons that make us think excellence in portraits one of the highest tests of art. The human countenance is undoubtedly the finest object on which it can be employed ; and whatever the subject of any picture may be—the Cartoons—the Transfiguration—the sweetest Correggio—the richest Titian—the most gorgeous Rubens, the human countenance is the soul of the picture, all the rest, however skilful or splendid, are but accessories. The choice of the subject, the disposition of the figures, the blended harmony and contrast of colour

colour and expression, require, no doubt, a higher and a much rarer combination of qualities than a *single* portrait. We see that there are thousands who can do the latter tolerably, who can make no approach to the former; but we know of no instance of a fine group of heads from any hand that was incapable of producing a single fine one. In fact the finest portraits in the world are the works of the greatest masters in general art. We had said so much to counteract the weight that has been given—though by Mr. Taylor very sparingly and with judicious hesitation (ii. 59)—to the idle nonsense, as we think it, of poor Haydon's eternal contrasts between portraits and 'high art,' and to explain our view of the real cause of his aberrations and paradoxes. He could not encounter the *reality* of the one class, and escaped into the vague and conjectural facilities of the other. It may perhaps be said that Haydon's Reform Banquet, which includes some hundred portraits, might be adduced as contradicting our hypothesis—we do not think so: all he wanted in such a picture, and more than he attained, was a general and indistinct approach to likeness, but nothing of the lifelike individuality which life-size portraiture requires. And even this sort of resemblance was so imperfectly attained in that work, that Haydon candidly enough tells, that 'Jeffrey did not recognise a single head in the whole picture' (ii. 337). We are surprised at so wholesale a censure from that clever critic, for *our* recollection is that, though many were very poor sketches, there were several very recognizable. This deficiency in the power of accurate imitation, combined with the original obliquity of poor Haydon's intellect, is, we suspect, the solution of his incorrigible obstinacy and eternal failure.

It would be equally idle and irksome to follow the infinite details he gives us of his processes in his so-called great pictures, his puttings in and his takings out, his delusions and his blunders, his satisfaction overnight at what he obliterates next morning, only to produce similar monstrosities the day after—not the natural and inevitable correction of imperfections incident to every work of every kind, but radical, we might say desperate, changes, which prove the uncertainty of his mind and the incapacity of his hand. Our readers who have not seen the book could not, without an example, believe in these wild processes, or of the delusion under which they are performed. We shall, therefore, give a few short extracts from the history of the *Dentatus*—Lord Mulgrave's commission. It took him two years altogether, and fifteen months of uninterrupted labour. It was begun in April, 1807—it was finished in March, 1809. In October, 1808, when more than half way in the time occupied,

occupied, and double the time in which any other man might have finished the picture, we find the following entries in his journal:—

‘1808, Oct., Tuesday.—Determined to *obliterate my principal figure, and did so*: what time one loses from inexperience! I now am happy that it’s over.

‘Wednesday.—Had Sam, *one of the Academy porters*—he sat, and I sketched in the whole of my figure much better.

‘Friday.—Put in the head of my hero.

‘Saturday.—*Dashed out my head* without a moment’s hesitation.

‘Monday.—Painted the chest of my dying figure.

‘Wednesday.—The chest of my dying figure looked so *miserable* that I *rubbed it out*.

‘November 17.—My *hero’s head is finished*; but I see that it is not what I had determined on, so *out it comes* to-morrow.

‘Monday 21.—Expected a model that never came. Got a West Indian I picked up in the street: a fine head. *Took out my hero.*’—i. p. 92-97.

After having read in the preceding pages such pompous accounts of his preparations for and progress with this picture, and, above all, the rapture with which ‘he drew till he had mastered these divine works [the Elgin marbles], and selected for *Dentatus* all the muscles required for human action,’ it was a surprise to find him falling back on the old hackneyed but wholesome resource of a *model*, though we could not but smile at finding the models of his Roman ‘hero’ were the Academy porter and a West India black; but what is the most surprising is the sentence with which he concludes these confessions of uncertainty and doubt. After the last rubbing out of his ‘hero’s head,’ he adds—

‘*I have made up my mind that it shall be such as the GREATEST PAINTER that ever LIVED would have made it.*’—i. 97.

We can only say that, when we saw this picture in the exhibition, we thought, and we are confirmed in our opinion by the print of it now before us, that it is an absurd chaos of vulgarity and distortion, which has not even the small merit of explaining what it means to represent, and we are not at all surprised at learning from Haydon that, when he went two years after to Lord Mulgrave’s to look at the *chef d’œuvre*, he heard that it had been

‘nailed up in its packing-case and left in a stable.’—i. 185.

In all his subsequent pictures, at least in those of which we retain a distinct recollection, we find the same faults as in the *Dentatus*—bad colouring, confused drawing, indecision, extravagance, and vulgarity. Indeed Haydon himself, while full of what he

thought the success of his Pharaoh in 1825, considered it 'little better than Dentatus, painted ten years before: and that on the whole, eighteen years had done little for his talent' (ii. 107). Two of them, however, the 'Judgment of Solomon' (1814) and the 'Raising of Lazarus' (1823), deserve a few words, not only for being what the painter considered his masterpieces, but because in them his characteristic faults are—we cannot say redeemed, but—diversified by passages of a better character. Mr. G. F. Watts—himself an artist of no mean promise—has assisted Mr. Taylor with some critical remarks on Haydon's works, from which, though written with becoming tenderness to his brother painter, we could extract, if we thought it necessary, a confirmation of all our own opinions. Of those two pictures Mr. Watts says,—

'His first great work, the Solomon, appears to me to be beyond all comparison his best. It is far more equal than anything else I have seen, very powerful in execution and fine in colour. I think he has lowered the character of Solomon by making him a half-joker, but the whole has, at least, the dignity of power. Too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus.'—iii. 332.

We agree with Mr. Watts that the Solomon is Haydon's best, though it has, to our eyes, gross defects in drawing and colour as well as in attitude and grouping: but we cannot agree that he has lowered the character of Solomon by giving him a half-joking expression; we think it decidedly the cleverest idea in the picture, and gives the only rational solution of the story. Could it be believed that the wisest of men could have seriously proposed such a test? and however grave he may have looked while pronouncing his sentence, it surely would be natural that, on the success of his stratagem, a significant smile should have justified the humanity, as well as the sagacity of the young monarch. We do not think that Haydon has done it well—he was very inadequate to paint any such delicate expression; but surely the idea is not merely ingenious, but natural. All the rest of the picture seems to us, as we have said, very poor, except the figure of a young mother in the left corner of the picture, hurrying away with her two infants. Her face is the best if not the only specimen of female beauty that we recollect in all Haydon's works; and it was painted, he tells us, from *Patience Smith*, a gipsy whose loveliness he celebrates and for once succeeded in transferring to his canvas. *If it was like*, it would certainly be a proof that both Haydon was, and we are, under a mistake that he could not have painted portraits; but we suspect it to have been a lucky ideality suggested by the gipsy.

The head of Lazarus, celebrated by himself, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Watts, is, in our opinion also, very remarkable: the pale, ghastly,

ghastly, bewildered stare always struck us as a representation, almost sublime, of what might be imagined of a state in which death and life would be, as it were, co-existent. In fact, it is very like what Haydon himself said—(20th June, 1810—ten years before he made his own attempt)—of Sebastian del Piombo's picture (now in the National Gallery) on the same subject:—

‘The head of Lazarus has a fine expression, like a man just from the grave, as if he was astonished and had not recovered his perceptions.’—i. 146.

Mr. Taylor says:—

‘Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how the same mind that conceived the Lazarus could have fallen into the coarse exaggeration of some of the other figures of the composition.’—ii. 4.

Such was our own feeling; but the publication of these journals a little diminishes our wonder, and accounts for this single bit of cleverness, by circumstances quite reconcileable with our low estimate of his general powers. Its first striking effect is undoubtedly produced by its being a *pallid patch* (we do not use the term disrespectfully, but to express its insulation) contrasting with the muddy daubing which surrounds it. He tells us whence he got that effect:—

‘Whilst looking over *prints* at the British Museum one day about this time [autumn, 1820], I saw a Resuscitation of Lazarus in such a state that a space was left vacant where the head of Lazarus ought to be. My imagination filled the vacancy, and I trembled at my terrific conception of the head.’—i. 385.

This conception—whatever it might have been—was not that which ultimately filled the startling *vacancy*—for we find, two years later, that—

‘My pupil Bewick sat for it, and, as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, he looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head.’

The poor youth was, it seems, starving.

“‘I hope you get your food regularly?’” said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened, his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings.’—ii. 31.

Here, then, again we have a kind of portrait, and we cannot but suspect the vague uncertainty of his hand (like Protogenes's sponge) gave that air of ghastliness, which, in a mere portrait, would have been execrable, but in this lucky circumstance produces certainly an awful effect in spite of the mean accessories that surround it.

In the midst of these signal and to him eventually ruinous failures

failures there was one thing that never deserted him, his imper-
turbable self-confidence. He, as we have seen, thought that his
Dentatus was to equal the *greatest painters that ever lived*. Before
he began Solomon, he had this dialogue with his friend Mr.
Prince Hoare:—

“What are you going to paint?” “Solomon’s Judgment.”
Rubens and Raffaele have both tried it.” “So much the better,” I
said; “*I’ll tell the story better*.”—i. 171.

Even in the last months of his exhausted life, while he was
expending the dregs of whatever power he ever possessed in an
almost mechanical reproduction of his own Napoleon and Well-
ington, he stands before one of these manufactures, and apostro-
phises himself in a burst of admiration:—

‘*What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what
fancy! what power! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful*.’—
iii. 245.

And when, after all these failures in ‘high art,’ he began to
practise the lowest and most ignoble style of the grotesque, from
the gaping admirers of Punch in the streets, and from the vulgar
and disgusting combination of vice and effrontery, mirth and
misery, in the ‘Mock Election’ and ‘Chairing the Member’ in the
King’s Bench Prison, he boldly asserts that he equals Hogarth.
Talking of one of the heads in these pictures, he exclaims:—

‘The careless, Irish, witty look, the *abandon de gaieté* of his head
and expression, was never surpassed by Hogarth. *This is my genuine
belief and conviction, and so will posterity think*.’—ii. 169.

This mention of Hogarth reminds us of another aspect of
Haydon’s character, of which he never dreamt, and which Mr.
Taylor seems to have only slightly observed—we mean simple and
farcical absurdity. The general tenor of his insanity is melan-
choly to contemplate; and even where—as it often happens—
it is pushed to a ridiculous contrast, it is only the more painful—

‘Moody madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe’—

but his ordinary life, before the extent of his derangement was
revealed by his melancholy end, was only laughed at as a living
pendant of Hogarth’s Distressed Painter or Enraged Musician.
We find in Mr. Borrow’s remarkable story of ‘Lavengro,’ a chapter
entitled ‘*The Historical Painter*,’ in which it is impossible not
to recognise Haydon; and, whatever there be of reality in other
portions of that extraordinary work, the light afforded by these
journals enables us to pronounce that the picture given of him—
which we first read as a comic exaggeration—is minutely correct,
and not one jot more ludicrous than the living original. The
reality

reality of the story is attested in these volumes. Mr. Taylor does not give us the entries from the original journal, but substitutes the following statement, which sufficiently authenticates Mr. Borrow's description :—

‘ By the end of May (1824) he had two more portrait subjects in hand. One a family group of citizens, and the other a full-length of Mr. Hawkes, ex-mayor of Norwich. . . . The great drawback was the reception the critics gave these portraits when exhibited ; but we shall perhaps do the critics justice if we believe that Haydon's portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style could hardly have been adapted to a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed I am assured that in this performance he had represented the mayor, of proportions too heroic ever to have got through the doorway out of which he was supposed to have issued.’—ii. 73, 86.

The author of *Lavengro* was not one of those critics, for his work was not published for some years after Haydon's death. The story is this. Mr. Borrow's brother, himself an artist, residing at Norwich, was deputed to engage Mr. Haydon in the work, and Mr. Borrow accompanied him :—

‘ The *Painter of the Heroic* resided a great way off, at the western end of the town. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission to him—a maid-servant, who opened the door, eyeing us somewhat suspiciously : it was not until my brother had said that he was a friend of the painter that we were permitted to pass the threshold. At length we were shown into the studio, where we found the painter, with an easel and brush, standing before a huge piece of canvas, on which he had lately commenced painting a heroic picture. The painter might be about thirty-five years old ; he had a clever, intelligent countenance, with a sharp grey eye ; his hair was dark brown, and cut à-la-Rafael, as I was subsequently told, that is, there was little before and much behind ; he did not wear a neckcloth, but in its stead a black riband, so that his neck, which was rather fine, was somewhat exposed ; he had a broad, muscular breast, and I make no doubt that he would have been a very fine figure, but unfortunately his legs and thighs were somewhat short. He recognised my brother, and appeared glad to see him.

‘ “ What brings you to London ? ” said he. Whereupon my brother gave him a brief account of his commission. At the mention of the hundred pounds I observed the eyes of the painter glisten. “ Really,” said he, when my brother had concluded, “ it was very kind to think of me. I am not very fond of painting portraits ; but a mayor is a mayor, and there is something grand in that idea of the Norman arch [of Norwich Cathedral, out of which the mayor was to issue]. I'll go. Moreover, I am just
at

at this moment confoundedly in need of money; and when you knocked at the door, I don't mind telling you, I thought it was some dun. I don't know how it is, but in the capital they have no taste for the heroic, they will scarce look at a heroic picture; I am glad to hear that they have better taste in the provinces. I'll go. When shall we set off?"

'Thereupon it was arranged between the painter and my brother that they should depart the next day but one; they then began to talk of art. "I'll stick to the heroic;" said the painter. "I now and then dabble in the comic, but what I do gives me no pleasure, the comic is so low: there is nothing like the heroic. I am engaged here on a heroic picture," said he, pointing to the canvas; "the subject is 'Pharaoh dismissing Moses from Egypt,' after the last plague—the death of the first-born;—it is not far advanced—that finished figure is Moses." They both looked at the canvas, and I, standing behind, took a modest peep. The picture, as the painter said, was not far advanced; the Pharaoh was merely in outline. My eye was, of course, attracted by the finished figure, or rather what the painter had called the finished figure; but, as I gazed upon it, it appeared to me that there was something defective—something unsatisfactory in the figure. I concluded, however, that the painter, notwithstanding what he had said, had omitted to give it the finishing touch. "I intend this to be my best picture," said the painter; "what I want now is a face for Pharaoh; I have long been meditating on a face for Pharaoh." . . .

'On the morrow my brother went again to the painter, with whom he dined; I did not go with him. On his return he said, "The painter has been asking a great many questions about you, and expressed a wish that you would sit to him as Pharaoh; he thinks you would make a capital Pharaoh." "I have no wish to appear on canvas," said I; "moreover, he can find much better Pharaohs than myself; and, if he wants a real Pharaoh, there is a certain Mr. Petulengro." . . . "No," said my brother, "he will not do, he is too short: by the by, do you not think that figure of Moses is somewhat short?" And then it appeared to me that I had thought the figure of Moses somewhat short. . . .

'On the morrow my brother departed with the painter for the old town, and there the painter painted the mayor. I did not see the picture for a great many years, when, chancing to be at the old town, I beheld it.

'The original mayor was a mighty, portly man, with a bull's head, black hair, body like that of a dray horse, and legs and thighs corresponding; a man six feet high at the least. To his bull's head, black hair, and body, the painter had done justice; there

there was one point, however, in which the portrait did not correspond with the original—the legs were disproportionably short, the painter having substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, which, when I perceived, I rejoiced that I had not consented to be painted as Pharaoh, for, if I had, the chances are that he would have served me in exactly a similar way as he had served Moses and the mayor.

‘Short legs in a heroic picture will never do; and, upon the whole, I think the painter’s attempt at the heroic in painting the mayor of the old town a decided failure. If I am now asked whether the picture would have been a heroic one, provided the painter had not substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, I must say, I am afraid not. I have no idea of making heroic pictures out of English mayors, even with the assistance of Norman arches; yet I am sure that capital pictures might be made out of English mayors, not issuing from Norman arches, but rather from the door of the ‘Checquers’ or the ‘Brewers Three.’ The painter in question had great comic power, which he scarcely ever cultivated; he would fain be a Rafael, which he never could be, when he might have been something quite as good—another Hogarth; the only comic piece which he ever presented to the world being something little inferior to the best of that illustrious master.’

We will not dispute Mr. Borrow’s surmise, founded no doubt on the Mock Election (though that was not painted till 1827), that Haydon’s real forte was the comic, and that he might have made—in conception at least—nearer approaches to Hogarth than to Raphael. We know not whether such subjects were congenial to his nature, but they were certainly more within reach of his powers: they did not require elegance, precision, or taste; and the natural defects of his style, loose execution, and extravagant ideas, that shock one in the *Dentatus*, *Lazarus*, or *Christ in the Garden*, are equally recognised, but more easily forgiven, in the grotesque scenes of the *King’s Bench* orgies. But, whether it was from his defective sight, or from the want of manual dexterity, or finally from the woolly, furzy practice of his large canvases, we have great doubts that he could have made any nearer approach to the simplicity and the distinctness of Hogarth, than he did to the higher qualities of the great masters after which he aspired, and which, poor man, he believed he had attained. We shall close our observations on his paintings with a few words on the subject of what is undoubtedly his best work—Sir Robert Peel’s *Napoleon*—which, though so much above all that we have been examining, affords some traits of his peculiar character. Mr. Taylor tells us, under the date of 1829, that—

‘about

'about this time I find the first sketch of a subject which he afterwards painted, and with which Haydon's name is more identified than with any other of his works—I mean Napoleon at St. Helena contemplating the setting sun. This first sketch is marred by an allegorical Britannia with her lion in the clouds, which luckily he did not carry into *the picture*.'—ii. 227.

By *the picture*, Mr. Taylor evidently means Sir Robert Peel's, but there was a small picture painted from this first sketch—minus the Britannia—of which an engraving was published: of this his journals at the time make no mention, but two years later we find—

'8th Dec. 1830.—Sir Robert Peel gave me a commission to paint Napoleon musing, size of life.'—ii. 266.

And his account of the Peel picture which he published on its exhibition, would lead one to believe that the former small picture was only a sketch, the success of which induced him to produce it on a larger scale, and he then proceeds to state the care and trouble he had taken to get all the details of the person and costume for *the picture* from the most authentic sources. All this, we believe, was a mere *puff*: the larger picture was painted from the smaller one, and this was painted from nothing but a little bronze statue. The slight mention of the *first picture* was, it seems, intended to slur over or soften the contradiction that it afforded to the obstinate protests of Haydon's whole life against cabinet pictures and small sizes. We never saw that small picture, but, if our recollection of a print made from it be correct, it differed in no respect from the larger one; and the following account of Sir Robert Peel's commission, which we heard at the time, and believe to be authentic, confirms our recollection. The story as told us was this:—Sir Robert, walking in the street, was struck by a small print in a shop window representing Napoleon as looking at the last gleam of the setting sun, and was surprised to find that so simple and appropriate an idea should belong to Haydon.* He had already been (who with a name and character for wealth and taste had not?) much importuned by the unfortunate artist, and had charitably relieved him; he now, with his usual discrimination and nice tact, thought that this would be a good occasion to serve him without incumbering himself with one of his speculative works. Here was a defined and settled subject which the painter would have only to copy on a larger

* While these pages are passing through the press, we learn that the idea was not Haydon's after all. We are assured by a gentleman, who has seen it, that in an edition of 'Les Messéniennes' of Casimir Delavigne, published in Paris in the year 1824, there is a vignette of Napoleon gazing on the sea, exactly resembling Haydon's picture.

canvas,

canvas, and into which no crotchets or vagaries could be introduced. Haydon did not much relish this. He rather wished to paint a different Napoleon, which he said would afford him more scope. This was exactly what Sir Robert was afraid of, and he prudently, and fortunately, even for the somewhat offended artist himself, persisted in requiring a facsimile of the thing which his excellent judgment had selected.

Here we close all that we think it necessary to say of the *artist*. We see in his works and in his views on art the same morbid influence as in his life and his death; and if there be spots in them that approach to talent, or even common sense, such as portions of the Solomon, the face of Lazarus, or the Napoleon musing, they are obviously accidents too insulated and too few to save their author from the judgment of having been on the whole one of the most defective painters of his day.

His personal character, at least as to probity, is even less satisfactory. He was, it appears, a good husband, an affectionate father, and—a less ordinary merit—a kind and even fond step-father; his ideas of his own merit were so high that he did not condescend to envy any one; and even when he could not but remark with some degree of mortification the successes of his acquaintances and friends—Jackson, Wilkie, Landseer, &c.—it was rather with wonder than resentment—*non equidem invideo—miror magis*; and his spleen is rarely directed against the merits of the man, however violently against the depravity of public taste. What he may have been in ordinary social life we know not, but the journals afford such innumerable instances of friends made and lost, and yet regained, and of dupes deceived and cheated, but who were still willing to be deceived and cheated to the last, that we cannot doubt that he must have had, under a decided air of vulgar arrogance, considerable plausibility, and even attraction—perhaps naturally—certainly when he had any point to carry. We must repeat, however, that his ordinary resources on such occasions were of a coarser kind—impudence and importunity, which he would strain till the string broke; and when it did, he would coolly knot it up again and endeavour to go on playing the same tune as if nothing had happened. His friendly appreciation of a rival—his monstrous vanity—and his frequent candour, originality, and sagacity of observation, are curiously illustrated in the following contrast between Wilkie and himself:—

‘Wilkie’s system,’ says Haydon, ‘was Wellington’s—principle and prudence, *the groundworks of risk*. Mine that of Napoleon—audacity, with a defiance of principle, *if principle was in the way*. I got into prison: Napoleon died at St. Helena. Wellington is living and honoured,

honoured, and Wilkie has had a public dinner given him at Rome, the seat of art and genius, and has secured a competence; while I am as poor and necessitous as ever. Let no man use evil as a means for the success of any scheme, however grand. *Evil that good may come of it is the prerogative of the DEITY alone, and should never be ventured at by mortals.*—ii. 146.

Who could have expected that an identification of Wilkie and Wellington, Buonaparte and Haydon, would end in a maxim of such depth? and, strangest of all, this maxim was solemnly repeated in a paper entitled '*Last Thoughts of H. B. Haydon, half-past ten*,'—that is, five minutes before his suicide. Thus he sealed by his end the inconsistency—the insanity of his life.

Next to, or even beyond, the records of his artistic labour, the most prominent feature of his journals are the disgraceful manœuvres by which he endeavoured to escape from the pecuniary difficulties in which his folly and improvidence had 'steeped him to the very lips.' There is more in these journals about £. s. d. than, we believe, are to be found in all the biographies of English artists put together; and in Haydon's case, whenever it came to a question of payment, they were only the symbols of Lies—Shifts—Dishonesty. He seems to have out-Sheridaned Sheridan. In breaking promises he was stronger than Hercules. He 'robbed Peter to pay Paul'—and did not pay Paul—nay, he cozened Paul into paying Peter.

We spare our readers the odious details of this nature which swarm especially in the last volume, but they will not be offended at one specimen in which professions of honour and acts of knavery are ludicrously blended:—

'Feb. 3, 1843.—In an hour and a half I had 10*l.* to pay upon my honour, and only 2*l.* 15*s.* in my pocket. I drove away to Newton and paid him the 2*l.* 15*s.*, and borrowed 10*l.* I then drove away to my other friend, and paid him the 10*l.* and borrowed 5*l.* more—but felt relieved I had not broke my honour!'—iii. 223.

Falstaff would not have talked so disrespectfully of honour if he could have guessed that it could have helped a man having only 2*l.* 15*s.* to satisfy two creditors and to return with a balance of 5*l.* in his pocket. The sums are small, but in the dexterity of the thing old Sherry never accomplished a greater feat.

We are sorry to say that we ourselves could supply some other ludicrous and some lamentable instances of a similar character, but, as we have said, his own journals are full of them *ad nauseam*. There is one class of them, however, which requires distinct reprobation; he had the unpardonable dishonesty of inducing some of the young and inexperienced pupils whom his pretensions and *funfaronnades* had procured him to sign bills, on which he

he raised money, leaving the poor youths and their families to get out of the scrape how best they could. The conclusion of this humiliating chapter of his life is that he lived in an agony of pecuniary difficulties, amounting, as he tells us over and over again, to *madness*, and that certainly was sufficient to have produced it in a sounder mind. He was in custody of bailiffs and in sponging-houses oftener than we can reckon up; he was four times in prison, and twice passed through the Insolvent Courts, without having paid his creditors a penny; and he died at least 3000*l.* in debt—and this after having received more benevolent patronage (which we distinguish from a mere purchasing patronage), more pecuniary assistance, more indulgence, more liberality, and in fact more charity, than any artist that we have either read or heard of.

We must now say a few words of his literary efforts. His father had been, we have heard, connected with the newspaper press, and may have given him a turn that way. His first attempts were some skirmishes with Mr. Leigh Hunt in his own paper (the Examiner) on artistic points, in which he *proclaims himself* the victor; but he soon drew his goosequill weapon in his own quarrel. The Academy had *hung* his *Dentatus* in the ante-room, in quite as good a place, we then thought, and still think, as it deserved, and which we believe it owed rather to the name of the patron, Lord Mulgrave, than to the merit of the picture. To this cruel, this shameful injustice, as he called it, Haydon attributed, not only the failure of *that* picture, but the blasting of all the hopes and prospects of his whole subsequent life; and more immediately a difference with Sir George Beaumont about the dimensions of a subject [from Macbeth, which Haydon persisted most perversely in painting of a size too big for Sir George's walls, and which, in fact, when his good-nature was, we may say, bullied into taking the picture, was so large that it could only be hung on the staircase of his country-house. About this time, too, Mr. Payne Knight had given some very depreciatory, and certainly mistaken, opinions on the Elgin marbles,* which Haydon affected to take under his special protection; and, sore with his own grievances, in which he somehow blended Payne Knight, he declared war against the Patrons, the Connoisseurs, the Academy, and the whole artistic world:—

‘Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord, and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head. I began by refuting an article by

* See *Q. Rev.*, v. xiv., p. 533.

Payne Knight on Barry in the *Edinburgh Review*, which came out in the previous year.

‘To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron (thus offending the patrons), and to attack the Academy (thus insuring an alliance of the Academicians with the patrons), would have been at any time the very worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away and been quiet. My picture rose very high, and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. In fact, had I been quiet, my picture would have sold, the prize of three hundred guineas would have been won, and in a short time I might in some degree have recovered the shock his caprice had inflicted.

‘But, no: I was unmanageable. The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in art got the better of my reason. Leigh Hunt encouraged my feelings; and without reflection, and in spite of Wilkie’s entreaties, I resolved to assault. “Hunt,” said Wilkie, “gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil, and not with your pen.”’—
i. 163-4.

All his other friends gave the same advice as the wise and gentle Wilkie, but poor Haydon was incapable of taking advice even from *adversity*, that general ‘tamer of the human breast.’ He continued during the rest of his life to write on these subjects with considerable dogmatism and wearying pertinacity. We had incessant appeals on behalf of ‘*high art*’ and of the necessity of ‘public patronage,’ but they ceased to command any attention as soon as the public saw in Haydon’s own canvases what he considered ‘*high art*,’ and that the chief exercise of ‘public patronage’ that he proposed was the purchase of his own unsaleable works and the employment of his own unmanageable pencil. Mr. Taylor, not without hesitation, asks us to allow to Haydon at least the merit of having *rung the bell* to the recent improvement of the public taste on subjects of art, and especially to the decorations of public edifices as commenced in the new Houses of Parliament. We are somewhat sceptical as to the *improvement*. On the points of taste and execution we must suspend our judgment till we see not only what is done, but how, when the first novelty is over, these works will appear deserving of the—we may call it—eternity for which they are destined. Haydon himself would have been shocked at the idea that the taste of the nation was to be for ever embodied in the productions of West, or Northcote, or Fuseli: will another generation be more tolerant of the artists of the present day? We can only say that we agree with Haydon that the grand exhibition of cartoons in Westminster Hall affords but little hope that the adornments of the Parliamentary Palace will stand the test of time

time any better than 'the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre,' which were the admiration of the beginning of the last century—the ridicule of its middle days—and the neglect, if not contempt, of its conclusion. We do not think that the climate of our country, the capacity of our public edifices, or the genius of our people, is favourable to this style of decoration, and we fear that the greatest advantage to be hoped from it—the employment of a dozen artists practising a style incompatible with domestic decoration, and therefore incapable of supplying an adequate personal livelihood to its professors—will not at all fulfil the expectations that are formed from it. Where, if we may venture to ask so simple and so merely practical a question, are *walls* to be found to afford space, and, of course, employment, that is to say, bread, to the new generation of artists whom we are endeavouring to rear in this department? In short, we doubt the mere *material* practicability of any such general scheme, and we are equally suspicious that, to whatever degree we attempt it, an appeal to the next generation may reverse our judgment, and decide that bare walls would do less discredit to the national taste than the things with which Haydon's theory of 'high art' would cover them.

We throw out these considerations with the less reluctance because we cannot discover that, of the many Ministers, Statesmen, Patrons, and lovers of the art, whom Haydon so incessantly solicited on this subject (iii. 175), *any one* appeared disposed to countenance the general principle of public patronage on the scale and in the style in which it was advocated.

We now arrive at a new and even more painful phase of the poor man's mania. In the midst of all these wild and wayward extravagances, and these reiterated instances of culpable misconduct, we are at first startled, and afterwards shocked, at the introduction of frequent and energetic prayer—shocked, we say, because these solemn addresses to God are grievously misplaced in such a journal, and are themselves too often conceived in a tone the very reverse of what a really devout spirit would have prompted. God forbid that we should under-value the feeling that ought in all circumstances, but especially in our troubles and adversities, to seek for Divine protection and support; but the piety of a well-regulated mind is secret, spontaneous, unostentatious—it does not compose elaborate forms of prayer, copy them carefully into journals, and leave them to executors for publication, mixed up with all the promiscuous trash of common life.* On this subject Mr. Taylor says—

'I have

* It cannot be too often noticed that the collection and publication of Dr. Johnson's prayers

'I have inserted this and other like utterances of devotion that my readers may see what Haydon's prayers were—how compounded of submission and confidence, and in their constant demand for success and personal distinction how unlike that simple and general form of petition which Christ has left us as the model of supplication to our Father who is in heaven. Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm; and though he often asks for humility, I do not observe that the demands for this gift bear any proportion to those for glories and triumphs. His very piety had something stormy, arrogant, and self-assertive in it. He went on so praying from his arrival in London to the very time of his death; and throughout his prayers are of the same tenor. I shall not therefore think it necessary to introduce them in future, unless when they are so interwoven with extracts that I cannot honestly separate them.'—ii. 41.

Mr. Taylor has not adhered to this judicious resolution: he has subsequently given a great deal more of these imprecatory prayers than could be, in any view, necessary; and which, we think, must produce a most painful sensation in the mind of every reader. We shall not be led to follow his example; but we think it right to give two or three short specimens of this strange style of devotion, as corroborative of our opinion of his habitual state of mind. It was his custom to inaugurate all his important movements (and frequently the most trivial) with a prayer. Here is that on the opening of his exhibition of Lazarus:—

'O God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success to the last instant. *O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain: grant me the power entirely to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.* And subdue the *evil disposition of that villain*, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.'—ii. 47.

There is no reason to suppose that he was in the hands of any villain: the creditor may have been a lenient, perhaps an indulgent one—for the extent of indulgence that Haydon received from his creditors in general, even those he used worst, is hardly to be believed; and we often find him one day abusing a man for his rigour whom next day he thanks as a benefactor.

Again:—

prayers by Dr. Strahan was surreptitious and without the slightest authority from Johnson himself. They were occasional prayers which he probably wrote out and kept by him for future use and reference, and of which he undoubtedly did not and never would in any state of mind have sanctioned the publication. They were no doubt of that class of papers of which, when Boswell asked him how he would have felt if he had carried them off, Johnson said, 'I believe I should have gone mad.' Dr. Strahan's publication was wholly unjustifiable.

'June

'June 1st.—O God, I thank Thee that this day I have safely placed my cartoons in Westminster Hall. Prosper them! It is a great day on my mind and soul. I thank Thee I have lived to see this day. *Spare my life, O Lord, until I have shown THY strength unto this generation, and THY power unto that which is to come.*'—iii. 229.

By and by comes a reflection, of which the moral is more obvious than the modesty:—

'17th.—Perhaps God may punish me, *as he did Napoleon*, as an example, for pursuing a great object with less regard to moral principle than became a Christian—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying; though I had reason to hope the aristocracy would have helped me, by purchasing, to keep my word.'—iii. 230.

He chooses to forget that the aristocracy, and the democracy too, had helped and helped him till he had wearied them with never-ending improvidence and never-mending incapacity; yet he pursued the same reckless course even when all reasonable hope was exhausted—everything was exhausted except his self-sufficiency and these wayward formulas of devotion. Sometimes they burst out into raging insanity:—

'Alexander the Great [one of his last abortions] was before me. A mutton chop on the coals. . . . My chop was cooked to a tee; I ate it like a Red Indian, and drank the cool translucent with a gusto a wine connoisseur knows not. I then thought the distant cloud was too much advanced; so toning it down with black, I hit the mark, and pronounced the work done. *Io Pæan!* and *I fell on my knees, and thanked God, and bowed my forehead and touched the ground*, and sprung up, my heart beating at the anticipation of a greater work, and a more terrific struggle.

'This is B. R. Haydon—the *real* man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed. Lucky!'—iii. 244.

We have really some compunction in copying these things, the number and extravagance of which, even after Mr. Taylor's wholesale curtailment and expurgation, are beyond what any one could have imagined. We shall conclude with one which, though short, seems to us the essence of his madness. He expects that the Deity is to avenge his quarrel with the Royal Commissioners; but he seems almost in doubt which, his Heavenly Champion or the Commissioners, may have the best of it:—

'*I trust in God*, and we shall see who is most powerful—HE or the Royal Commission. We shall see!'—iii. 302.

The result of this supposed trial of strength was the most miserable year of the poor man's life, terminating in his more miserable death! The competition for designs to embellish the new Houses of Parliament had accomplished what had been the professed object of his whole life, and afforded him the test which

which he had so passionately desired of his self-conceived powers. The result was—as every one, we believe, who knew the man and his works expected—a total, a humiliating failure. It probably broke his heart, though he was too obstinate to confess that it subdued his spirit. It moreover destroyed the hopes with which he had continued to inspire the few indulgent believers in his genius who had hitherto helped him through his difficulties. He now attempted again, as he had often done before, a separate exhibition of his recent works; here, too, the failure was complete. Then come the approach and consummation of the final catastrophe, traced up to the last moment with as steady a hand and not less apparent rationality than any former portion of these melancholy records. This moribund narrative we shall now transcribe, with little interruption or abridgment, to its sad conclusion.

‘ May 5th, 1846.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the [Exhibition] Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter’s rent from Newton my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half, and therefore there was only 10*l.* left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing is painful.’

* * * *

‘ June 11th.—I have 15*l.* to pay to-morrow without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours’ peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows. 30*l.*, Newton, on the 25th—31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, Newman, same day—26*l.* 10*s.*, Coutts, on the 24th—29*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, Gillotts, on the 29th—17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* to baker: in all, 136*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* this month, with only 18*s.* in the house; nothing coming in; all received; one large picture painting and three more getting ready, and Alfred’s head to do. In God alone I trust in humility.’—iii. 315–16.

‘ 12th.—O God! carry me through the evils of this day. Amen.

‘ 13th.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to my failure at the Hall. In God alone I trust to bring me through, and extricate me safe and capable of paying my way. O God! it is hard, this struggle of forty-years, but Thy will, and not mine, be done, *if it save the art in the end*. O God, bless me through all my pictures, the four remaining, and grant nothing on earth may stop the completion of the six.

‘ 16th.—I sat from two till five, staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined after having raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accidents.

‘ I had written to Sir R. Peel, Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay.

‘ Who

‘Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

“Sir, I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal I send, as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments, the sum of 50*l*.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“ROBERT PEEL.”

‘And this Peel is the man who has no heart!’—iii. 310–17.

We must here stop to observe, as characteristic of his strange presumptuous piety, that in this, as in many other instances, we find him willing to attribute such unexpected relief to the immediate interposition of Providence, in reward of some good action done, or some bad one avoided, the merit of which, we are sorry to add, was in any case small, and in most of them very problematical. In the present instance, we shall see, he had no compunction about obtaining books when he was in a state of penury that precluded any hope of being able to pay for them; but he thinks that Providence sent him this 50*l*., through Sir Robert Peel, as a reward for having resisted an impulse to *pawn*—that is, to *steal* them.

‘In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along *I thought I might get money on them*. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this 50*l*. *I know what I believe!*

‘18th.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called: I said, “I see a quarter’s rent in thy face, but none from me.” I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. “Good hearted Newton!” I said, “don’t put in an execution.” “Nothing of the sort,” he replied, half hurt.

‘20th.—O God bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

‘21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

‘22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

‘Finis
of

B. R. Haydon.

“Stretch me no longer on this rough world.”—*Lear*.

‘End of the twenty-sixth volume.’

To this Mr. Taylor adds:—

‘This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o’clock on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death.

On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the Park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood—a half opened razor, smeared with blood, at his side—near it a small pistol, recently discharged—in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary (open at the page of that last entry), his watch, a Prayer-book (open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany), letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, [containing his will, &c.] headed, "*Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.*"—iii. 317-19.

Here we pause in wonder and awe at the fate of a man of high conceptions which he wanted the power to execute, and of innate principles of honour and piety which he had not strength of mind to put in practice—of a life that was a series of inconsistencies and contradictions, of which nearly all that was rational was theory, and all that was practical, evil. Mr. Taylor says truly enough, that, 'interspersed with the unlovely portions of his life, there are passages of good feeling and noble aspiration, which plead for a more lenient judgment of the man than *I ought perhaps to hope for him*' (ii. 298). We venture to add, that all, as it seems to us, that human judgment can venture to say in explanation of this anomalous case, and in extenuation of his follies, his faults, and his concluding crime, is to repeat the early apprehensions of his family and the final verdict of the coroner—'*He was mad—certainly—he was mad!*'

We intimated at the outset that the only portion of these volumes that was not really painful to read were his numerous but desultory anecdotes of men and manners. They are too scattered and frequently too minute to be brought within our scope or limits; but our readers, who must, we fear, be weary of the sad and vexatious tale we have had to tell, would have reason to complain if we did not present them with some of the more pleasing parts of the work.

During the Reform fever, Haydon's wild temper caught fire,
and

and blazed out into a frank confession of the real object of the Reformers :—

‘ The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing till cheap governments are established. *The Coronation of George IV. may be considered the setting-sun of that splendid imposition—Monarchy.*’—ii. 289.

Such opinions brought their professor into communication with the Birmingham Trades’ Unions, whom the Whigs had excited and trained into a formidable array with the object of carrying the Reform Bill by *physical force*, if all other means should fail. Haydon, whose patriotism did not make him forget the only object that we believe ever very seriously occupied his thoughts—that of getting employment and money—endeavoured to raise a subscription at Birmingham for a picture to represent the meeting of those Unions at Newhall Hill, near that town. A subscription was commenced, and Haydon—not unnaturally, we think—applied to Lord Grey to countenance it. It seems that Mr. Taylor does not give us this portion of Haydon’s journal *in extenso*, but intercalates the following observation of his own :—

‘ Haydon, with his usual audacity, wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This was, *of course*, at once refused; but the refusal, which approved itself on reflection to the painter’s better judgment—[poor Haydon’s judgment !]—was softened by Earl Grey’s readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting on any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the *same objections* did not apply.’—ii. 308.

We do not dispute Haydon’s audacity, but on this occasion we think he had good warrant for his application; for Mr. Taylor tells us that Haydon’s account of his communications with the leaders of the Unions makes some curious disclosures, and shows how near in their opinion matters were then *to a revolution*, and presently after it appears that one of the reinstated *cabinet ministers*—Lord Durham, Lord Grey’s son-in-law—told Mr. Attwood, the leader of the Unions, that ‘ they owed their places to them ’ (*ib.* 310). There was surely no great audacity in asking Lord Grey to countenance a picture of an event to which his colleague and son-in-law confessed they owed their places. When, however, Haydon produced his sketch of the Unions’ meetings to his Lordship, he found that—

‘ Lord Grey did not speak of the Unions as he ought. He seemed to think them subjects beneath my pencil; and when I put my sketch into his hand, he replaced it in mine without a word.’—ii. 312.

We are not at all surprised at Lord Grey’s reluctance to see any memorial of that scandalous and indeed treasonable transaction,

nor that he should have been glad to escape from all further concern with the Trades' Unions by proposing to the painter a less ticklish subject—the great Reform dinner in Guildhall. There is no doubt that he and some of his colleagues were frightened at the storm they had raised. Even the morning after the triumphal banquet, Haydon found that—

‘Lord Grey was shaken . . . the ministers all seeming afraid of the people.’—ii. 313.

The collecting the portraits for that picture brought Haydon into what was his great delight—communication with eminent men; and while his pencil was employed on their features, his pen made sketches of their manners and talk:—

‘There is,’ says Mr. Taylor, ‘much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals, and *on dits*, which might figure very effectively in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time; but the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidence, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly *never meant to meet the public eye*.’—ii. 333.

We have nothing to say against the principle thus laid down, but that we are at a loss to reconcile it with what Mr. Taylor has done throughout *all the rest* of the publication. If by ‘not being meant to meet the public eye’ he means *not meant by Haydon*, it is at variance with both Haydon’s and Mr. Taylor’s explicit declarations that he meant it all to be printed; if it means ‘*not by Haydon’s interlocutors*,’ then we ask Mr. Taylor whether he thinks that Sir George Beaumont, Sir Charles Long, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the Duke of Wellington, and a hundred others, could have wished, or meant, or imagined, that their accidental observations should be exposed ‘to the public eye,’ any more than Lord Grey or Lord Durham. Our readers will not fail to observe the exact period at which Mr. Taylor’s scruples appear *to begin and end*.

We think it right to enter this slight protest against what seems to us like a *unilateral* delicacy—though practically there seems little to complain of. Our specimens of this portion of the work shall be confined to a few prominent names of persons now no more.

‘Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sitter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute by asking me a question that required reflection to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.’—ii. 331.

‘October 12th. Lord Melbourne relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined
and

and handsome. As he was leaving he saw *Birmingham sketch*: I question if he exactly relished it; it might be my fancy.'—ii. 320.

It was not fancy—Lord Melbourne was at least as reluctant as Lord Grey to be associated with the Birmingham Unions. When he soon after became First Minister, his easy good-nature tolerated Haydon's importunity, which his shrewdness and gaiety easily baffled. Lord Melbourne had found him out, and was amused at his extravagance:—

'Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans.'—ii. 332.

This fortunate disposition of being amused at what *bored* other people was one of Lord Melbourne's happy qualities:—

'November 11th. The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner at Guild-hall last night was exquisite. . . . In the ball-room I said to Lord S., "Lord Melbourne enjoys it." "There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy," said he.

'Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humour, and simplicity of mind.'—ii. 347-8.

The following touches of Lord Althorp are characteristic:—

'18th. Lord Althorp sat to me in Downing-street. He is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature. I said "My Lord, for the first time in my life, I scarcely slept when Lord Grey was out during the Bill; were you not deeply anxious?" "I don't know," said Lord Althorp, "I am never very anxious." Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite him into conversation.'—ii. 321-2.

He certainly was not brilliant, but he had good sense, and made one of the soundest practical objections to Haydon's theory of public patronage:—

'He said, "Would premiums be a good plan?" "No, my Lord, commissions are best." "Sometimes," said he, "*pictures make a great dash and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think, ought to pass before a picture is bought.*"'—ii. 329-30.

Lord Althorp deeply offended the dignity of the Historical Painter by appointing to meet him and an engraver at the same hour. Haydon takes his revenge:—

'Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head, that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.'—ii. 33.

But he was soon propitiated by Lord Althorp's good humour, and records with pleasure

'a remarkable evidence of Lord Althorp's goodness of heart.

'The

‘The Whigs had been d——g Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging me not to put him in.

‘Lord Althorp said, “Oh yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in.” This was noble; all party feelings vanished in his honest heart.’—ii. 344.

The objection to Mr. Attwood must, we suppose, have arisen from the same politic but ungrateful desire that Lords Grey and Melbourne had already shown of repudiating the alliance with Unions, now that it had done its work.

‘The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) amused me delightfully, and talked incessantly; but there is a sharp, critical discovery of what is defective in nature which is not agreeable. He described Lord Althorp’s reception of him last May, when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation, which was quite graphic. Lord Althorp’s secretary could not give him any information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk up stairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow and rather hairy. His razor was in the other, and he was about to shave. “Well, Mr. Advocate,” said his Lordship, “I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer his Majesty’s ministers. We sent in our resignations, and they are accepted.” When they returned, Jeffrey called again. He was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey, “Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order,” in his usual grumbling, lazy way.’—ii. 336-7.

The following sketch is highly characteristic:—

‘O’Connell’s appearance was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

‘I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of “Dear Ireland.” After a few moments O’Connell rolled in, in a morning-gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character he began, “Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness.” “Not at all, Sir.” This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.’—ii. 351.

‘7th.—Lord Ebrington came, and a very delightful sitting we had. I asked him about Napoleon. He said he acknowledged the massacre at Jaffa without the least compunction, though he did not think him bloodthirsty.’—ii. 336.

On the subject of Buonaparte, the following extract will not fail to interest our readers as the authentic evidence of that able and high-minded officer whom the country has just lost—Sir George

George Cockburn—as to that portion of Buonaparte's history with which Sir George was personally connected. We might also adduce it as a proof of the fidelity of Haydon's notes, for the main facts and many of the expressions are given as we have more than once heard them from the lips of our distinguished friend:—

'31st.—Last day of August. Sir George Cockburn sat three-quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, said, "Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?" "You may." "Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?" "I'll tell you," said he. "When I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently; said I should pass over his *cadavre*, that he would not go to St. Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, "At what hour shall I send the boat?" I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say, "I came at the hour next day, to take him on board the *Bellerophon*, prepared to use force, and ready even for bloodshed. To my utter wonder he skipped away, and went on board without a word. After all those threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth, and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly. In fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When we got to St. Helena, we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have the house in which a family were *instantly*. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said that he could sleep under a tent. As they rode down the hill I showed him the room I meant to occupy. Napoleon said, "That is the very room I should like;" so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries; they were withdrawn, and sergeants put instead. Then he complained of them, and gave his honour, if they were removed, he would never violate his limits. I yielded, and that very night he went into the town. He then asked for the four thousand Napoleons taken from him, which was granted: and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly; and, after granting him my own room at his own request, he wrote the Government that he had been forced into one room."—iii. 236-7.

The rest of our space must be dedicated to what Haydon tells us of his intercourse with the Duke of Wellington. It is not, as our readers will believe, of much importance, but it develops some of the minor traits of the Duke's character, of whom it may be truly said that, being the greatest in great things, he was still great even in the smallest.

We have already seen that Haydon was in the habit of worry-
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ing every man who had anything like a name; and he, of course, assailed the Duke of Wellington with tenfold importunity. The painter was by nature extremely impressionable, and high deeds mingled themselves up in his head with high art. He accordingly had (in spite of his short Reform fever) an enthusiastic admiration of the Duke, which seems to have stimulated the natural intrusiveness of his character.

The Duke—besides his dislike to the tedium of *sitting*, which he would overcome on what he thought proper occasions—had, as was well known, two decided principles—he would not submit to be made an object of painters' or printsellers' *speculations*, and he shrunk intuitively from being made a party to anything that should look like his own glorification. When the contest about placing his statue on the Green Park arch was going on, Haydon obtruded on him a sketch of some plan of his own: the Duke replied:—

‘ London, August 11th, 1838.

‘ The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and returns the drawing enclosed in his note of the 10th.

‘ The Duke is the man of all men in England who has the least to do with the affair which is the subject of Mr. Haydon's letter to him.’
—iii. 88.

While the Nelson monument was in agitation, Haydon again attacked the Duke, who happened to be one of the committee. The Duke replied epigrammatically:—

‘ London, 24th May, 1839.

‘ The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. The Duke is a member of the Committee for the execution of the plan for the erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Nelson. He is not the Committee, nor the *Secretary to the Committee*, and, above all, not the *Corresponding Secretary*.’—iii. 98.

Boys the printseller commissioned Haydon to paint the Duke musing on the field of Waterloo, as a pendent to the Napoleon. This directly crossed both the feelings which we have just mentioned, and he answered laconically, ‘ that he hoped Mr. Haydon would excuse him.’ Haydon was not to be so repulsed: he wrote again. No answer. At last, Haydon—by some underhand means—got sketches of his clothes and equipments, and by their help advanced the picture to a state at which he had the folly to tell the Duke of the misconduct of his servants, and invite him to ratify it by inspecting the picture. This produced the following answer:—

‘ London, February 7th, 1835.

‘ Sir,—I received last night your letter of the 6th, in which you inform me that you had applied to and obtained from my servant one
of

of my coats, and that you had painted a picture of me which you wished me to see, and which was ready for the engraver.

'You wrote to me on the 19th January to inform me that you had received a commission to paint a picture of me. I told you in answer that I had not time to sit for a picture. You then wrote to desire that I would order my servant to let you see my coat, &c., to which letter I gave no answer. You thought proper, however, to go to my servant, and procure from him one of my coats, &c., without any order or consent on my part, and you now come to me to desire me to inspect the picture before it goes to the engraver.

'I have no objection to any gentleman painting any picture of me that he may think proper; but if I am to have anything to say to the picture, either in the way of sitting, or sending a dress, or in any other manner, I consider myself, and shall be considered by others, as responsible for it.

'I must say that I by no means approve of the subject of the picture which you have undertaken to paint. Paint it if you please, but I will have nothing to say to it.

'To paint the Emperor Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena is quite a different thing from painting me on the field of battle of Waterloo. The Emperor Napoleon did not consent to be painted. But I am to be supposed to consent; and, moreover, I, on the field of battle of Waterloo, am not exactly in the situation in which Napoleon stood on the rock of St. Helena.

'But a painter should be an historian, a philosopher, a politician, as well as a poet and a man of taste. Now, if you will consider the subject of the picture to which you desire me to be a party in the year 1835, in any one of these characters, you will see full reason why you should not choose that subject, and why I should not consent to be a party to the picture.—I have the honour, &c. &c., WELLINGTON.'

Haydon, with incomparable audacity, returned to the charge; but the Duke was inflexible, and after three or four more letters from his indefatigable assailant, was forced to close the correspondence by a more emphatic answer, June 27th, 1839,

'hoping that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures.

'The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr. Haydon proposes to paint.

'At all events, he must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms, and equipments.'—iii. 103.

We doubt whether the great Dispatches afford a stronger instance of the Duke's good taste, good sense, and, above all, of his inexhaustible patience, than this correspondence with so vexatious and obstinate a persecutor.

But in the autumn of the same year a number of principal gentlemen in Liverpool resolved to adorn their city with a picture of
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the Duke, and some active friends of Haydon procured him the commission. The chairman of the committee addressed the Duke in due form, and the Duke deeming this a public compliment with which he ought to comply, consented, and promised to sit when he should have leisure. Meanwhile Haydon was proceeding with the picture, and endeavoured to draw the Duke into some personal interference with its details. The Duke was true to his principle, and declined to have anything to do with the picture, but to *sit* as he had promised the gentlemen of Liverpool; and, in fact, he never saw it.

At last, however, Haydon's great wish was completely fulfilled—the Duke invited him to Walmer Castle, where he would sit to him; and accordingly, on the 11th October, 1839, Haydon made his appearance there, and was treated with an attention which obliterated all recollection of the correspondence; and at the close of the fourth evening, as he took his leave, the Duke said, 'I hope you are satisfied. Good bye.' We wish we had room for every word of his notes of these four days: we must content ourselves with noticing some of the more general incidents and observations, partly to correct and partly to confirm them:—

'The Duke talked of Buonaparte and the Abbé du Pradt, and said, "There was nothing like hearing both sides." Du Pradt, in his book (he was à *fureur de mémoires*), says that, whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon, the Emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the Duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano), as follows: "*Renvoyez ce coquin là à son Archevêque [Archevêché]*." "So," said the Duke, "always hear both sides."

There is here some mistake. De Pradt, in his book, says nothing about the Emperor's 'taking notes,' and he *does* tell that Napoleon had written to Maret to recall De Pradt, and send him back in disgrace to his diocese. There is no discrepancy at all between the Emperor and the Abbé.

'The Duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, "Europe owes her salvation to one man." "But before he gave me time to look foolish," added the Duke, "Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, '*C'est moi!*'"—*ib.* 111.

Here again there is some confusion in Haydon's note of the anecdote. The expression attributed to the Duke—'*before I had time to look foolish*'—sounds like a kind of anticipating vanity from which he was entirely exempt; on the contrary, he *would* be remarkably and notoriously deaf to any such insinuations

tions even from others. All his personal friends knew and used to smile at his grave and obstinate *stupidity* in not understanding allusions which were very clear to everybody else. But moreover, the celebrated egotism attributed to De Pradt was made in a pamphlet published in 1816; and was, in fact, a misrepresentation of what the pamphlet did say; and, finally and conclusively, this is stated to have occurred *before Waterloo*, when our northern allies had *taken Paris*, and the English were only at Toulouse. So that it is *impossible* that the Duke should have then arrogated to himself the deliverance of Europe—he that never arrogated anything.

‘The Duke said the *natural* state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state very fast.’—iii. 112.

‘He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier: he got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep.’—iii. 112.

‘Some one said, “Habit is second nature:” the Duke remarked, “It is ten times nature.”

Bacon, in his *Essays*, says much the same: ‘Custom only doth alter and subdue nature.’

‘I asked the Duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts? He said he believed near Richborough Castle.’—*ib.*

‘When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God! I thought, here am I *tête-à-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest—the conqueror of Napoleon; sitting with him, talking to him, and sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested and passionately affected. God bless his Grace! I repeat.’—*ib.* 112.

‘12th.—At ten we breakfasted—the Duke, Sir Astley, Mr. Booth, and myself: he put me on his right. “Which will you have, black tea or green?” “Black, your Grace.” “Bring black.” Black was brought, and ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst, six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows. [Lord and Lady Wilton’s—for one of whom sea air and bathing had been prescribed, and the Duke’s kindness had invited them all.] “Let them in,” said the Duke; and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying, “How d’ye do, Duke? how d’ye do, Duke?” One boy, young Gray, roared, “I want some tea, Duke.” “You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me as you did yesterday.” Toast and tea were then in demand.

demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged 'em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Gray try to slop it over the Duke's frock-coat.

'He then told me to choose my room, and get my light in order; and, after hunting, he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy, and dozy. His colour was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. "Does the light hurt your Grace's eyes?" "Not at all." And he stared at the light, as much as to say, "I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light."

'It was a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His colour was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed, and energetic. I foolishly said, "Don't let me fatigue your Grace." "Well, sir," he said, "I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again." I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose; I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed, and said, "We dine at seven."

'At seven we dined. His Grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr. Arbuthnot one. We then went to the drawing-room, where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the Standard, whilst I talked to Mr. Arbuthnot, who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the Duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.'—iii. 114.

Sunday came. All went to church:—

'From the bare wainscoat, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the Duke's place. Mr. Arbuthnot squeezed my arm before it was too late, and I crossed in an instant. The Duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for his mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of *Jesus Christ* the Duke bowed his silvery hairs like the humblest labourer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the Epistle he stood upright, like a soldier; and when the blessing was pronounced, he
buried

buried his head in one hand and uttered his prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.'—*ib.* 114, 15.

'The Duke after dinner took the Spectator, and placing a candle on each side of his venerable head, read it through. I watched him the whole time.

'In one part of Lardner's Life of him he says, "He rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head." I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous—enjoying his leisure in dignity, God knows, as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired he put down the paper, and said, "There are a great many curious things in it, I assure you." He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, "I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow at nine."—*ib.* 115.

Haydon says, 'Every time you meet a Waterloo man, pump him. In a few years they will be all gone—Duke and the rest.' The results of Haydon's own *pumpings* are neither numerous nor important, and some of them are rather apocryphal, or, at least, inaccurate. For instance :—

'General Alava told Capt. Waller that, as he was joining the Duke early on the field [of *Waterloo*], he thought to himself, "I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite." The Duke shortly joined, and called out, in his bluff manner, "Well, how did you like the ball last night?" Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, "That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get before the day is over."—*iii.* 313.

Here is a slight confusion which might throw a doubt over the whole story, which is, nevertheless, substantially true. The ball was *not* on Saturday—the day before Waterloo—but on Thursday, the night before Quatre Bras. It was when Alava joined him at Quatre Bras that the Duke began talking of the ball and what was going on at Brussels, as lightly as if he had nothing else to think of. Alava slept at Brussels the night of the 17th, and it was when he came to Waterloo, on the morning of the 18th, that the Duke expressed in this homely way his confident hope of success.

In Haydon's picture the Duke is standing quite alone on the field, and holding his horse in a theatrical attitude. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, when he saw the picture, observed this impropriety :—

'Lord Fitzroy said, "The Duke never holds his own horse."'

'Lord Fitzroy said the Duke never came into the field but with an orderly dragoon, and never with a servant. At Waterloo, the dragoon was killed.'—*iii.* 104.

Here

Here is an instance how careful we should be—

‘To lose no drop of that immortal man.’

This simple fact of going into action with no servant, but with an orderly dragoon, reveals a characteristic principle: his reason was, ‘that he had, in his opinion, no right to risk, for his own convenience, the life of a man not in the service;’ and such was his reluctance to make any *étalage* of his individual feelings, that we never heard of his giving the reason of this peculiarity to any one, but to Lord Fitzroy, from whom we have had it.

Haydon, happening to meet Lord Hill at dinner, asked him, as they were coming away in his Lordship’s carriage,—

“My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?” “Certainly not,” he replied. “There never was any panic?” “No; there was no time of the day.” I said, “I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply.” Lord Hill said in the simplest way, “I dare say.”—ii. 347.

These quiet and laconic answers are perfectly characteristic of Lord Hill—but the same confidence pervaded the whole British army from the Duke to the drummer.

We cannot better conclude this selection of Haydon’s anecdotes than with the following passage, which shows his power both of observation and expression, in a light that renders still more surprising the aberration of his mind in all that related to himself and his art:—

‘If any man wishes to learn how to suppress his feelings of exultation in success, and of despondency in failure; how to be modest in elevation, and peaceful in disappointment; how to exercise power with humanity, and resist injustice when power is abused by others; how to command inferiors without pride, and to be obedient, without servility, to the commands of others; let him read day and night the Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.’—iii. 268.

NOTE.

It is almost needless to say that our article on The Institute of France was in type before the intelligence reached us of the lamented death of M. Arago. If we could have foreseen the event, we could hardly have spoken with greater warmth of his genius, though we certainly should not have selected such an occasion to comment upon what we thought his injurious importation of political feeling into the regions of science. It is satisfactory to reflect that while any party heats into which he may have been led have expired with himself, his discoveries and writings will always survive to attest his right to be ranked among the most brilliant *savans* of any age. At a moment like this we should have preferred to sink in oblivion the parts of his career in which we differed from him, and to have dwelt solely (as we hope to do on a future occasion) upon those extraordinary acquirements which have long been recognised by the whole of Europe.

The first of these is the fact that the
government has been unable to secure
the necessary funds to carry out its
policy of expansion. This has been
due to a variety of factors, including
the high cost of borrowing and the
low level of savings.

The second factor is the lack of
adequate infrastructure. This has
been a result of the government's
failure to invest in the necessary
facilities for the expansion of its
economy. The third factor is the
lack of a stable political environment.
This has been due to the fact that
the government has been unable to
secure the necessary support from the
people.

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